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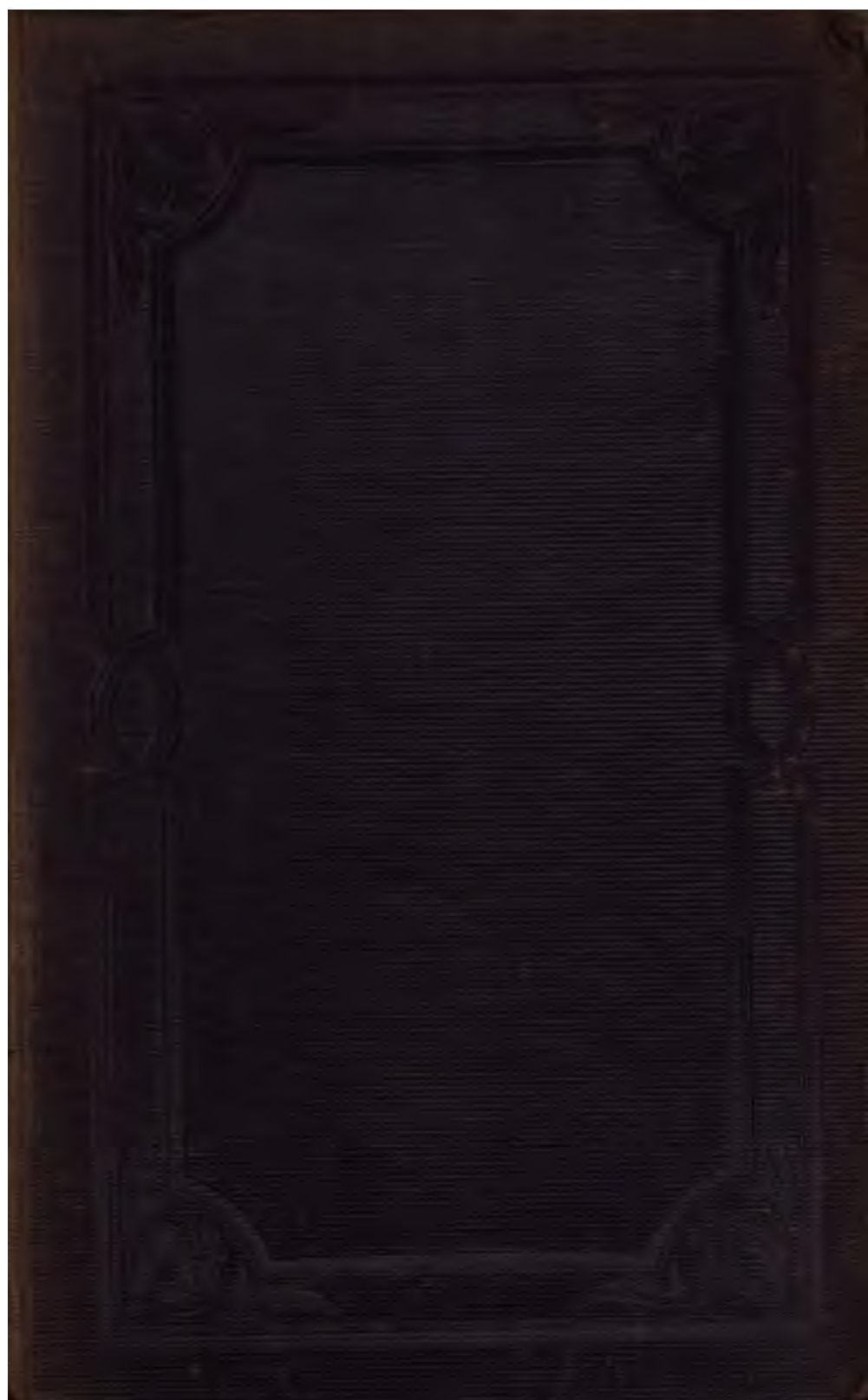
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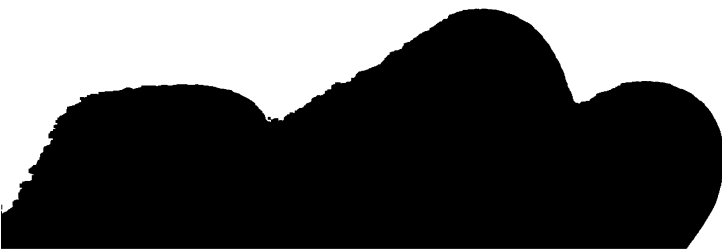


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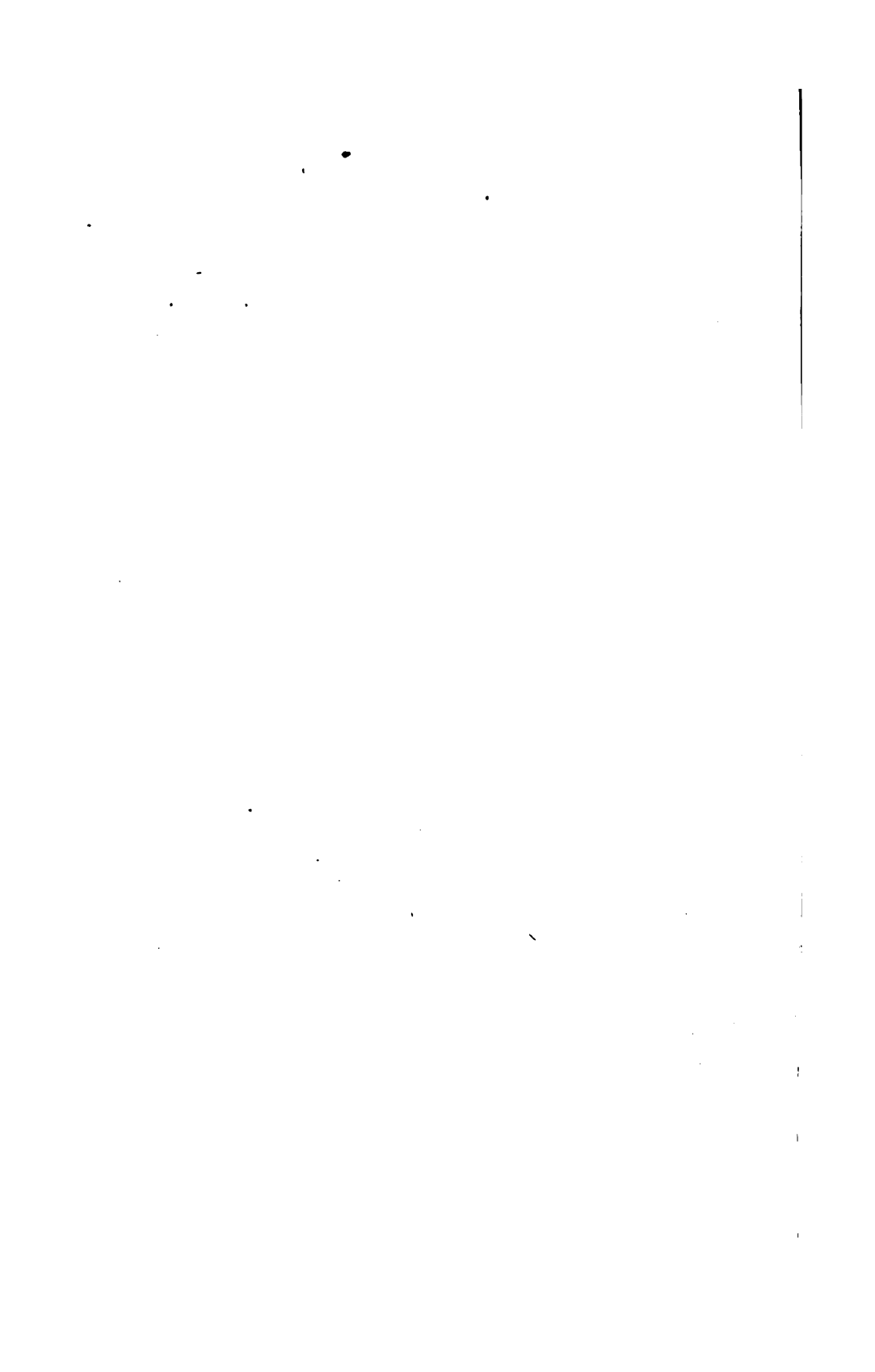


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GLIMPSES
OF
THE OLD WORLD,
OR
EXCURSIONS ON THE CONTINENT,
AND IN GREAT BRITAIN.

BY
THE REV. JOHN A. CLARK,
RECTOR OF ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA, UNITED STATES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE English Publisher has much satisfaction in offering the present work to the British public, being assured that a display of the opinions and feelings of an American clergyman, during his visit to the Continent of Europe and the British Islands, cannot fail to excite much interest.

The author has a warm heart and an observing eye, and has narrated with much judgment the circumstances and scenes through which he passed. His observations are presented with a freshness and vigour, that at once associate the reader with the writer as a fellow-observer of the scenes portrayed, and lead him into sympathy with every feeling of pleasure or dislike.

Some few of the excellent author's views and expressions have received the impress of his peculiar associations as a clergyman and an American, and will, perhaps, ill accord with English feelings; but they add a charm of reality and genuine interest, which the publisher did not feel at liberty to reject or modify.

PATERNOSTER ROW,
Jan. 1, 1840.

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him in the places and countries through which he passed, designed for subsequent publication, if on his return it should be deemed expedient. To meet these wishes, the letters contained in the following volumes were commenced. Some of them were written entire while the author was abroad—but the larger portion of them, owing to the state of the author's health, were only partially finished; these he has written out more fully since his return, from notes taken at the time that each event occurred. These letters are now published, partly to gratify a numerous circle of friends, who desire to possess a detailed account of the author's journey while abroad; partly because he feels that he owes it to his congregation, by whose kindness he was enabled to make this tour, to tell them how he spent his time during his absence; but principally because he is under the impression that the more extensively a knowledge of the actual state of things in the OLD WORLD is circulated in this country, the more American citizens will be led to love, and endeavour to preserve in their integrity, their own civil institutions, and to prize the unspeakable blessing of our common Protestant Faith.

The author, while absent from his flock, his home, and his country, endeavoured not to forget that he was still an ambassador to the King of kings; and he cherishes the hope that these volumes have been written in such a spirit, that they will not be without their influence in deepening in the mind of the reader a love for "whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report."

He need only add, that as he does not undertake to describe every thing in the various countries through which he passed, nor to give more than a rapid sketch of any thing which he saw, he hopes that the title will not be deemed inappropriate, inasmuch as it promises only GLIMPSES OF THE OLD WORLD.

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GLIMPSES OF THE OLD WORLD.

CHAPTER I.

THE VOYAGE.

Embarkation on board the brig *Pennsylvania*—Sea-sickness—Depression of spirits—Diversified phases of the ocean—The Western Isles—Ships at sea—Coast of Spain—Trafalgar—Lord Nelson—Tarifa—The Entrance of the Straits of the Mediterranean—The Rock of Gibraltar—The Bay—View of the town—Troops of the garrison—First landing.

Gibraltar, December 21, 1837.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You were so urgent upon my leaving America, that I should send home from time to time a connected and continuous account of my various journeyings while abroad, that I began at the very outset to keep some sort of memoranda, from which at my leisure I might glean materials to form the sketches you desired me to send you. I am anxious to gratify you in all your requests, and therefore have not awaited the arrival of an hour of leisure, but have seized upon almost the first moment after having again set foot upon *terra firma*, to give you some account of our voyage. In my next you shall hear something of this wonderful place,—this giant rock, with which is connected such a volume of past history.

November the 20th, 1837, will with me, to the close

of life, be a most memorable day. I shall not soon forget the sad pangs of that hour of parting! You know I went down as far as Newcastle in the steam-boat, our vessel having already advanced on her way just below that place. As we drew near Newcastle, the brig *Pennsylvania*, that lay at anchor in the stream, the vessel in which I was to embark, was pointed out to me. We took a small boat, and without landing went directly to the brig. We found that the wind was favourable, and that every preparation was being made on board to get the vessel immediately under way. The friends who had attended me thus far now took their leave, and we were soon moving before the wind. Left to myself, I now had leisure to survey the length and breadth of the floating habitation that was for several weeks to be my home, and also to reconnoitre the somewhat motley group that along with me were to inhabit this tenement. There were two passengers beside myself, whom I found to be intelligent and most estimable young men. The entire crew, including the captain, mates, cabin-boy, cook, and common sailors, amounted in all only to ten souls. The appearance of the cabin was not altogether prepossessing; but I fully resolved to make the best of every thing, and to look not only with content, but entire satisfaction, upon all that appertained to a vessel that promised to carry me speedily to a clime where I hoped to find renewed health. It was, therefore, with deep interest that I gazed upon the expanded sails, now filled with the breeze, and my thoughts, more rapid than the wings of the wind, were already verging towards *Mons Calpe*, and anticipating our speedy arrival at this destined port. In the midst of these glowing anticipations, long before we had lost

sight of Newcastle, the wind changed, and our progress was at an end. We thus had an early trial of our patience; and the probation was somewhat long also, inasmuch as contrary winds prevailed for three successive days, all of which time we continued in the Delaware, only a few hours' sail from home. At length, on Thursday morning, the 24th of November, the wind again changed decidedly in our favour, and we were soon beyond the Capes, with the broad ocean stretching around us. The wind now blew with tremendous fury, and as we bounded over the rolling billows of the mighty deep, we were made to realise that when the Lord sendeth out his breath, and bloweth with his wind, the stout oaken vessel is a thing as frail and as easily demolished, as though its framework were of gossamer.

Having dismissed our pilot, we went onward in our course with delightful speed. I will not attempt to describe to you the incidents of the few following days, while we were paying the tax usually imposed upon landsmen, when they are first wafted over the rocking waves of the unquiet ocean; for I have observed that those who are sea-sick usually get very little sympathy. But succeeding this deadly sickness, I experienced a season of *ennui* and depression totally novel in the history of my feelings. From some physical cause, my mind seemed to have lost its wonted elasticity. There seemed to have fallen a spell upon all my mental powers, unsettling my purposes, and leading me to regret even the step I had taken for the recovery of my health. The gloomy, and now vivid anticipation of sickness among strangers, and a grave in a foreign land, clung to my mind with a tenacity that I could neither overcome nor resist. It seemed as though I had been removed by

some sudden and painful transition from all that was dear to me on earth, to a scene of privation and peril—as though I had been torn by some giant arm from a blooming paradise, and shut up in solitary confinement—as though every gust of wind that blew was sweeping me on farther and farther from all the comforts, and friends, and warm hearts, and kind sympathy, that had hitherto clustered around me—from all the bright sunshine that had previously fallen upon my path, and cheered my sinking heart amid its despondency.

Whither could I turn in such an hour, but to the cross of Calvary? From that cross, even in this hour of gloom, there did not fail to issue a light to cheer and sustain my drooping spirits. As I have before intimated, I have no doubt that this dreadful depression of mind was attributable in no slight degree, to physical causes. I find that others have experienced at sea similar trials of feeling. What a mercy it is that such states of feeling are not immutable! He who gave to the mind its high faculties—who constituted and moves the mysterious springs of human feeling, so ordereth things, that “though heaviness may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning.”

I have often seen, in my native State, huge masses of mist hanging darkly over the brow, and rolling down the side of the mountains amid which the Housatonic has its source, and blotting out from human view every thing that was beautiful in the landscape that girdled their base. But by and by the sun arose; these dense masses of cloud all disappeared; and a bright tide of radiance was poured over every crag and peak, and into every dark nook of those mountains, lighting them up with an ocean of splendour, as though their steep

sides were a bright pathway to the skies. When in my childhood I have stood and gazed upon this mountain scenery, thus lit up with matchless splendour, I have wondered how such forms of gloom could ever hang so darkly over the brow of those mighty precipices. In like manner, those gloomy feelings to which I have adverted soon passed away, and left me to wonder amid the bright beamings of divine love, that I could have ever been the victim of such morbid sensibility. Well may we exclaim with the royal Psalmist, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made!"

My spirits having regained their wonted buoyancy, I was in some degree prepared to watch the ocean, to observe the diversified phases it put on, and to find something to interest me in all its various moods of calmness and commotion. At first I felt disappointed in the view of the Atlantic. It did not impress me with those ideas of vastness and immeasurable grandeur which I had supposed it would. But it daily grew upon me, and I began at length to see that it was a volume written all over with mysterious characters, and in itself eminently calculated to arouse trains of thought full of interest. I could now see on the face of the great deep much to impress me with increased reverential awe for that Being who "hath measured all its waters in the hollow of his hand;" and I could fully understand why the Psalmist had said, "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."

At one time the whole surface of the sea appeared hirsute, and ridged with quickly succeeding waves; and as our vessel, under full sail, sought her pathway over these, there was stirred up on either side of us amid the

briny waters, a white milky foam, boiling up in appearance precisely like the waters just below the falls of Niagara. When the sun favoured us with its beams, the motion of our vessel produced in the disturbed waters a variety of the most splendid and brilliant colours. At times when the wind blew still more fresh, the whole world of waters on the leeward side of our vessel seemed to rise up in the distance like a gently ascending acclivity, till it touched the horizon, and apparently propped the sky.

The orb of night shone cloudless upon us one or two evenings. It was delightful, amid the solitude of the ocean, to gaze upon the stars hung out in the midnight sky, and to think of the bright mansions prepared for the heaven-bound mariner there. It struck me that the ocean appeared beautiful, but somewhat sombre, in moonlight. The eye seemed to discover beyond the illumined circle constituting the bounding horizon, a dark mysterious world of unexplored waters, that made the mind shrink back with awe and apprehension. The scene had nothing in it of that cheerful and picturesque character which attaches to a beautiful lake, seen in moonlight, whose green banks are studded with trees, and adorned with human habitations.

There were times not a few in our passage, when we were stayed upon our course, and the sails hung down loose and flapping from the yard-arms. On these occasions, though our captain stormed and swore fearfully, and all the sailors knew it was a time to be upon their good behaviour, or encounter the maledictions of a tongue that stung like an adder, I usually found in the vast expanded ocean that spread beneath and around, something to interest me.

I distinctly recollect my musings on one of these occasions. We had not been long at sea, and I had not yet become accustomed to the sounds breathed up from the hollow caverns of the deep. The sun had sunk beneath the waves, and his last rays were fading from our view. I sat on the deck, watching the departure of those fading rays, as they still glimmered by reflection on the unquiet bosom of the ocean, which even in a dead calm cannot rest. Unusual sounds met my ear, which seemed to come up from the mighty and unfathomed caves below. My attention at once became riveted, and imagination was instantly set at work to account for the cause and source of these strange and mysterious sounds. The shades of evening were now fast gathering around us: scarcely a breath of air shook the loose sails, and all on board our vessel seemed unusually quiet. As I listened, these sounds continued to come distinctly upon my ear. At one time they seemed like the moans and sighs of distressed and perishing victims: and then they appeared startling and terrific, like the elements of restrained wrath, which were ready to burst forth in some awful form of destruction. And then again they seemed fitful as the uncertain winds; the tones were all changed, and the sounds that issued from below at one moment seemed like the din of conflicting voices in angry dispute, and the next, like the wailing discontent of the monsters of the deep, shut up "in durance vile," or wounded by some passing leviathan. As I thus sat leaning over the side of the vessel, I could not but think what a vast unpublished record of events there was in the abyss below! What secrets those deep hollow caverns contained! Perhaps beneath the very spot where our vessel now floated, some ship,

freighted with precious lives, had suddenly gone down to rise no more. On board that ship was the husband and father returning to his happy home, where the loved ones of his heart long expected his coming, and knew not the cause of his detention. There was the long-absent son returning to the home of his childhood, whose arrival a doating mother watched and waited for till hope deferred made her heart sick, and she died ignorant of the fate of her child. Perhaps on board that vessel was the young and accomplished female, returning, after a residence abroad, with increased pleasure, to her own native shores. Though when the ship went down she clung to a father's arm, and the shriek of many voices went wildly up, the waters rolled relentlessly over them, and not one even of the crew was left to tell their sad story. This is the history of a thousand vessels that have been swallowed up in the deep, whose fate has never been known. But there is a day coming that will reveal all these sad events; there is an hour speeding onward that will disclose all the secrets of the great deep: for we are told that on that eventful morn which will witness the winding up of the great drama of human existence, "the earth, and the sea, shall give up their dead."

But I have already occupied too much space in relating to you some of my musings during a calm at sea. I must not forget to say, that the most magnificent and impressive scene of the ocean, occurred when "the stormy wind" was sent out. Then indeed old ocean put on its dark, dreadful face of wrath. Roaring most fearfully, it sent up its billows mountains high; and drove our bark onward, trembling and rocking beneath its swelling waters, as though in danger every moment of going to the bottom—and yet darting over the surface

of those agitated waters with the fleetness of a bird through the sky, acquiring increased speed with the increased agitation of the deep, and urging its way onward as though scared by the commotion of waters around it, and seeking to flee from their rage.

You can well understand, that with all the entertainment that the ocean can afford, there must be a wearisome monotony experienced at sea. We found it so; and hence the first, and indeed every sail we saw in the trackless wilderness of waters around us, was hailed with unwonted interest. Especially did we gaze with thrilling ecstasy upon the first glimpse of land that met our view, after having been at sea some fifteen days. This occurred on Thursday, December 7th, when we came in sight of *Flores*, one of the Azores, or Western Isles. This group of islands, as you know, belongs to Portugal. I believe these islands are principally valuable for their vineyards. Those of the group which we saw appeared rocky and mountainous. I am told that St. Michael's, and one or two others, when approached appear very beautiful. The merchant ship often on its way to Europe, passes within a few miles of the shore, while those on board can distinctly see the green fields, and vine-clad hills, that rise delightfully to view. These little islands, planted here midway between two continents, and washed as they perpetually are by a vast surrounding ocean, ought to be the abodes of purity and peace. The world seems shut out, and one could almost imagine that these little sea-girt spots of earth were happy asylums of innocence. But, alas! wherever man plants his foot, sin reigns; and I am told that her reign here is almost absolute and uncontrolled.

These spots of earth soon vanished from our view,

and again we could see nothing around us but an unbroken expanse of boundless waters.

As we advanced on our way the view of distant and passing sails began to multiply. One thing struck me unpleasantly. Amid all the vessels that hove in sight, there passed between us and them no tokens of communion or friendly intercourse. It seemed to me that we were exhibiting an image of perfect selfishness—and saying by the very air with which we passed each other, “We have nothing to do with you—our interests and sympathies do not extend beyond the sides of our own vessel.” How exactly similar is this to the feeling exhibited in the larger world !

At length, on Friday morning, December 15th, as we went up on deck, we saw stretching before us the dark, brown coast of Spain. I can hardly tell you how I was affected by this first view of the European shore. If I had any romantic feelings, there was abundant space allowed for them to cool down before I was permitted to tread on that shore. We were two or three degrees too far north, and as we had a south-west wind, it was several days before we could get down into the neighbourhood of the Straits. During this time we seldom lost sight of the coast of Spain. We could distinctly trace along the hill-tops, rising to view every few miles, the solitary round white tower originally constructed to guard the shore against any sudden incursion of the Moors, after their expulsion. As we passed Cadiz, it was wrapped in a cloudy mist, so that we could barely catch a view of the outlines of the town. But on the morning of the 19th of December, a magnificent and glorious view opened before us. While still in bed, it being yet the grey and early twilight of

morning, the captain called out and told us that we were approaching the Straits. We hastily arose and hurried on deck. We saw on the one side of us, the steep rocky shore of Spain, and on the other, the dark, frowning coast of Africa. The point where we were to enter to pass through the Straits, was dimly seen in the distance. Soon the sun rose cloudless, and the whole scene around us was lit up with majesty and splendour.

In a short time we passed along in view of Cape Trafalgar, where Nelson gathered immortal laurels and died! Ah! could he wear those laurels in the world whither he went? Did he go up to the judgment bar a crowned hero? I could not but figure to myself the mighty array of fleet that at that time moved so fearfully over these waters, and met in awful strife. What an hour that was! I thought not of the roar of the cannon—nor of the groans of the dying—nor of the blood that dyed the waters on which those mighty warships floated—but of the souls ushered into eternity, unprepared to meet their Judge: and poor Nelson, the master-spirit of the scene, so totally ignorant of himself as to declare while sinking in death, “I have not been a great sinner. Thank God, I have done my duty!”

The wind was contrary, and we consequently had to beat into the Straits. We approached towards evening Tarifa Lighthouse, and enjoyed a view of a Spanish walled town, that lay quietly beneath the shelter of the towering rocks above. As the sun was declining below the horizon, and the gorgeous clouds in the west seemed glowing with bright amber light, I placed myself on the deck to watch the fading beams of day reflected from the proud and awful scenery around me. On the African shore a thousand dark rocky mountains peered up

in sharp pyramidal points, rising one behind another, till the most remote were lost in the obscurity of distance. A soft blue mist or haze wreathed around their tops, just sufficient to give at this hour a sombre aspect to the whole line of the coast. The thought occurred to me, and I could not but say to myself—"When will these mountain-tops be gilded with the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, and the sable and long-degraded inhabitants of the vales lift up their voice in delighted ecstasy and exclaim, 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace—that bringeth good tidings of good—that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!'"

As nightfall came on, we found ourselves hedged in between the two rocky frowning shores that form the Straits. The wind blew violently against us: the waters, pent up within so narrow a channel, and lashed by the fury of the wind, roared and raged most horribly, while our bark trembled and darted forward o'er the foaming billows at every tack, as though it had been a structure of fragile reed. The darkness of midnight settled down upon us, and we could not yet reach the place where we would be. We then were made to realise amid the encompassing elements and tokens of almighty power, what a frail, impotent creature man is, and by what a precarious tenure he holds life! The moon at length arose—the wind in a measure subsided—and we viewed our perils at sea as nearly passed. I did not retire, without first going on deck to see how true to nature England's gifted, but ill-directed poet had sketched this scene viewed in moonlight.

"Through Calpé's straits survey the steepy shore :
Europe and Afric on each other gaze !

Lands of the dark-eyed maid and dusky Moor,
Alike beheld beneath pale Hecate's blaze :
How softly on the Spanish shore she plays,
Disclosing rock, and slope, and forest brown,
Distinct though dark'ning with her waning phase :
But Mauritania's giant shadows frown
From mountain cliff to coast descending sombre down."

The morning of the 20th opened beautifully upon us. It was just a month since I embarked. I arose with the early dawn, and found that the wind had died away, and all nature was reposing as though in a delicious calm. I hastened to the deck, and lo, the rock ! the rock ! with its awful summit turbaned in cloud, stood in all its gigantic proportions before us ! This is indeed "a stronghold." Our vessel slowly traced her watery path around into the bay, just as the rising sun began to gild with its yellow beams the lower part of this vast mountain of rock. Thick clouds still rested upon its summit, and concealed the upper part from our view. The waters of the bay were very calm, scarcely ruffled by a rippling wave for several hours, so that we did not reach our anchorage ground till two o'clock in the afternoon. During the whole morning we were slowly creeping along under the very brow of this giant rock, which, you know, is one of the fabled pillars of Hercules. The day was uncommonly fine. The sun poured its genial beams upon us with all the soft and bland influence of summer. The clouds that hung around the top of the mountain gradually dispersed, and we had an opportunity, as we slowly traced our way, of looking at the town and rock, at many different points. From the bosom of the bay where our brig floated along, we could see the garrison, the various fortifications, the frowning sides and summit of the rock, the beautiful

Alameda, the upper and lower town, the signal-house on the lofty peak, whence the signal-gun is fired, the roads and walks excavated along the sides of the mountain, the walls, the bastions, the port-holes, the mounted cannon, and the immense stacks of balls and shot piled up in pyramidal forms.

It proved to be a day of general review among the troops. An army of three thousand in splendid uniform, was paraded before us, and we had an opportunity of seeing the British troops thus at the very outset, as it were, on a gala day. The martial music floating over the calm waters of the bay, came sweetly upon our ears. The warm rays of the sun in which we basked, were reflected from a thousand bright spots on the rocky side of the mountain, which, with its native ruggedness, and all its various and multiplied war-muniments, frowned awfully over the green waters of the bay that slept peacefully beneath. Pardon me for not conducting you more rapidly to our place of landing. It was just in this way we were obliged to linger; and though our enjoyment in the views with which we had been favoured was exquisite, yet as we had been aboard the vessel for thirty days, you can hardly conceive how we longed to tread again the solid earth. What was our surprise and vexation then, when some time after mid-day, the captain told us that he thought it was almost certain that we should not be able to reach the anchorage ground in time to land before the gates were shut!

But Divine Providence dealt with us more kindly than our fears led us to expect. Before two o'clock, our vessel was safely moored, and had been already boarded by a health-officer; and we had in our hands

from the police a permit to land. As this is a free port, no person is permitted to enter the town without first getting a responsible citizen to give bonds to the amount of five hundred dollars that he shall not come upon the town for support, nor break the peace. This regulation is unquestionably necessary to keep the place from being flooded with paupers, and the very scum of the earth. Its vicinity to Spain and the Barbary coast, renders it peculiarly exposed to an influx of the very vilest population of earth. It is customary for the merchant to whom any vessel is consigned, to obtain a sufficient number of permits for all the passengers on board. This was the case with us, so that no delay was occasioned by the arrangement just adverted to. Entering one of the little boats with which the bay is filled, we soon reached the mole, and again stood on land. Our vessel was anchored, as most of the merchant-ships are, about a half or three-quarters of a mile from Waterport, the point where we landed. The mole here was built principally with a view to accommodate trading vessels that visit Gibraltar. The water at this place is so shallow, that nothing but small craft can come up to the shore, while at the New Mole, constructed for the accommodation of large war vessels, the water is deep enough for a ship of the line to lie by the side of the wharf. But I must hasten to a conclusion, for I have already made this letter quite too long. In my next, I will try to be more brief. A traveller in a foreign land is so cut off from that kind of social intercourse to which he has been accustomed, that when he gets the ear of an old friend there is a strong temptation for him to talk on to an immoderate length.

Yours, &c.

CHAPTER II.

GLIMPSES OF GIBRALTAR.

Impressions upon first landing—Aspect of the streets of Gibraltar—History of the place—Location of the town—Dilapidated castle—Excavations in the rock—Various chambers—Powerful batteries—Explosion—Affecting death of a soldier—Native apes—The signal-house—Prospect from the summit of the rock—St. Michael's Cave—An evening walk—Jewish synagogue—Roman catholic church—The office of the Virgin—Devout soldiers—The Alameda—Adham Bey—Bishop Carr.

Gibraltar, January 4, 1838.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I can hardly convey to you an idea of the strange and conflicting emotions which thronged my bosom when I first trod on the wharf at Gibraltar. Gratitude to heaven for my preservation in crossing the great deep—a feeling of solitariness in stepping, a stranger, upon a foreign shore, separated by a wide ocean from all my earthly friends—deep and bewildering astonishment at the sights and sounds around me;—all these emotions were awakened in rapid succession in my mind. Such a rabble, such a motley group as crowded the mole, at the place of our landing, I had never before seen! Such strange gibberish as issued from a hundred clamorous mouths, speaking twenty different and to me unknown languages, I had never before heard!

Passing through one or two immense stone-arched gateways, and reminded by the numerous armed senti-

nels around me that I was in a fortified town, I soon found myself in one of the principal streets of Gibraltar. And here my surprise and wonder were in no degree abated. There were no side walks : citizens and soldiers, ladies and porters, carriages and donkeys, in one vast, busy crowd, pressed along together through the centre of the street.

I was particularly struck with the variety of costume, and the strange and grotesque appearance which the dense crowd that thronged the street presented. Just imagine a narrow street crowded with the people of all nations, each one in the dress, and speaking the language of his own nation, and you will form some idea of the scene that was at this moment before me. The picture will not be complete, however, without you conceive the vast multitude which a crowded city pours forth into its streets, whether on errands of business or pleasure, moving in one mingled and unseparated mass ; men and mules, donkeys and merchants, ladies and servants, smugglers and soldiers, walking along side by side, in one undistinguished crowd. Here you saw the Spaniard, with his long, tapering, peaked hat, and by his side the hated, sombre-looking Moor, with his white turban, scarlet cincture and loose robe, thrown carelessly over his shoulder. There you saw the spruce-looking English officer, with his brilliant uniform and glittering epaulet, and trudging at his side the bare-legged Barbary Jew, with his pendent beard flowing down his bosom, sending forth from beneath his dark eyebrow, keen and calculating glances. A little farther on in the crowd, you might see a dozen mules bearing prodigious burthens, in the midst of which passes along a splendid carriage, conveying a group of gay and elegantly dressed

English ladies : behind them is a crowd of Spanish smugglers, the most cut-throat looking set of fellows that you ever saw. And then follow the merchant and mechanic, pressing forward with abstracted looks, on some errand of business, succeeded by a group of Spanish ladies, each covered with her beautiful mantilla, and presenting in their dark bright eyes, their fine brunette countenances and graceful movements, a strange contrast to the coarse and crimson-cloaked Genoese women, trudging along in their rear. Following these, you might have seen in the crowd the mustachioed Italian, the Hebrew porter, the degenerate Greek, imitating in his costume his Turkish oppressor, and the learned Jewish Rabbi. I have given you a very faint picture of the scene. It will hardly convey to you an idea of the living reality that moved before me on my way to Griffith's, the inn where I put up, which stands on the corner of the main street, and directly opposite the Exchange.

As I have now conducted you to my lodgings, I will endeavour to give you some general description of Gibraltar. As there is with me, at this time, all the novelty of first sight-seeing in Europe, it is quite possible I shall now be more minute in my descriptions than I shall be disposed to be hereafter.

Gibraltar was originally a part of Andalusia, the most southern province in Spain. It is a vast rocky promontory, seven miles in circumference, and three miles in length, joined to the European continent by an isthmus of low, sandy land. The highest point of the rock, which juts into the sea, is about fourteen hundred feet. At the extreme end, called Europa Point, the promontory is about nine hundred yards in breadth, widening, continually, as it proceeds towards the isthmus.

The rock lies in a northerly and southerly direction, having the Mediterranean on the east, and the Bay of Gibraltar on the west, which is beautifully formed by the headlands of Cabrita and Europa Point. The western side of the promontory, especially towards the isthmus, consists of gradual slopes, interspersed with precipices, while the opposite side, which looks off on to the Mediterranean, and the north front, facing the low, sandy land, which connects Gibraltar with the continent, are very steep, and totally inaccessible; and herein consists the great strength of Gibraltar. The town is principally built at the foot of the north-west face of the hill. The entrance to it from the country is by a long narrow causeway, defended by numerous bastions, a dry ditch, a covered way and a glacis, well mined. No fortifications can be conceived stronger than those which guard the whole line of the rock, that is washed on the west by its own beautiful bay. I do not wonder that Gibraltar has been pronounced impregnable. You are too well acquainted with its ancient and modern history to need any information on these points from me. You know how the Spaniard and the Moor have poured out their blood here, for the possession of this rock. For nearly eight hundred years the proud Saracen held it, and defied all assailants. You are acquainted with the means by which it was wrested from infidel hands, and know how reluctantly the Andalusian, its old, original possessor, yielded this ocean rock to the conquering arms of Britain, and with what valour the gallant Elliot defended this place during the long siege,* near the close of the eighteenth century.

* The siege continued three years and seven months.—Capt. Drinkwater's account of the Siege is in a 4to. volume.

The town of Gibraltar is in the main built on a bed of red sand. Parts of it, however, extend up the sides of some of the lower precipices of the rock; and as you wind your way up one flight of stairs after another, along narrow dark lanes hewn out of the solid rock, you are led to think that not a few of the congregated mass assembled in this fortified town have sought their abode in "the clefts of the rocks," and tried to hew out for themselves dwellings "in the tops of the ragged rocks." The houses generally throughout the city are built of stone, and roofed with tiles. It is said the Spaniards used to have terraced roofs with mirandas or towers, from the top of which they enjoyed delightful and refreshing views of the neighbouring coast. This species of building, however, has generally disappeared. The present population of Gibraltar is about eighteen thousand, and there are some three or four thousand troops beside, usually stationed here.

Perhaps the best method to give you an idea of the successive impressions made upon my mind by the different views I took of Gibraltar, is to tell you how I spent my time from day to day.

My first letter was dated the 21st ult. On that very day I was surprised and delighted to hear of the arrival of two American clerical brethren, who have since joined me in several excursions, and will probably accompany me through much of the journey I have in prospect. Having previously obtained permission from an official source, to visit the excavations, we determined to spend the 22nd in seeing how human art could penetrate through a mountain of rock, especially as these excavations were spoken of as one of the most remarkable things to be seen at Gibraltar.

The day proved to be bright and sunny, and we started soon after breakfast under the escort of an orderly serjeant, to view what man has done, to render still more impregnable the impregnable rock of Gibraltar. While there was much connected with these works to inspire admiration and wonder, the thought continually forced itself upon my mind, that every stroke which had been there struck, had left graven in deep and indelible traces on the side of the rock, evidences of human depravity. Why all this vast apparatus for defence and destruction? "Whence come wars and fightings among you?" The Apostle's answer to this question but too truly discloses the fatal cause which has ruptured all the fraternal bonds that once held the whole human family in sweet harmonious union, and has placed in the hands that were once clasped in friendliness, the war-weapons of death.

I could have formed no conception of the magnificent scenery connected with this rocky promontory, of the stupendous achievements of art which are here displayed, or of the strength of this fortification, had I not made this excursion. The excavations are on the north side of the rock, opening tremendous batteries, to play upon the Spanish line and the bay. The first excavation we entered is called Castle Gallery, from the circumstance of its being in the vicinity of an old Moorish castle, whose battered sides and time-mouldered walls, show that it has not only seen hard service, but survived the lapse of many by-gone ages. It is an historic fact worthy of notice, that this castle was built as early as the beginning of the eighth century. Tarif, who was sent out by Mousa, the Saracen governor of the western provinces, to make an attack upon the south of Spain,

laid the first foundations of the castle in 712. A large portion of this magnificent pile still remains. The walls standing at present form an oblong square ascending the hill above the town. At the upper angle of the square is the principal tower, where the governor or alcaid formerly resided. There can still be traced within the walls some few remains of a mosque, its court, and a reservoir. The high and half-dilapidated tower of this castle constitutes one of the most conspicuous objects to which your attention is drawn in approaching the town of Gibraltar. Many singular legends are connected with this spot, and superstition has gathered around these ruins an air of peculiar mystery. On a subsequent occasion I took pleasure in climbing up to this spot at the close of the day, just as the shades of evening were gathered around these grey and dusky walls. They singularly impressed my mind with the idea of the emptiness and mutability of all sublunary things. I thought as I stood there, what gay, and brilliant, and bloody scenes had been acted here ! These walls, which have once resounded to the song of the dance, and the pipe of the warrior, are now silent as the grave ! This tower, which once defied the attacks of hostile foes, and was the pride of its lordly possessor, now lies a heap of deserted ruins. The thousands that once stood up, girded in warlike armour, and fought even unto death for the defence or the conquest of this stronghold, have long since gone to the bar of God, where neither the victor's wreath, nor the largest conquests of earth, will avail them aught.

But I am detaining you too long from the excavations through which I proposed to conduct you. The first excavation that we entered, as do all the others,

pierces the solid rock by a gallery of such height that a man on horseback can easily ride through it. From each of the successive galleries through which we passed, there peer forth in awful menace through port-holes, on the perpendicular side of the rock, from six to a dozen twenty-four-pounders. At the end of the Castle Gallery we found as we advanced, a deep trench cut in the solid rock, in which troops can ascend to the second gallery perfectly protected and concealed from the line of an assailing foe. I will not weary you with a detailed account of the names and particulars connected with each of these vast galleries, conducting us through the solid mountain of rock from point to point till we had reached an immense height. As we emerged from one excavation after another, we were favoured with numerous charming views of the bay of Gibraltar, the villages on the opposite shore, and the dark lofty range of mountains beyond. In passing through Queen's Gallery, our guide told us of a dreadful disaster that occurred there some six or seven years before.

A body of soldiers were sent here to try the guns in this gallery. In firing one of these, a spark was communicated to the portable magazine which had been brought out on this occasion, and the most tremendous explosion instantly followed. Four men were dashed against the rocky side of the gallery, and their bones broken in a thousand pieces, while seven others were blown out of the port-hole, and thrown six hundred feet directly down the precipice. Their bodies were so burned, and blackened, and mutilated, that not one of these unfortunate men could be distinguished from another, even by their friends, with a single exception. One of these soldiers had a devoted wife, who had

neither been corrupted nor degraded by following the camp. In the midst of impurity she had remained uncontaminated, cherishing the most ardent affection for the husband of her youth, and evincing a perfect readiness to follow him to the ends of the earth in order to minister to his happiness and spread the sunshine of comfort around his path. The news of this terrible accident came to her. She hastened half distracted to the spot. She searched through that mass of mangled forms that lay heaped together, with an eagerness that would not be satisfied till she found a small gold ring on the finger of one of those scorched and mangled beings. By this she knew it to be the body of her husband, which she clasped in her arms and fondly embraced with all the energy of an affection that was stronger than death!

When in our upward progress through these wonderful excavations, we had reached a perpendicular height of at least seven hundred feet, from which we could look out upon a most lovely scene in the surrounding and varied landscape, as we gazed upwards, we saw directly over our heads, on the projecting crag, six hundred feet above us, and just below the uplifted summit of *Sky Battery*, some dozen goats skipping from rock to rock, and cropping the scanty herbage that grew there. After having reached the end of the excavations, we returned to the path that leads to the signal-house, one of the most elevated points of *Mons Calpe*, and interesting from the fact, that here, every night and morning, the signal gun is fired, at which the gates of Gibraltar are opened and shut, and then all within the walls remain there, and all without are excluded until the next day. As we pushed our weary way up the steep sides of the mountain, the sun poured down its

rays with an intensity that reminded us of August heat, and bathed our faces and limbs in profuse perspiration.

Before we reached the summit, we came in sight of what we had been long looking out for, a group of wild and undomesticated monkeys. It is a singular fact, that this is the only spot in Europe where these animals are found in their native and wild state. It is supposed that they were originally brought from Barbary by the Moors. A similar species of apes is found on *Mons Abyla*, the opposite pillar of Hercules, on the African shore, and on this account it is called Apes' Hill.

These animals are said often to appear in large droves, bearing their young on their back. We saw some dozen on the different cliffs above us. One or two approached very near us, apparently conscious of the prerogative they enjoyed in the protection of a law which strictly, and by severe penalties, forbids their being molested, or entrapped. It is said, that at times they manifest a very belligerent spirit—being ranged in opposite bands, armed with clubs and stones, with which they unsparingly pelt each other, till one party retires, dismayed and vanquished. Living on a rock, around which are gathered so much warlike apparatus, perhaps we ought not to be surprised that they have caught the spirit of the place.

After no little toil, the high summit of the signal-house was gained—and now, what a prospect was before us! We were not at the moment, however, prepared to enjoy it, so overcome were we with heat and fatigue.

The signal-house is under the care of an orderly sergeant. The individual who enjoyed the office at this time, was a Scotchman, who instantly gave us a

heartly welcome to the shelter of his abode. A draught of cool water, a little goat's milk, and a plate of bread and butter, quite revived us. We then took our stand at the door of his military domicile, and the glory of the whole scene burst upon us with undiminished power! On the one side was the broad Mediterranean, whose waves were dashing against the sides of this gigantic rock, twelve hundred feet below us. As we looked off over these blue waves, on the left lay the Spanish coast, presenting a fine mountain scenery, interspersed with vales of verdure, in which were embosomed a number of fine towns and villages, and beyond which, in the distance, rose an alpine ridge, a spur of the Alpuxaras, or perhaps of Sierra Morena, whose summit was covered with eternal snow. On the right stretched the African shore, presenting features of vast grandeur in the dark outline of its distant rocky hills.

As we turned and looked in the opposite direction, we saw the town directly beneath us, and just beyond, the peaceful bay; on the right appeared St. Roche, and more directly opposite us, Algesiras, with its shipping, fortifications, and numerous churches;—and still farther on, within the sweep of the horizon in this direction, we saw, scattered along, vineyards, patches of trees, numerous little hamlets, several dilapidated castles, and deserted convents; and in the extreme outline, the brown and dusky circle of the vast mountains that rise up majestically here to view. Farther to the south, appeared the highlands that fence in the straits, and between there was seen that majestic gateway that leads back to the Atlantic, the path to our own beloved home. We could have stopped and gazed here by the hour; but we were anxious to look into St. Michael's

(or as it is sometimes called, St. George's) cave, before the sun had declined too far.

I will not stop to give you any account of the old Moorish wall, or the wall of Charles V., which we passed, or of two abandoned watch-towers on the peaks above us, but will conduct you immediately to the cave, which is a vast chasm on the west side of the mountain, eleven hundred feet above the level of the sea. The sun had now reached such a position that it poured its beams of brightness into the outer chamber, which is about two hundred feet in length, and ninety in breadth. The roof appears to be supported by pillars of vast dimensions, which are in fact stalactite formations, caused by the perpetual dropping of the water from above. The room in appearance resembles the interior of a gloomy Gothic cathedral. You see around you in beautiful stalagmites, a hundred grotesque forms, some in sitting, and some in standing postures, shrouded in dusky grandeur. We passed on to the second chamber, which was so dark we could see but little. From this there is a descent to vast unfathomed caves below. These subterraneous caverns have never been explored. It is believed by many that they extend to the bed of the sea, which washes under the mountain to this point.

It was in this cave that the five hundred Spaniards concealed themselves, who in 1727 made a solemn vow, and thereon took the sacrament, that they would never return till Gibraltar was restored to Spain. By means of a goatherd as their guide, they succeeded in finding a path up the precipice, and made this cave their resting-place until they were ready for action. It was a bold and desperate effort to surprise the garrison; and they were not discovered till they were actually scaling the

wall of Charles V. They fought with desperation ; and full half of their number were shot down before they would surrender.

I fear I have already detained you too long with these minute descriptions, and I will therefore descend rapidly to my lodgings ; not forgetting to remind you, however, that on my way there I passed through a portion of the beautiful Alameda, and the gardens that lie south of it, where, in the midst of December, I saw luxurious shrubbery and flowers of every description ; various esculent plants growing in all the freshness of spring ; trees loaded with oranges and lemons, and all the varieties of the rose in full bloom.

A walk in the evening brought me within the neighbourhood of a Jewish synagogue. The voices of a congregation chanting the sweet Psalms of David, could not fail to interest me. There were present about two hundred Jews. The services appeared more solemn and better conducted than I had ever seen them in any synagogue in our own country. There were many, very many, that seemed totally absorbed in the high praises of God. Among the number was a venerable old man, who sat in one corner in an armed chair, with his feet supported by a stool ; his beard hung white and flowing upon his breast ; his thin, snow-white, scattered locks, and high forehead, were partially concealed by a scarf, which, passing over the top of his head, and crossing under his chin, hung down on either side of his person ; his eyes were closed as though in devotion, and he repeated the responsive parts of the service with a fervour and energy that seemed far beyond his strength. His countenance, full of benignity and the spirit of devotion, strikingly reminded me of our own departed,

sainted, Bishop White ; and as his trembling voice poured forth the Hebrew tones of the sweet singer of Israel, I could not but pray that "the veil might be taken off from his heart," and that like old Simeon, ere his departure, his "eyes might see the salvation of God." As the service advanced, the whole congregation arose to bow before the High Majesty of heaven. I turned my eye to this venerable Israelite, and could not but feel deeply affected to see him, with all his feebleness and decrepitude, rising up, and turning round to hold himself up by the posts of his chair, while he lowly and reverently bowed before the King of kings. "Oh," thought I, as I gazed upon him, "that He of whom Moses and the prophets did write, might, through the inspiration of his Holy Spirit, manifest himself to this son of Abraham !"

I went to the Jewish synagogue on a subsequent occasion, when I found a larger and more fashionable congregation, but much less solemnity. There were one or two novel ceremonies that I then witnessed. One was, in the midst of the chanting, they all paused, spat upon their hands, and made a show of rubbing their faces with the spittle. The other occurred at the close of the service, when a small cup of wine which had stood on the form that supported the book of the reader, or master of the synagogue, was brought down into the midst of the congregation, and every one present successively dipped the tip of his finger into the wine, and then rubbed it on his hands, his eyelids, ears, and the back of his head. This seemed to afford rare sport to the younger and less devout portion of the congregation. I inquired of an intelligent-looking man the meaning of this ceremony, but he could give me no other account

of it, than that it was a custom that had been long practised among them.

Returning from the Jewish synagogue, I passed the Roman Catholic church, which is open here every night. This structure, I am told, was originally erected by the Moors for a mosque, and afterward converted by the Spaniards into a Christian sanctuary. When Gibraltar fell into the hands of the English, this edifice underwent some changes, but the Catholics were still permitted to retain it. There is placed over it a vicar, and several Spanish and English priests. As I intend to speak very freely and unreservedly of the various forms of religion that I meet in my tour, I take this opportunity to say, that I shall most cheerfully tell you of every thing that strikes me favourably in the Catholic worship, as well as unsparingly descant upon those corruptions that have made popery almost synonymous with paganism.

The service that I found in progress on the occasion above adverted to, was conducted in the English language. Some parts of it appeared very solemn and touching. It was the office of the Virgin. Many invocations were addressed to her as "the Mother of God," and she was constantly appealed to as a mediator. I cannot tell you how these appeals shocked me!* And

* Among other petitions addressed to the Virgin, were the following—
 "Holy Mary, pray for us. Holy Mother of God, pray for us. Mother of Divine Grace, pray for us. Mother of the Creator, pray for us. Mirror of Justice, pray for us. Seat of Eternal Wisdom, pray for us. Cause of our Joy, pray for us. Vessel of the Holy Spirit, pray for us. Tower of David, pray for us. Golden House, pray for us. Bow of Promise, pray for us. Gate of Heaven, pray for us. Morning Star, pray for us. The Health of the Sick, pray for us. The Refuge of Sinners, pray for us. The Succour of Christians, pray for us. Queen of Angels, pray for us."—
See Fleurs Paroissiales—De La Cour.

yet again in other parts of the service, there was such a strain of pious sentiment, and so many petitions offered to Christ, and the Father through him, I could not but hope that this service, burdened as it was with error and superstition, went up with acceptance before the divine throne. There was one sight that affected me deeply. Near the altar, and all along down the church, was a body of soldiers, probably two hundred in number, every one of them kneeling upon the stone pavement, with their books in their hands, and repeating, with a full and distinct voice, the responsive parts of the service !

This was a daily service held every evening ; and when I saw the numbers that regularly attended, to join in prayers, not to listen to preaching, I could not but wish that many Protestants in our own land had the same zeal and readiness to go to the house of prayer. After the service was concluded, I observed several groups of soldiers still lingering on their knees, with their prayer-books in their hands, apparently absorbed in devotion. I inquired what this meant, and was told that they usually continued their devotions about an hour after the evening service closed. I could not but lift up my heart to God, that these might be like the devout soldiers that waited upon Cornelius, and “pray with the Spirit and the understanding also.” A few evenings after, I again dropped in to witness this service, when I saw a soldier standing in the neighbourhood of the altar, near where I was. A priest directly came around and asked him to kneel. He declined ; when the priest led him back from the midst of the worshippers, and said to him, in my hearing, “It is not to come here, and gaze, and see what others are doing,

that will bring down a blessing upon you. You must join in the worship, and bow down before the Lord, if you desire his blessing." The soldier was evidently intoxicated, and this sensible exhortation made no impression upon his mind; for he immediately left the church.

There appeared in this church, among the clergy, an evident effort to do good, especially to the soldiers, large numbers of whom constantly attended upon the services of this sanctuary. Sermons were frequently addressed to them, and that in an animated manner, and in language adapted to their comprehension; while in the English Protestant chapel the sermons, evidently written without any reference to the hundreds of soldiers assembled there, were read off in a cold manner, which left the whole body of them uninterested and unimpressed. There are three services each Sunday in the English church, conducted by the civil and military chaplains. The lower part of the church, which is a large and handsome building, modelled after the Alhambra in Granada, is occupied by the troops. They are situated so far from the pulpit that they must have difficulty in hearing. I have not heard a single sermon delivered in this place, since I have been at Gibraltar, that has seemed adapted to their case; neither have I seen, during our beautiful service, one of the attending soldiers on his knees. To what advantage do the Catholics appear in this striking contrast! Here they are not the dominant party, but are rather depressed. Truly religion is most likely to become and to be kept pure, when totally disconnected with temporal power and worldly influence.

I have occupied so much time in recording the events of a single day, I shall be obliged to tell you what remains to be said of Gibraltar in a very summary manner. I have already given you some general idea of the town, in different parts of which are several remains of Moorish architecture. The streets of most importance usually run north and south, like terraces one above another. There is, however, very little regularity in the arrangement of the streets, or the construction of the buildings. At the south end of the town lies the Alameda, dividing it from what is sometimes called the upper town, which consists principally of residences of officers, of English cottages, and country seats.

The following record I copy from my note-book, written on the first day of January.

"I sit in a neat alcove in the upper part of the Alameda: the scene around me is most lovely. The Alameda itself combines the varied attractions of a shorn and beautiful lawn, a wild, broken woodland scenery, and an ornamented and extensive flower-garden. All these several divisions are intersected with broad serpentine walks, and terminated on the north side, in the immediate vicinity of the town, with an extensive gravelled area, where the troops in the garrison parade on the great days of general muster. Directly in the rear of where I sit, the vast rock of Gibraltar rises up in stupendous grandeur, seeming in its vast height to prop the very heavens. In front of me stretches the beautiful bay with its glassy waters. On the opposite shore is Algeiras, and several scattered hamlets; and still farther in the distance a range of mountains, upon which there rest all the softness and charm of intermingled light and

was buckled a belt, from which hung his glittering scimitar. After the troops had paid their respects to the general, regiment by regiment, they were made to pass through a variety of military evolutions, which were performed with such grace and regularity of movement, that the whole seemed almost like a fairy scene. This military display was wound up by the tremendous firing of artillery from one of the batteries that look off on to the bay. As Adham Bey had in his train some dozen mechanics, it was supposed that one part of his errand to England was to learn something of the improvements in the mechanical arts, that they might be introduced into Egypt; as it is well known that the present Pashaw of Egypt, by whom he was sent out, is making great efforts to introduce into that country all the European improvements, especially in the useful arts.

The other event to which I alluded, was a visitation from an English Bishop to the church in this place, an honour and privilege which Gibraltar had never before enjoyed. I have not room in this letter to give you a full account of this occurrence, and shall probably allude to it in my next. I will now only remark, that when I saw the pious and excellent Bishop Carr standing before the assembled youth of Gibraltar, and in tones of affectionate kindness, and with the dignified energy of one who bore a sacred commission, pointing them to the cross of Christ, as the sinner's only refuge, and as the only pathway to present and endless glory, I felt that there was a moral grandeur about the Gospel which nothing earthly could equal. How poor and pitiful did the gay military pageant that I had witnessed the preceding day appear in comparison with the splendour of the cross! How did the stupendous grandeur

of the natural scenery around me, and the mighty and deathless valour with which this ocean rock had been defended from age to age, dwindle and fade away in point of moral sublimity, when compared with the aims and achievements of the Gospel of Christ! Oh that our unhappy race knew and appreciated its value!

But I must check my reflections, and for the present bid you adieu.

Your affectionate friend, &c.

CHAPTER III.

A SUNDAY IN GIBRALTAR.

The sabbathless sailor—Incidents on the voyage—Sermon in the Roman Catholic church—Service in the episcopal church—Sermons of the civil and military chaplains—The Wesleyan chapel—Bishop Carr—Confirmation.

Gibraltar, January 6th, 1838.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I intimated in my last, that I might give you some farther account of the religious state of things in Gibraltar. I propose to do this, by relating what I saw and heard on a single Sabbath, in connexion with some other facts, and religious services that came under my observation while there. Before I proceed to these details, however, allow me to tell you something of the feelings with which I looked forward to the services of my first Sunday in Gibraltar. During my passage across the Atlantic, I had sadly felt the want of sanctuary privileges. I pity the poor sailor! When the sacred day of rest dawns on the broad ocean, it sheds no moral light upon his soul. Goaded on from day to day by the lash and the oaths of a despotic and tyrannical captain, he scarcely knows when the sabbath arrives. It brings him no sanctuary privileges—it calls him to no religious duties—it scarcely allows him the leisure or

rest of an ordinary day. I simply "declare that which I have seen and heard." During our whole passage, Sunday was the busiest day in the week, not rendered so by the state of the weather, but by work reserved for this very occasion. There were two Sundays in which we were becalmed. The great Creator seemed so distinctly to bid us rest, that I wondered how his language could be misunderstood. But one of these days was devoted to a general mending of the sails, and the other to the making and putting up of a new spar. The only argument with which our captain pretended to vindicate this unnecessary occupation on the Sabbath, was—"The better the day the better the deed." I never witnessed such an entire exclusion of religious influence from any group of human beings, as there appeared to be on board our vessel, although, I suppose, it is just what may be seen on board of two-thirds of the vessels that sail from Christian ports.

A friend had given me half-a-dozen prayer-books for distribution among the sailors. I found no opportunity to do this in a proper way till our voyage was nearly completed. Having gained the consent of the captain, I found the sailors received the books with apparent pleasure, and almost immediately addressed themselves to an examination of their contents. Our first mate was a New Englander, from the neighbourhood of Nantucket. I had several times conversed with him on general topics, and found him well educated and exceedingly intelligent. He seemed naturally of a sedate and taciturn temperament, and as I looked at him from time to time in the midst of his unbroken calmness, while all around was agitation and storm, I could not but hope that this descendant of the pilgrims had some

sense of divine things abiding upon his mind. But on the occasion to which I have just referred, after a short time had elapsed, he went to a remote corner of the vessel, where sat two or three sailors looking over their prayer-books, and having taken up one of their books, he began to read it in a tone that indicated utter contempt. He then attempted by sallies of wit to move the risibles of the little group around him, with especial reference to the books they had received, and poured forth upon the whole subject of religion, such unmeasured ridicule as I never before heard from human lips. It seemed as though he hated with a perfect hatred every thing that related to God and eternity. I thought then, that we on the shore could but very imperfectly appreciate the barriers that stand in the way of the sailor's conversion and advancement in the divine life.

After having passed four sabbaths on the great deep, cut off from the services of the sanctuary, when I placed my foot again on the solid earth, and saw around me Christian temples, and heard the sound of the church-going bell, I felt I could say with the Psalmist, "My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord." Truly was I glad when "the sweet day of rest" came, and the doors of the sanctuary were unfolded to admit the great congregation to worship before the Lord.

Before I proceed to relate the incidents of my first Sabbath in Gibraltar, I would remark that there are here a large body of Jews, not a few Mahomedans, and an immense number of nominal Roman Catholics. These individuals are not beyond the pale of Protestant influence.

The labours of a faithful and devoted Protestant minis-

try, would make an impression that would be felt through all these ranks. The Protestant population is comparatively small, but there are constantly stationed here from three to four thousand troops, two-thirds of whom, at least, are brought every Sabbath under the ministrations of a Protestant ministry. You will see at a glance that there is an immense field here for usefulness. Besides, there are frequently in port one or two ships of war, with from five to eight hundred men and officers on board each. Each ship in the English navy has its own chaplain, and to instruct the thousands at Gibraltar, there are a civil and military chaplain in the English church, and an English and Spanish missionary in the Wesleyan chapel. Thinking what a tremendous responsibility pressed upon these men of God, I went to his temple, prepared to sympathise with them, and pray for them. I thought, surely they will deliver their message with burning zeal, and as men that feel that they stand between the living and the dead. I walked forth from my lodgings at an early hour, and as the service in the English church did not begin till eleven o'clock, I was glad to have an opportunity to hear a sermon from one of the English priests in the Roman Catholic church, which was delivered at nine o'clock. The sermon was commenced before I reached the church. I found a body of five or six hundred soldiers present, to whom the discourse was principally addressed. In the European Roman Catholic churches, there are no pews. They who visit these sanctuaries must stand or kneel. On the present occasion the whole congregation stood around the preacher, whose free and animated style of address held them in breathless attention; and though they continued to stand to the close of the discourse, so deeply were they

interested, that not the slightest sign of weariness was manifested. The subject of the preacher was the *Advent of Christ*, and as his nativity was to be commemorated on the following day, it was natural for him to advert to the duties and occupations of Christmas.

The preacher, on the occasion to which I have adverted, did not use a manuscript, though his discourse seemed evidently prepared and memorized. There were parts of it that were declamatory, though even these oratorical flourishes were calculated to arrest the attention of the soldiers around him. He made many appeals directly to them, and insisted much upon humility, holiness of life, and devotion to God. The motives by which these duties were enforced, were not in all instances in accordance with our views of gospel preaching. His doctrine was, Perform these duties, and you will secure your salvation: do these things, and God will reward you with eternal life. The preacher could have been no friend to temperance societies. Adverting to the approaching festival, and the abuses which are sometimes connected with it, he used the following style of address:—

“Avoid excess. I do not mean to forbid innocent enjoyment or amusement. You can and ought to make it a *merry Christmas*. The gospel is not a galling chain to bind us down in the bondage of gloom, but a merciful restraint to keep us back from the precipice of ruin. It stops us in our enjoyments only at that point where indulgence would lead to ruin. I am not one of those who would cut you off from the pleasures of life. On the morrow take your glass with a spirit of independence; be happy and joyful, but do not plunge into excess or intemperance. Remember that Jews and

Turks stand around you, observing how you keep Christmas. Show them, by your generous and noble feelings, the superiority of your faith to theirs; that though bound down to no pledges of abstinence, you can keep Christmas in a becoming way."

At eleven o'clock the services commenced in the Episcopal church. Before this hour had arrived, we were in our places, waiting in the courts of the Lord's sanctuary. I have already remarked in the preceding letter, that the English church is a fine structure, modelled after the Alhambra at Granada, and that the lower or back part of the body of the church is appropriated exclusively to the troops. Their seats were all filled to overflowing. I am sorry I cannot say the same thing in relation to the pews occupied by the citizens and officers connected with the garrison. Here, though the day was bright and cloudless, there was room and to spare. At every service we found it the same.

Dr. B—— is the civil chaplain or vicar of the church. We were subsequently introduced to him, and were favourably impressed in relation to his amiability and undoubted personal piety. How much was I reminded of home and of my own dear flock when the service began! Here was a congregation more than three thousand miles from my own native land, lifting up their voices in the same words in which I had been accustomed to offer my devotions from my earliest infancy. The striking adaptedness and deep spirituality of the service never came home to me with more power than on the present occasion.

In the sermon my expectations were by no means realised. I longed to hear the simple truths of the gospel again proclaimed. The text was a delightful one.

"Unto you first God, having raised up his Son Jesus, sent him to bless you, in turning away every one of you from his iniquities."

The voice of the preacher was feeble, though pleasant. I thought he made a capital mistake in the outset. He addressed his congregation as though they were all Christians, and *conversion* was a term that seemed to have no place in his vocabulary. In the course of his sermon, while speaking upon the importance of becoming holy, he remarked, "that God must see somewhat of his image restored to every soul, before he can look on that soul with any complacency." I thought how sad the sinner's case would be, if it were necessary for him to become holy before mercy could be extended to him. My only hope is, that God will look upon the face of his Anointed, and be merciful to my sins for his sake. Surely I could have no hope, if my own personal holiness were to be looked to as the ground of my acceptance. Here I must say, "nothing but Christ, nothing but Christ."

While the preacher did well in insisting much upon holiness of life, in my view he greatly erred, in making *that*, instead of *faith in Christ*, the way of our becoming interested in the blessings of the gospel. It was very much like a great deal of preaching that we hear at home, which, though in some respects very good and well meant, would never to the end of time, lead a sinner back from his wanderings to God.

The more I saw of Dr. B——, the more I was led to love his personal excellencies, and to lament the want of those clear views of the gospel, which of all places ought to be exhibited in all its fulness and freeness at Gibraltar.

The Rev. Mr. P——, the military chaplain, officiated in the afternoon. His sermon was written with great classic elegance, and was truly evangelical in its character ; but was delivered with an apathy and carelessness that greatly astonished me. It did not seem to me possible, that a mind which had ever conceived the momentous truths embodied in that sermon, could utter them in such a frigid and unimpressive manner. His words fell like icicles in the midst of his audience, when if his heart and manner had been impassioned, they might have burned like fire. The consequence was, the congregation appeared drowsy and inattentive. The preacher might have seen at a glance, had he once during the whole discourse, raised his eye from his manuscript, that it was all lost labour. I looked down the church to the part occupied by the troops, and such a contrast to the animated group that stood around the Roman Catholic preacher in the morning, I could hardly have conceived ! The hundreds that stood there, as I have already remarked, were all eye and ear ; but here nothing could be seen but yawning, and drowsiness, and inattention. Oh that the ambassadors for Christ did but realise the high responsibility that rests upon them, and the immense and everlasting consequences dependent upon every discourse they utter ! What a privilege—what an honour it is to speak for the King of kings, and for the rescue of undying spirits ! When a minister is laid upon a dying bed, or when by some mysterious providential dispensation his lips are sealed in silence, and he can no longer bear to his people from week to week the messages of life, then it is that he feels that if he could once more stand up in the name of his Master, to

address a dying congregation, his words should burn like fire, and he would preach as though all the realities of eternity were passing directly before him.

A slight subsequent acquaintance with the Rev. Mr. P——, led me to form a favourable opinion of his piety and general excellence of character. He is soon to be transferred to another military post. May his successor possess, joined to his piety and correct views of the gospel, more of the spirit of a Boanerges. Surely, if any where in the world, there should stand on these walls of Zion, “sons of thunder.”

I went in the evening to the Wesleyan chapel. I was surprised to find there so small a congregation. The church was not half filled, although the evening was mild and pleasant. The devotions were conducted with great propriety, and the sermon was excellent; but to my great surprise, I here found the same want of animation and energy in the delivery. I could now understand why the Protestant churches in Gibraltar were so thinly attended. Nothing will attract people to the house of God like earnestness in the delivery of the messages of life. If the minister does not himself *feel* and *appear* to feel, the people will be very little disposed to go to listen to his teaching.

As far as I could discover, there was nothing like an aggressive movement on the part of the friends of the Redeemer upon the kingdom of darkness. There seemed to be a disposition to allow things to remain very much as they were. The Moor is still to remain there in his blindness—the Jew to sit with the veil upon his heart, and the Papist to walk on in darkness, vainly seeking to find relief to a burdened conscience in prostration before images, and in invocations to the Virgin.

I have witnessed one interesting service here, though not unconnected with some painful emotions. I allude to the first confirmation that was ever held in a Protestant church at Gibraltar, which occurred this very day. In my last, I adverted to the circumstance of the visitation of an English bishop to this place. Dr. Thomas Carr had been stationed in India for more than twenty years, when he was appointed Bishop of Bombay. A few months since he visited England to receive consecration, and was now on his return, by the way of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, to his diocese. He had received a commission before leaving England, to stop and administer confirmation to the churches at Gibraltar and Malta. Soon after his arrival, myself and my clerical fellow-travellers, of whom I have before spoken, called upon the bishop. We found him one whom we could at once love and respect. The simplicity of his manners, and the fervour of his piety, could not fail to win your heart, and inspire you with the wish to see and know more of him. I rejoice to learn that he is to be a fellow-passenger with us on our way up the Mediterranean. The bishop's administration of the rite of confirmation was solemn and affecting. I know of no occasion more impressive or solemn, than when a company of young immortals stand up in the presence of earth and heaven to enter into covenant with God. The bishop did not fail to set this matter before them in its true light, but I fear after all that to many it was an unmeaning ceremony. The facts on which this opinion is founded, I will briefly state. Allow me first, however, to remark, that there were some things connected with the mode of administering this rite that in my view detracted from its impressiveness. The candidates were

not all called out in a body to stand around the chancel when the questions were proposed by the bishop. Only about twenty of the one hundred and eighteen that were confirmed, stood up together before the altar. After these had retired, having first received the imposition of hands, two or three chaplains who were present went down the aisles, and, opening the pews where the candidates were seated, brought up successive groups around the chancel for the reception of this holy rite. The greater number of those confirmed were children, whose manifest inattention and thoughtlessness but too plainly showed that they had no realising sense of the nature of the solemnities in which they were engaging. Each individual confirmed had a card on which was written the name of the holder, stating that he had been examined for confirmation and approved of. This certificate was signed either by the civil or military chaplain. And yet of these approved candidates, a group that sat just before me were talking almost the whole time during the service, and after they had been forward to receive the sacred rite, and at the very time when the bishop was addressing them in the most solemn manner, upon a trifling remark of one of their number, the whole group in the pew burst into a laugh, and seemed exceeding merry.

It is true that there had not been a long previous notice given of this confirmation, and on this account the examinations were probably slighter than they otherwise would have been. But had the standard upon which candidates are to be received been *true conversion*—evidence of a work of grace in the heart, instead of the attainment of a certain age and an ability to recite

the catechism, the facts which I have stated could never have occurred.

But I must bring this letter to a close, as the hour has nearly arrived in which we are to go on board the steamer, where we have taken passage for Malta.

I have been induced to change the plan of my route, and enter Italy at its remote southern point, instead of going directly to Marseilles, Nice, and Genoa, in order to retain the company of my clerical friends. I shall leave Gibraltar with a feeling of regret. I have found so many objects to interest me here—looked off from day to day upon the surrounding scenery with such delight—viewed the town so often from the various points of this towering, gigantic rock, and revolved over in my mind the spiritual and eternal welfare of its inhabitants so frequently, that I feel grieved at the thought of turning my back for ever upon this spot. When I get on board the steamer, I will give you some account of two or three short excursions that I made into Spain during my residence at Gibraltar. For the present I must bid you adieu, as the porter has already come for my baggage.

Your affectionate friend, &c.

CHAPTER IV.

PASTORAL LETTER FROM GIBRALTAR.

The New Year—Passage across the Atlantic—Appearance of Gibraltar—
Its religious state—Motives to increased faithfulness—Considerations
of death and eternity.

At the time of taking leave of his flock, the author promised his people, that he would occasionally send them a pastoral letter, to be read by the officiating clergyman from the desk. These letters were kindly received, and are inserted in these volumes. As the first one was written from Gibraltar, this has been deemed the proper place for its insertion.

Gibraltar, January 1st, 1838.

MY DEAR PEOPLE,

The last time I had the pleasure of standing before you, and addressing you from the pulpit, I mentioned that I intended, from time to time, at various points in my travels, to write you a few lines, giving you some account of the state of my health, and of the scenes around me, and also of adding a few words of exhortation as your affectionate pastor.

You have all of you been much in my thoughts since I left home, and especially during this day, which commences a new year: an occasion upon which the doors

of our church have always been open, and, I may add, a season in which the religious exercises in which we have engaged have been peculiarly blessed; a day in which there is much to make us serious and solemn, and much to awaken our gratitude and thankfulness. How could I fail, though I were at the ends of the earth, on a day like this to think of you all, and to offer my prayers for your well-being in time and eternity? As I cannot to-day speak to you with my voice, I write you a few words to stir up your minds by way of remembrance.

It may interest you to learn, that through the tender mercy of our heavenly Father I have been safely brought on my journey thus far. Our passage across the Atlantic was a safe and prosperous one, and attended, perhaps, with as few unpleasant accompaniments as I had any reason to expect. We reached this port, the Rock of Gibraltar, the 20th of December, our passage having been about thirty days. My health appeared to be greatly benefited by the voyage, and for the most part of the time since I have been here, I have been led to believe that it was still improving. I certainly feel encouraged from what has already taken place, to hope that my journey will not be in vain. Still, at present, the final result cannot be known to any of us, and we must leave this matter entirely with the Lord, who has promised to make all things work together for good *to them that love him*. If *you* and *I* are among the number, if we do truly love God, whatever betides your pastor, whether permitted to return again to renew his labours among his people, or destined to follow your *first*, and now sainted pastor, to "that country from whose bourne no traveller returns," it will be well with

him and with you: for the mouth of the Lord hath said, "*all things shall work together for good to them that love him.*"

Relying on this divine promise, I cast away my cares, and feel happy in the thought that "the Lord careth for us."

The climate here is very mild, the weather at this moment being like a beautiful May day, and I find many things in this neighbourhood to interest me.

The historical associations connected with this rock, its impregnable strength, its natural picturesque character, with all the vast and varied war-muniments that bristle around it—the bay, whose waters usually sleep peacefully as a sea of glass beneath its shadow, though sometimes made to dash wildly around its base; the view of the broad Mediterranean, whose waves wash one side of this rocky promontory; the Spanish coast embosoming the bay, and stretching off for a long distance up the Mediterranean, exhibiting towns and villages, and dismantled castles, and a variety of landscapes, terminating in bold and dark mountains of a conical shape; the shores of Africa that start up with giant form on the opposite side of the straits;—all these various objects that lie spread out before me in my daily walks, afford abundant material for interesting reflection. I have also made several little excursions into Spain, to see what was passing there.

The idea that most painfully forces itself upon my mind in all that I have seen in the intelligent world that here surrounds me, is that the great mass of the people are living entirely without God. There is some salutary Protestant influence exerted in Gibraltar, yet here among a population of not less than twenty thou-

sand, there are only two thin Protestant congregations. The great mass call themselves Roman Catholics, Jews, and Mahomedans, but are, in fact, entirely without the pale of all religious influence. In Spain matters are vastly worse. In a magnificent cathedral at Malaga, where I attended service one Sunday, and which would easily contain four thousand people, there were not twenty worshippers present beside the priests. The streets, the markets, the Alameda, all public places, seemed to be thronged. The stores and shops were all open, merchants were in their counting-houses, ships were unloading their goods, all kinds of business were going forward on the Lord's day. At night the theatre was open. This is the situation of things, I presume, throughout Spain. In a population of seventy-five thousand, in the city to which I have referred, not one voice is lifted up to proclaim the truth as it is in Jesus. Darkness covers the land, and thick darkness the people. The only preparation made for eternity is the repetition of a few unmeaning and empty forms. Oh, how will this people appear when God rises up to judgment! I never before understood the magnitude and extent of the religious privileges that are enjoyed in my own country. When I think of you, my beloved flock, in connexion with this subject, I feel constrained to remind you of the high responsibility that rests upon you. You, my dear friends, are exalted to heaven in point of religious privileges. Will you not then improve them to your own spiritual and everlasting good? And will you not improve them now? Oh, hear the gospel and live. Before another New Year's day dawns upon us, great changes may occur. The pastor may then be separated from you by the boundless ocean of eternity,

and unable to send back to you a friendly note of warning. Or if permitted at that time to stand in his accustomed place, will he not look around in vain for some of his people now present, and listening to this communication? Ah yes, their account will then be sealed up for ever! Their limbs will be stiff in the grave! My dear friends, are you all prepared for this great and solemn event? You know that I have ever borne my testimony to the scriptural truth, that no preparation would avail but "a new birth unto righteousness." "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." We must repent of our sins, and embrace the Lord Jesus by faith as our only Saviour. Have we done so? Are our names written in heaven? Have our sins been taken away by the blood of the Lamb? Is Christ *our* Saviour? If so, then come what may, we shall be prepared for the result. Thus armed, if death be in our path we shall be able to say and to feel, that "to depart and be with Christ is far better;" yea, that "to die is gain." But on the other hand, if we are strangers to this work of grace in the heart, if we have laid up our treasures on earth, and *not* in heaven, sad and awful will be that hour when the king of terrors hurries us away from the scene of all our interests and attachments, and brings us naked and trembling to the feet of our offended and neglected Judge. My dear friends, this year you may die! Be prepared to die to-night, and then death will not come upon you unawares. If you have become one of Christ's disciples, I would simply say, continue in his word—be faithful unto death. Let the coming year be one filled up with improvement in virtue and holiness, and you will be able to look back upon it with comfort throughout eternity.

I purpose to leave this place the latter part of the present week, going directly to Malta, thence to Sicily, Naples, and Rome. I must continue to ask an interest in your prayers. And allow me, in conclusion, to beg of you, one and all, to be more diligent than ever in working out your salvation with fear and trembling. If you pursue this course I am sure you will have "*a happy New Year,*" which I sincerely wish to you all.

Your affectionate pastor, &c.

CHAPTER V.

GLIMPSES OF SPAIN.

Government steamer Volcano—Spain—Robberies—Incident—Cadiz—Seville—St. Roche—Spanish lines—Beggars—Algesiras—Incidents by the way—The armed cavalier—A pertinacious ragged Spanish boy—Return to Gibraltar—Excursion to Malaga—Sunday—Roman Catholic churches—Cathedral—Innkeeper—Antonio—View of the town—Granada.

English Government Steamer Volcano,
January 7th, 1838.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I again find myself on the vast deep. Yesterday evening, as the sun went down, we saw the gigantic rock of Gibraltar, and the picturesque hills and bold mountain scenery that surround it, fading away in the obscurity of distance. As the Spanish coast, indented with harbours and bays, and turreted with many a lofty mountain spur, is still visible on our left, I am reminded of the promise contained in my last, of giving you a brief sketch of the few glimpses I caught of this chivalrous land. I know of no country on the globe at this moment in a more lamentable situation than Spain. Possessing a country of amazing and inexhaustible resources, a mass of independent mind that affords materials for the most brilliant national character of any people in Europe, and having, through a long series of ages, proudly lifted their head among the loftiest of the

nations of the earth, they are now in fact at the very bottom of the scale—a nation scathed and peeled, and their land swept by the wing of desolation. Rent and torn by internal divisions—plunged in all the miseries of a civil war—their country traversed and overrun by marauding banditti—their tillage deserted—and their towns filled with multitudes of starving vagrants, the better portion of the inhabitants of Spain feel, and distinctly say, that an established government of any form would be infinitely preferable to their present condition. In the present unsettled state of things, it is not deemed safe or desirable to travel extensively in Spain. Though there are unquestionably many exaggerated accounts of robberies committed upon travellers, yet there can be no doubt but that there are vast bodies of men, associated together in little clans, all along the roads, and in the mountains of Spain, who depend entirely upon the plunder they collect from travellers for their subsistence. I received statements of facts of this sort from so many intelligent and respectable sources while in Gibraltar, that it would be preposterous to suppose all that is said on this subject to be idle gossip. So certain is the lone traveller in the interior of Spain to be robbed, especially if nightfall overtakes him on the road, that an excursion is seldom made to Cork Grove, only about eight miles from Gibraltar, unless there be a company of five or six, and they all well armed. The course usually adopted by the robbers, is to strip the individual of every thing he has, sometimes not leaving him a garment to cover his nakedness. The following incident will illustrate the mode of treatment not unfrequently adopted by these brigands to obtain money. Two individuals making an excursion of some thirty miles into the country on

horseback, fell into the hands of one of these banditti. They supposed these individuals were persons of wealth, and as they did not find upon them the amount of booty they expected, they retained one as a hostage, sending the other to his friends to obtain a large sum of money for his redemption. They distinctly told the person sent on this errand, that he must return at a given time with the amount required, and meet them alone in a specified place, assuring him, that in the event of a failure, or of his returning in company with others, the penalty would be the instant death of the person retained in their custody. There was no alternative but to comply literally with their demand. Large sums of money have frequently been obtained in this way.

While it is admitted on all hands that travelling in the interior of Spain is at present a hazardous experiment, it is believed that no personal risk whatever is incurred in visiting the large seaport towns. I had made my arrangements to spend a few days at Cadiz and Seville, the one the ancient Gades, and formerly the most commercial city of Spain, and the other, interesting not only from its situation on the Guadalquivir, in the midst of a rich and beautiful plain, but from its numerous remains of Moorish antiquities, its circular and lofty walls, and its vast and magnificent cathedral, embellished with a tower, considered as a masterpiece of architecture. But owing to the irregularity in the arrival of the steamers, the time for making this excursion had passed by before I could obtain an opportunity of conveyance. To make amends for this disappointment, my two clerical friends and myself went on horseback upon several excursions, to visit the surrounding Spanish villages in the neighbourhood of Gibraltar.

One of these excursions was to St. Roche, which is about five miles from the garrison of Gibraltar. This small town has a population of about seven thousand. Its streets are narrow, and the houses being closely joined together, are usually built of stone, with a coat of plaster on the exterior, which is invariably painted white. This is the uniform style of building in all the Spanish towns I visited. St. Roche was the head-quarters of the Spanish troops during the long siege of Gibraltar. In going to this place, we entered, just beyond the walls of Gibraltar, upon the Spanish territory, where, from the Mediterranean to the Bay, along almost under the very shadow of the rock, a line of sentinels is still kept up, as though the Spanish government meant to declare, "Though we have lost this strong hold, we have not lost the spirit to defend our country."

We no sooner had passed the Spanish lines than we were encountered with a crowd of beggars, who pounced upon us like a gang of hungry wolves. I had heard much of the beggars of Europe, and this was our first introduction to them, for at Gibraltar, none are allowed to follow this vocation. Men, women, and children, crowded around us, arrayed in the most squalid garments, urging their plea with a vehemence and importunity that would not be denied. As we proceeded, we found the road lined with the same class of persons, the representatives of almost every physical ill "which man is heir to;" some decrepid with age, others mutilated in their limbs—some blind and led by the hand of children, and others, having some other form of human wretchedness, and all of them ragged and filthy, and most revolting in their appearance. Some part of the way the landscape was beautiful, but the effect of it

was entirely destroyed, not only by the forms of human distress that met us at every step, but by the evidences of a blighting curse upon the land every where visible, in the neglected tillage, the deserted fields, and ruined dwellings. We, of course, had no apprehensions of an encounter with any of the banditti that infest the vicinity, as our excursion was made at mid-day, with the sun shining brightly around us. At the outskirts of this very village, however, about two weeks before, a couple of gentlemen who had been out upon a hunting expedition, having lingered behind their party, were attacked at early twilight by two footmen, who demanded their money. A scuffle ensued, and one of the gentlemen was unhorsed. One of the highwaymen immediately mounted the steed, and putting him up to his full speed, rode gaily off. The other, seeing the course his companion had taken, also made his speedy exit, leaving the dismounted cavalier to pursue his course homeward on foot, and to satisfy the master of the livery stable by a round sum for the purchase of another horse. *Our* first excursion into Spain, however, was entirely free from adventure, and so barren of incident, that I fear the above account given of it will appear quite prosing.

Another excursion that we made into the Spanish dominions, was a ride to Algesiras, a handsome town, situated on the opposite side of the bay. The ancient Algesiras, you know, figured in history as early as the invasion of Spain by the Saracens, and at that time quite obscured Gibraltar, by the strength and magnificence of its fortifications.

The Spaniards rescued this place from the hands of the infidels, in the seventeenth century, after a siege of thirteen months,—a struggle in which all the crowned

heads of Europe were interested. This ancient town, so often the theatre of war, and the arena on which contending nations met, was at length destroyed, or, at all events, it fell into utter dilapidation. Modern Algesiras has risen from its ashes, though by no means as magnificent or as extensive as was the ancient town.

We had no sooner passed the walls of Gibraltar, and reached the north side of the bay, along whose winding beach our path lay, than we found we were mounted on animals not remarkable for their mettle. As we had ten miles to travel and back again, beside visiting the town of Algesiras, our fear was that at the slow pace at which we were moving, the evening would close upon us, and the gates of Gibraltar be shut before our journey was accomplished. We determined, however, not to turn back. Our road most of the way was merely a mule path, conducting us sometimes quite down to the wet sand on the beach, and at others winding among hills; leading us at one time through groups of mud cottages, and at others by the side of old and dilapidated towers. We were here also, as in our excursion to St. Roche, constantly importuned on the way for alms, by crowds of beggars. We saw along at different points by the wayside, groups of idle men sitting on the ground, as though they had nothing to do, or were engaged in plotting some mischief. We had proceeded only a few miles before we were joined by a stout, hardy-looking Spaniard, mounted on a fine horse, and leading another. We observed that he had a set of pistols in the front of his saddle; and his whole air was of that high, independent cast, as though he would set danger and death at defiance. He rode on briskly; and we thought at first we should soon part company; but our lagging

steeds appearing now to have needed only an example to stimulate them, pressed on with such quickened pace, that we continued to form one united cavalcade. We soon overtook another Spaniard, mounted on a perfect Rosinante; though the rider was evidently neither knight nor squire, but a plain, good-natured peasant, who manifested every disposition to be sociable with us, but our ignorance of the language that constituted his mother tongue, debarred us from the pleasure and amusement that we might otherwise have received. Our horses, however, seemed determined to be on terms of good fellowship, and not to part company, and we thus found ourselves advancing at a rate that quite astonished us. The country through which we passed seemed like one wide scene of desolation. There was now and then a small field fenced in with a hedge of Indian fig; but the largest part of the land lay open in one vast common, though in many spots bearing evident marks of great native fertility. We had to cross two rivers, by means of ferries, before we reached Algesiras,—the Guadarranque and Palmones. Just before we reached the Guadarranque, near Roccadillo Point, we passed a dilapidated tower, in the neighbourhood of which are the venerable ruins of the once famous city of Carteria. There are very few of these ruins, however, now visible. This city was originally built by the Phœnicians, in the first ages of their success in navigation, when these adventurers visited this spot, which was then supposed to constitute the extreme end of the earth. Carteria, at a subsequent period, was stormed, and nearly demolished by Hannibal. It passed from the Carthaginians into the hands of the Romans, and subsequently fell into decay.

The Palmones is a larger and deeper stream than the Guadaranque. During the long siege of Gibraltar, the Spanish gun-boats frequently put in here to refit.

As we approached Algesiras, we discovered in the country around us increased signs of cultivation and fertility, and in a few fields saw the husbandmen turning up the soil. The plough which they use is a most rude piece of workmanship; it does not consist of separate parts mortised together, as in our country, but of a large crooked branch of a tree, forming when finished, one entire piece of wood. It is but recently that the improvement of an iron share has been introduced. This singular and ill-shaped agricultural instrument is drawn by donkeys. It makes but a slight incision in the earth, and turns up the soil in a very slow and imperfect manner. The entrance to Algesiras from the north, is by a long, broad avenue; the sides of which being clothed with verdure, present, in connection with the surrounding scenery, rather an imposing appearance. On our right we saw a number of rich vales, the sides of the surrounding hills planted with vines, and their summits crowned with clusters of pine. Still farther back, the country runs up into lofty and precipitous mountains, which, towering in rocky sterility, seem to pierce the heavens, and terminate the prospect in that direction. On our left, there stretched before us the peaceful bay, and beyond, the frowning rock of Gibraltar, with the town winding along the bay. Far to the south, lay all that magnificent Spanish mountain scenery which in a former letter I have already described. Modern Algesiras is rather an interesting town, of some twelve thousand inhabitants. The streets, however, like all the other towns I have visited in Spain, are very filthy, and crowded with beggars.

There are here a number of antique churches, a military fortification, a handsome public promenade, and several rather imposing public squares. I am told that the state of morals here is sadly degenerate. This is a place of Sunday resort for the idle and dissipated from Gibraltar; the Sunday amusement, during the summer months, being a *bull fight*, or some other *fête* of a kindred character. We were assailed as soon as we dismounted from our horses, by a crowd of beggar boys, two of whom having received a small alms, we sought in vain to shake off. One of them had some half-dozen words of broken English which he could use, and insisted upon being our *valet-de-place*. Neither pennies nor threatenings could deter him from his purpose; in all our various perambulations through the streets of Algesiras, he and his barefooted, bareheaded, ragged companion would follow us, insisting upon pointing out to us the curiosities of the place. At length we entered one of the churches here, to examine its architecture and paintings. Our obtrusive urchin of a guide thrust himself forward, and claimed to act as our cicerone, to the great annoyance and mortification of the keeper of the church, who thereby saw the probability of being deprived of his accustomed fee. We took occasion to let this dignified son of the true church know the precise character of our attendants, and the relation they sustained to us. He at once sought to exercise his brief authority to expel them from the temple, but failing in this, he applied to a higher ecclesiastical source. A venerable priest, tall and straight in form, with locks white as the driven snow, and clad in his accustomed canonicals, came forth with dignified step, and fixing his eyes upon these intruders, he raised a voice like thunder, and bade them depart.

Their high looks at once quailed beneath his stern eye, and they did not stay to receive any further reinforcement of his ghostly counsel, but immediately left the church, to our great satisfaction. We congratulated ourselves upon being thus happily rid of our unwelcome escort, and felt disposed to allow a liberal fee to the ecclesiastical custode, who drew several curtains to show us as many miserable daubs of paintings that were hung up in this church. What was our surprise upon reaching the door to find our would-be *valet-de-place* waiting to accompany us in our further walks! We saw it was all in vain to shake off this ragged urchin, and therefore desisted from all further attempts. He followed us to the hotel; and when we came to depart, he was equally urgent for a liberal fee for his important services.

We had already lingered longer than we had intended, and we had no sooner started than we found our horses were neither by whip nor spur to be urged out of a pace that seemed to blast all hope of reaching the walls of Gibraltar before the going down of the sun. What added to our discomfort was, that the sun now became veiled in clouds, a damp, chilly wind sprung up, and there was in the heavens all the appearance of a rapidly gathering storm. Notwithstanding all these unfavourable indications, we hoped a kind Providence would do better for us than our fears foreboded, and in this hope we were not disappointed. We were within the walls of Gibraltar some twenty minutes before the gates were shut, and just in time to escape a drenching rain, which came pouring down in torrents.

I will only mention one other excursion, in which I was unaccompanied by my clerical friends—it was in a

steamer to Malaga. As we did not leave Gibraltar till evening, I had no opportunity of taking a minute survey of the Spanish coast from Gibraltar to this place. When I awoke in the morning, I found myself within the mole, where are anchored all the vessels bound to this port. The town, lying under the shelter of lofty ranges of hills, in connexion with the surrounding scenery, presented, at first view, quite a picturesque appearance. You are aware that this place was anciently called *Malaca*. Since the decline of Cadiz, in a commercial point of view, Malaga has taken precedence of all the southern towns of Spain in commercial enterprise. About the season of the vintage her harbour is filled with vessels, a large number of which sail from our own shores. Malaga has now a population of seventy-five thousand. The sunny hills around this spot are the very place for the vine to flourish. You know we have often eaten the delicious Malaga grape, and seen upon our tables for dessert the no less delicious Malaga raisin. The white wine of the mountains near Malaga, which is brought here for market, and the red wine, called *vino tinto*, are much esteemed. The streets of this city are very narrow, and contain such deposits of filth as no one can conceive who has not visited a Spanish town. The houses here—as they generally are in Spain—are built like castles, having an open court in the centre; the entrance to which, through immense and thick battened doors, is closely barred at night. The floors to their houses are made of stone or brick. The family usually live above—sometimes in the second or third story—the first, or basement story, being used for a stable, and other like purposes. There are a number of squares and public promenades in Malaga, though none of them

appeared to me at all striking, except the Alameda, which is near the bay, and has on one side of it a fine row of buildings. This promenade is ornamented with shrubbery and trees, and gravelled walks; and is a place of great resort for the citizens. The climate of Malaga, especially in winter, I should think was unusually fine. The weather while I was there, which was about the first of January, was mild and bland as a summer's day. I also spent a sabbath here. I never before witnessed such an entire desecration of the day of sacred rest. It seemed to me, that among the vast crowds that peopled this place, there were none that feared God, or regarded his institutions. All the shops and stores seemed to be open as on any other day. The markets and Alameda were filled with men and women engaged in occupations of business or amusement; ships were unloading their freight, and the open warehouses receiving it; merchants were in their counting-rooms transacting their business—as though God had not said, “*Remember the sabbath day, and keep it holy.*” Bills were posted announcing that the theatre would be open at seven o'clock. The idle and dissipated were lounging around the streets, crowding the wharves, or sitting at the door of some *café* playing cards. All places seemed to be full of activity and life, but the lonely and desolate temples of the Lord. I scarcely need tell you that I sought in vain for a Protestant church in Malaga: such an establishment, if I mistake not, is unknown in Spain.

I went to one of the Catholic parish churches, the one most highly spoken of in Malaga, the church of St. Jago. The edifice was beautiful, being richly ornamented with gilded ceilings, fine paintings and statuary. The people, however, assembled there, were fed with

husks—with an empty pantomime of crossings and ringing of bells, and bearing aloft of burning tapers at mid-day, of prostrations before images, and endless genuflexions. Mass was said or sung in a language which the people did not understand. There was no living voice of instruction, to guide erring sinners to the cross—no intelligible form of sound words, to lift the hearts of the assembled worshippers in devout adoration to the Lord. I was sickened by the scene. I turned from the gaudy-decked priest and his attendants to examine the congregation. There was scarcely a well-dressed man among the number, and I should think from their attire, but a very few ladies belonging to the more cultivated classes of society. The mass of the congregation consisted of beggars, attracted here by the hopes of obtaining alms, and of quite the lower class of people. On my way to my lodgings, I stopped at several other churches, and found the state of things there precisely what I had seen at St. Jago's, except in the edifices there was not so much external splendour. I have been informed from an intelligent source, that one reason of this desertion of the churches in Spain, is that the more cultivated classes of people have become disgusted with the empty forms of popery, and the licentious and immoral lives of many of those who minister at the altar, and that the general tendency among this class now is to scepticism and infidelity—a contempt and rejection of all religion. How far this remark applies to Spain generally, I am unable to say. It is precisely the course which I should think things would take. It is precisely the course which things did take in France, just before the reign of terror and blood in that land.

The cathedral is the great charm of Malaga. I should have gone there Sunday morning, but the services were held at a very early hour. As soon as its bell announced the commencement of vespers, or the evening service, I directed my steps thither. The exterior of this magnificent edifice is in an unfinished state, having never been completed according to the original plan; but even in its present state it is very imposing. The interior is beautifully finished. The floor is a pavement of marble; every square slab being alternately white and brown. Four rows of immense columns or pilasters, thirty-two in all, run through the whole length of this building supporting the roof, and from the exterior rows are recessed back on each side, eight little chapels, shut in by an iron pale, and adorned with pictures and images. The high altar and pulpit are encrusted with fine marble, and the choir ornamented in a style of peculiar elegance. The length of the building I should think at least three hundred, and breadth two hundred feet. This being the first great cathedral which I have ever seen—as its immense length, and breadth, and height, burst upon me at one glance—I looked around with astonishment, while my mind was impressed with unutterable ideas of vastness and sublimity. At the moment I entered, the courts of this sacred and august temple seemed to be pervaded with the hushed stillness of death. The silence that reigned all around, and which was broken only now and then by the solemn and measured tread over the marble pavement of some ecclesiastic in his accustomed sacerdotal vestments, passing from the sacristy to some side altar, or the choir, made me ready to exclaim, “How dreadful is this place! Surely this is none other than

the house of God !” The effect of this magnificent structure upon my first entrance, certainly was to fill my mind with the deepest emotions of solemnity and awe, and to lift up my thoughts to that holy temple above which is made without hands. I walked through its vast length and breadth, and found my feelings peculiarly attuned to devotion. Truly my heart mounted up to God ; and when I thought of the hundreds that assembled here, and bowed down before the altars and pictures around me, I could not but pray that the multitudes whose feet had trod these sacred courts, might offer to the King eternal the incense of pure devotion—that Jesus the messenger of the covenant might come into this temple and purify the sons of Levi, that they may bring a clean offering unto the Lord.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, when I went to the cathedral. The light at this hour was but imperfectly admitted through the small and obstructed windows, into the spacious courts of this vast sanctuary. In a short time after I entered, every thing seemed wrapped in the dusky hue of twilight. A few solitary worshippers were seen here and there before an altar, or an image of the Virgin, bowed down in silence. In the choir were suspended some thirty burning lamps, and two or three solitary wax tapers were lit before the high altar. The voice of chanters now arose from the choir, and at intervals the majestic organ with its vast swell of thundering sound, poured forth a tide of music that thrilled upon the ear of the listener. I should think there were from thirty to forty choristers, canons, and ecclesiastics in the choir, joining in the vespers. But alas, where was the congregation assembled to adore the God of the sabbath ? Where were the sinners

awakened and led to the crucified One? Where was the voice of instruction, guiding the flock in the way of life?

There were not twenty persons present in the whole cathedral, with the exception of the sacerdotal band of performers in the choir. The exercises were not calculated to instruct, as the psalms chanted were in Latin, and the persons present seemed to view them in no other light than as a sort of Sunday afternoon treat of fine music.

I turned away, and paced the dusky aisles of this majestic cathedral in bitterness of spirit, at the thought of the inadequate means afforded in the Roman Catholic church, for the guidance of immortal spirits in the way everlasting. Oh when will the light of divine truth—of a simple and unadulterated gospel, again shine upon Spain and upon entire papal christendom? What armies of priests this church has, that pass a lazy existence, saying over daily a few Latin prayers—singing their matins and vespers, and spending the rest of the time in eating and drinking, in sleep and indolence, while millions under their care are perishing for lack of knowledge, because they never heard the simple truth as it is in Jesus!

Upon my first arrival at Malaga, I took up my lodgings at an inn, the master of which spoke imperfect English. An incident of rather an amusing character occurred here during the progress of my acquaintance with the landlord and his worthy dame. She was a widow when she married S——, and had had two children by a previous marriage. The daughter resided with them, and the son had gone to sea. I do not know that I have said any thing to you about the cabin-boy

that we had on board during our passage across the Atlantic. He was uncommonly smart and sprightly. He was always singing or whistling, and apparently in the happiest mood, although every one, from the captain to the cook, seemed to think that he had an undoubted right to swear and scold at him continually. All their anger and their oaths, however, seemed to make no impression upon this light-hearted wight, who would skip about the vessel and ascend to the top of the mast with the fleetness of a kitten. If any thing was out of place, broken, or lost on board the ship, Antonio had to bear the blame of it, and often to bear the lash of the rope. But, as I said before, none of these things seemed to damp, or in the least abate his fine flow of spirits. I had not been long at my lodgings at Malaga, before I discovered that our landlady was the mother of Antonio. As soon as she learned I came out on board the brig *Pennsylvania*, her mouth was filled with inquiries about her sailor boy. As she could speak nothing but Spanish, Mr. S——, her husband, the master of the house, had to act as our interpreter. I gave her all the information in my power in relation to her son. As she talked on of her child, the tears gushed from her eyes, and fell plentifully upon her cheek. I thought human nature and the mother's heart are the same every where. I felt refreshed in witnessing this burst of natural affection. I asked her, as I was about to return to Gibraltar, what message I should carry to her son. She replied in Spanish, with all the fulness of a mother's heart, and in the simplicity of overflowing maternal affection, "Kiss him for me, and give him my best love." I delivered the message, but forbore the requested greeting. I would here remark, however,

that nothing is more common in Spain, and, I am told, also in Italy, than for gentlemen who are friends, when they meet, to embrace and salute each other with a kiss.

I have already mentioned that Malaga was built at the foot and on the side of a lofty range of hills. Still higher up the sides of these hills, above the town, are the remains of an old Moorish castle, whose towers and walls still continue, though in somewhat of a dilapidated state. On the evening before I left Malaga, just at the going down of the sun, I ascended this hill, and took my station on the loftiest point of these ruins, to enjoy a view of the surrounding scenery. I have seldom looked over a landscape with more delight than the one that at this moment stretched before me. Just back of me, still higher up this range of hills, was a Spanish fortification. Immediately beneath my feet was the city with its countless towers, cupolas, and domes peering up from antiquated churches and convents, many of which are now closed and falling into decay. On the left was the bay, and, beyond, the deep and far-stretching waters of the Mediterranean. Before me, and on the right, stretched back into the country numerous sunny vales, terminated in the distance by dark conical mountains, from whose tops and loftiest peaks the rays of the setting sun were now beautifully reflected. Through the length and breadth of these far-spreading vales, and up the sides of the hills and mountains that environed them, were seen a thousand vineyards, from which the wines and fruits are gathered that give to Malaga much of its commercial importance. As I gazed upon the magnificent scenery before me, and recalled the grandeur of that stately cathedral, whose turrets rose up so proudly above all the surrounding

edifices of the city, I seemed to catch a glimpse, or to see a faint shadowing forth of that resplendent glory which covered Spain in her halcyon days. This view inspired me with an earnest desire to visit Granada, to gaze upon the Alhambra, the ancient palace of the Moorish kings, which is said to be the finest specimen extant of Moorish architecture. I longed to wander through the shady and beautifully irrigated grove of elms that leads to this magnificent palace—to look out upon the vale that smiles in such rich luxuriance around it, and off upon the sublime scenery of the snow-capped mountains that encircle it—to pass through its stately and splendid apartments, to tread upon its floors covered with rich mosaics, and examine its arabesque adornments, and Arabic inscriptions. It was my full intention to have visited Granada. I found, however, after having reached Malaga, that I could not do so at this season of the year, without exposing myself in a way that I did not feel warranted to do. An English friend who had just made this excursion, told me that, in going, he was obliged to travel several days on horseback, and in the rain, over rocky mountains, and to sleep at night in a room which mules and donkeys and travellers shared in common. On the way they several times encountered parties of brigands, known to their guide, who offered to them a certain amount of black mail, or tax for guarding the road, which they readily accepted, and let them pass. On one occasion, however, they escaped the surrender of their purses only by putting their horses for about three miles to the top of their speed. When they arrived at Granada, they found the whole country enveloped in snow, and the chilling blasts of winter sweeping over all the bold and bright scenery around

them. I of course saw at once, however much I might have of the spirit of adventure, this was no place for an invalid, fleeing from his own country to avoid the winter, and gain the benefit of a warm and uniform climate.

I am sorry I am obliged to close my letter without being able to give you any fuller account of Spain. You see it was only a bare passing glimpse that I had of this once chivalrous and now strife-torn land.

Your affectionate friend, &c.

CHAPTER VI.

GLIMPSES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Passage up the Mediterranean in the Volcano—Company on board—Amusing incident from ventriloquism—Young E——, an officer in the Chinese service—Bishop Carr—A Sunday on the Mediterranean—Missionary operations in India—A striking incident—The Barbary coast—The Fratelli—Pantelaria—Gozo—The Bay of Malta.

Malta, January 13th, 1838.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

My last letter left me on board the English steamer Volcano, on my way from Gibraltar to Malta: and here I now am, in the city of the Knights of St. John, surrounded by so many mementos of their bravery and exploits—of their former wealth and splendour, that it seems as though the world had gone back to the days of chivalry. But before I tell you any thing about Valletta, or its numerous suburban appendages, I must give you some account of our voyage from Gibraltar to this place. I believe I told you that we bid adieu to the wild mountain scenery, that hems in the Straits, on the afternoon of the 6th of January. We were a little more than five days in making the passage to Malta. Our voyage was quite barren of adventures or incidents

of a thrilling character. The time, however, passed more rapidly away, and with less tedium than is usually experienced at sea. This was in a measure owing to the agreeable company that we had on board.

The object of these government steamers, you know, is to expedite the conveyance of the mail from England to India, by the way of the Mediterranean, Alexandria, Cairo, Suez, and the Red Sea. They are, therefore, regular ships of war in her Majesty's service, having each on board about fifty men, commanded by a lieutenant of the navy. This line of communication affords an easy, pleasant, and expeditious mode of travelling from England to the eastern world; and it has become very common for those engaged in the India and Chinese trade to avail themselves of this route. It is worthy of note, that after a little more than three hundred years, the period since the passage to India around the Cape of Good Hope was discovered, which at the time, and long after, was regarded as the acme of discoveries in the navigation of the great deep, the world is beginning to return to the old path by which the ancient merchants travelled to India.

It is not, however, by that slow and perilous mode of travelling which the ancients employed, that the European now seeks the sunny fields, and spicy groves, and crowded cities of India. Instead of the slow movement of the caravan, with its vast train of camels and elephants, he is speeded on his way by the power of steam, with the fleetness of the wind. The whole voyage from London to Bombay is made by steam, with the single exception of a land carriage of eighty-four miles, the distance from Cairo to Suez.

Besides the excellent Bishop of Bombay and his

amiable daughter, we had among our passengers several gentlemen engaged in the India and Chinese service, and one or two commissioned officers attached to the British army. We found most of our fellow-passengers truly affable and gentlemanly, and time glided away as on golden wings. The weather, too, was very fine all the way, so that we could spend as much of our time as we chose on deck—observing the various phases of the broad Mediterranean, her sea-washed islands, and the dark rocky shores of the African coast.

For a while I found myself exceedingly interested in observing the various developments of character among those on board. Captain M——, of the ship *Ch—*, Bombay, engaged in the Chinese trade, was a perfect gentleman in his manners, and the cloudless sunshine of amiability and cheerfulness which rested continually upon his countenance, showed that his heart was full of the milk of human kindness. He had withal a large stock of information, and an irrepressible vein of humour and good-natured pleasantry. In perfect contrast with him was Captain Mac——, a young Scotchman, attached to her Majesty's troops. Serious, demure, and taciturn, he spent all his time in reading, or in traversing the deck by himself—holding communion with no one. It was a very bright moonlight evening during our voyage, that I went up on deck about nine o'clock, and saw Captain Mac—— traversing the deck apart by himself, as though lost in profound meditation. On the other side of the ship was Captain M——, looking over the side of the vessel upon the bright waves that rolled beneath, gaily whistling a tune. As I passed him, he joined me, and we walked up and down the deck on that side of the ship for some time. The heavens were

cloudless, and brilliantly lit up by the moon and stars—the broad waters of the Mediterranean lay beneath in mirrored brightness. All on deck was quiet; no sounds came upon the ear but the monotonous and measured notes of the engine, propelling us on our way. Captain M—— spoke of the unsocial and apparent misanthropic manner of our Scotch friend, who was still pacing up and down the deck beneath the moon's pale ray on the other side of the ship. Directly, a voice was heard on that side of the ship, just behind him, calling "Captain Mac——! Captain Mac——!" I was at first startled myself, for not a solitary being was near him, and yet the voice evidently came from a point close by him. I looked in Captain M——'s face, and saw him smiling. We walked on again for a few moments, when the same voice was again heard, emanating from the same point, "Captain Mac——! Captain Mac——!"

Captain Mac—— turned round and looked every way, but no person was near. He again resumed his perambulations up and down the ship, when in a few moments, the same voice, as though from the top of one of the masts, called out, in a most mournful tone, "Captain Mac——! Captain Mac——!"

Captain Mac—— turned around, looked up to the mast, and in apparent agitation, immediately went below. During all this time we had kept on, in a steady pace, up and down the deck, without apparently observing the singular phenomenon which I have mentioned. I had suspected from the moment I saw the smile on Captain M——'s face, that he had the power of ventriloquism, and that he was the agent that produced this sound, which had so discomposed the meditations of our taciturn fellow-traveller. As soon as he had gone

below, Captain M—— acknowledged this to be the fact, adding that he wished to rouse him from his selfish somnolency, to a perception of the living objects around him.

Another interesting character on board was young E——, who was also an officer in the Chinese service. He was frank and impetuous to a fault, yet withal, a most ingenuous, highly gifted, noble-minded fellow. He evidently had not enjoyed the advantages of an early education. His mind appeared undisciplined and his manners rough; and yet he was a man of true native genius, and had acquired several languages, and a large stock of information. Though destitute of the refinements of a liberal education, he frequently manifested a vigour of intellect—a power of logic, and a facility of expression, that quite astonished me. As all his fellow-travellers were at least nominal members of the established church, he exercised a reach of ingenuity in setting forth in a vivid light the errors and evils connected with the establishment, that cost his fellow-travellers no little effort in refuting his arguments. Take him all in all, we found him a most pleasant and amusing companion. His ideas on the subject of personal religion, however, were very remote from the truth. I had a long conversation with him on this topic. He told me, that he regarded himself as a Christian, and that he had taken the sacrament several times, though not *very* often, as he did not think himself in a fit state to do so. He remarked that he had no great preference for the English church, though he liked it pretty well, and should probably always continue a member of it. He had visited our country, and was pleased with many things which he saw. He said, could he have his way,

he would build a church on the very brow of Niagara Falls, and there he should take delight in worshipping God, amid the eternal roar of those mighty waters, and the overwhelming majesty of one of earth's sublimest, grandest scenes. Our young friend is not the first who has mistaken a love of the sublime and the feelings of sentimentalism for the spirit of devotion. There are too many Christians in our own country of this sort. My estimation of this young talented officer was certainly increased by the kind and ingenuous manner in which he received some remarks which I offered at the close of our conversation in relation to spiritual religion.

Had I time, I would give you some account of Mr. F——, vice-consul in one of the Ionian Isles; Mr. M——, the son of an impoverished English lord, going out to engage in the East India service; and of Captain B——, attached to the 77th regiment; but I must hasten on to the bishop, whose sweet piety, primitive manners, kind affability, and open-hearted frankness, made him a general favourite on board, and the charm of our whole circle. I believe I mentioned to you in a previous letter that Dr. Carr had been long officiating as a chaplain at Bombay before he received his appointment as bishop, and that his errand to England was to receive consecration to the episcopal office. Though he was constantly addressed by his fellow-countrymen on board in the style of *my Lord Bishop*, he received the title so meekly, and with such manifest indifference, he showed that he valued at a proper estimate the empty pageant of a name.

I like to see a man who professes to love the Saviour, and has influence with his fellow-men, exert that

influence for the honour of his divine Master. As the evening upon which we started was drawing to a close, I was wondering whether our good bishop would propose to establish daily worship in our little community during our temporary sojourn together. I thought his office and weight of character, and the evident esteem in which he was held by all on board, would not only authorise, but impose an obligation upon him to take this step. Some clergymen, guided by worldly wisdom, would undoubtedly, from prudential motives, have shrunk from entering upon this open path of duty, and thus have lost an opportunity of making religious impressions that might prove durable as eternity. Not so Bishop Carr. As soon as our tea was finished, before we had risen from the table, he spoke to the commandant of the ship, and asked if it would not be agreeable to have evening prayers. Lieutenant M'Ilvaine, the commanding officer, at once, and in the most cordial manner, expressed not only his willingness but his desire that it should be so; and the same sentiment was re-echoed by all present. From this evening regular daily worship was established on board the ship. It was a most interesting spectacle to see not only all the passengers uniformly present, but a large number of the sailors who were on board. I thought that the prayers of our liturgy never appeared more sweet or impressive than when, shut up in that crowded cabin, and borne along over the waves of the deep, we lifted up our voices together from day to day in its simple and beautiful strains of devotion.

At length Sunday came. The sun rose cloudless, and filled the whole atmosphere with beautiful brilliancy. The Mediterranean, with its bright waters, lay stretched

around us calm and tranquil as a glassy lake ; the air was bland and balmy as a summer's morn. Though on the sea, we were this day to enjoy Sabbath privileges. The British government is a professedly Christian government, and recognises in its laws the institutions of God, enjoining upon all those engaged in its service the observance of the sabbath, and the duty of worshipping the God of the sabbath.

About ten o'clock in the forenoon all the men and officers on board were summoned to appear on deck ; they promptly obeyed the summons, manifesting by their neat uniform and cleanly appearance their respect for the hallowed day. The roll having been called, Lieut. M'Ilvaine proceeded to read in their hearing the "Articles of War." The first two of these articles I copied, and will here insert.

"1. All commanders, captains, and officers, in or belonging to her majesty's ships or vessels of war, shall cause the worship of Almighty God, according to the liturgy of the Church of England established by law, to be solemnly, orderly, and reverently performed in their respective ships, and shall take care that prayer and preaching, by the chaplains in holy orders of the respective ships, be performed diligently ; and that the Lord's day be observed according to law.

"2. All flag-officers, and all persons in or belonging to her majesty's ships or vessels of war, being guilty of profane oaths, cursings, execrations, drinking, uncleanness, or other scandalous actions, in derogation of God's honour and corruption of good manners, shall incur such punishment as a court-martial shall think fit to impose, and as the nature and degree of their offence shall deserve."

Now, while I am perfectly aware that no mere human enactments can change the hearts of unconverted men, or fill their bosoms with sentiments of true piety, yet I am confident that enforced regulations like those just referred to, must exert a salutary influence. The commander of a ship, who is required to read these "Articles of War" before his men, if he be guilty of profane oaths, cursings, and execrations—if he be guilty of drinking and uncleanness, cannot but feel rebuked every time he reads them—cannot but feel he is reading his own sentence of condemnation: and then, if he has no chaplain on board, as the duty of conducting the worship of Sunday devolves on him, this solemn duty upon which he is put must impose some restraint upon his outward conduct at least, and awaken within him, in spite of himself, some serious reflections.

As soon as the lieutenant had finished reading these "Articles of War," the men, together with the passengers, assembled in the cabin, where the bishop was waiting to commence the service. I was struck with the attentive manner in which the sailors listened to the reading of the word of God; and during the sermon they seemed all eye and ear. The bishop's discourse was plain, practical, and affectionate, and seemed to interest all who were present. After dinner all on board were again assembled for worship. This was a *Sabbath at sea* which I shall long remember with pleasure.

In the evening I had a long conversation with the bishop in reference to missionary operations in India. I found that it was his firm opinion, that no insuperable obstacles were in the way of the entire transformation of that vast heathen wilderness into the garden of the Lord. He thought that all that was requisite to accomplish this

was, an increase of prayer and faith, and of devoted, self-denying, patient labourers in this wide field. It would take time. Space must be allowed for the influence of schools and the press to be felt; but the result was certain. The old systems of idolatry were crumbling to decay, and a new order of things would come up. As science and civilisation advanced, if the leaven of divine truth could be infused into a portion of the great mass of mind in India, there would be brought about such a moral regeneration there, as would exhibit a spectacle for the whole world to contemplate,—yea, a spectacle that would fill the whole world with the glory of God. Among other interesting facts, the bishop stated the following incident, which deeply interested me.

Some year or two since, he accompanied Dr. Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta, on a tour of visitation through a part of his extensive diocese. On their way, they touched at Aurungabad, a city under Mahomedan jurisdiction, being a part of Nizamb's dominion, whose imperial court is stationed at Hyderabad. It so happened that Nizamb or a portion of his army were at this very time at Aurungabad. One morning while they were at breakfast, a man who was evidently a native of Indostan, called, and preferred a request to the bishop, that he would attend the funeral of a deceased child. The bishop of course inquired if the parents of the child were Christians; to which inquiry an affirmative answer being received, both Bishop Wilson and Dr. Carr felt a strong desire to know by what instrumentality the parents of this child had embraced the Christian faith, as they were natives of India. They learned, upon inquiry, that they were followers of Nizamb's camp. All who were employed as domestics or servants in the families of the officers of

this army, were called "followers of the camp." The parents of this deceased child, together with some seventeen or eighteen other persons, connected in a like capacity with the camp, had not only embraced the Christian faith, but were in the habit of meeting regularly on Sundays by themselves for worship. After the funeral, the whole company of these Christians met Bishop Wilson, and had a long interview with him. He then learned that they had never enjoyed the instruction of any missionary, or had an opportunity of conversing with any protestant Christian. Their ancestors resided in a part of India where a portion of the inhabitants had been led to abandon pagan idolatry, and embrace the Roman Catholic faith, and they among the number. Educated in this faith, they grew up decided papists in their views and feelings, not even knowing that there was any other or purer form of Christianity. After having joined the camp, and having now arrived at a period of life in which serious reflections were more frequently awakened in their minds, they often felt deep convictions of sin, and were led day after day to prostrate themselves before crucifixes, images, and pictures, in order to soothe a disturbed conscience. There was an old woman attached to the camp, acting in the same capacity with themselves, as a domestic in some officer's family, who had formerly resided at Madras, and had been instructed by Kolhoff, or some of the missionaries connected with that station. She had a copy of the sacred Scriptures, which she was constantly reading, and she used to remark to these individuals, that there was nothing in the Bible about transubstantiation or kneeling before images, or perpetually crossing one's self, and that these things could never bring peace to a

troubled mind. To satisfy them of the truth of what she said, she proposed to read the Scriptures to them ; which she did from time to time. The result was, that they became convinced that they were in error, and resolved to gather their creed from the Bible. They obtained a copy of the New Testament in the Tamul language, and met together regularly to hear it read. After a while, there providentially fell in their way a copy of the Prayer Book in the Tamul tongue, which had been published by Bishop Heber. Having appointed one of their number as a reader, they now had worship regularly, according to the order of the Prayer Book, on Sundays.

Here was a little body of Christians in the midst of India, surrounded by Mahomedan and pagan darkness, conducted to a knowledge of the truth as it was in Jesus, not by the voice of a living instructor, but by the silent and simple teaching of a single copy of God's word ; and though deprived of all pastoral ministrations, they were enabled to keep up from week to week an edifying worship, by means of a single copy of the Book of Common Prayer. What a proof we have here of the power of God's word ! With what confidence may we rely upon it, in sending it forth without note or comment, among the unevangelised nations of the earth ! It will not return void, but accomplish what the Lord pleases, and prosper in the thing whereto it is sent.

But I fear I am wearying you, not only with too minute details, but with the superabundance of my own reflections.

We were so happy as to enjoy uninterrupted good weather during our whole passage. We now and then

caught a view of the African coast, of the lofty ranges of the Atlas, and of an island sitting here and there on the smooth bosom of the Mediterranean, to break the monotony of the sea scene around us. Our approach to the Barbary shore was occasionally so near, that we could catch a glimpse of the villages and cottages situated on the side of some craggy steep, and see the smoke that gracefully curled up from some hamlet hid among the hills. We were disappointed in not seeing Algiers, as we passed it in the night. We were too distant from the shore of Tunis to get even a glimpse of the spot where Carthage once stood. But on the evening of the 10th, we saw the *Fratelli* to great advantage, beneath the silvery rays of the moon, shining in full-orbed lustre. You are aware that the *Fratelli* or Two Brothers, are two immense rocks or rocky islets, rising from the bottom of the Mediterranean, and lifting up their gigantic dimensions some three hundred feet above the surrounding waters. They are only three or four miles from the shore: and as the track of our ship lay between them and the shore, we had a fine opportunity to take a full survey of these dark and frowning children of the sea. The tallest rock had been perforated about fifteen or twenty feet above the surface of the water, probably by the violence of the stormy waves, which at intervals for ages had dashed against it. As we passed, the rays of the moon streamed through this small orifice, and presented the appearance of a bright star resting on the front of this craggy cliff, near the surface of the still waters below. The other rock, in the more dim and shadowy light in which we beheld it, appeared like the colossal statue of a crouched lion, just ready to start up, and spring upon its prey.

The next morning we had a fine view of the island of Pantelaria, the ancient Cosyra. This island is a dependency of Sicily, and about thirty miles in circumference. It is in its features entirely volcanic, bearing the vestiges of extinguished craters, with prodigious quantities of lava, pumice, and scoria. I was told the interior was divided into broken hills, covered with brushwood, and occasionally intersected with ravines and valleys, in which they raise olives, figs, vines, and cotton. The population of this island is said to be between four and five thousand, a part of whom, however, are convicts sent from Sicily. The tower and castle of Pantelaria stand at the head of a cove on the north-west side of the island, of which we had a distinct view as we passed.

Propelled by the mighty power of steam, this island, with its rocky hills, and grey towers, and ancient castles, passed from our view like a vision of the night, and we had no other sight of land till the moon again lit up the evening, when we found ourselves coasting along by the side of Gozo, which Homer has immortalised, in making it the residence of the fabled Calypso. It certainly appeared truly picturesque beneath the rays of the moon, which streamed down in silvery lustre upon its rocky and rugged shores. Some of our passengers were romantic enough to sit up till two o'clock, to see our steamer enter the harbour of Malta, as the appearance of the harbour at its entrance was said to surpass, in grouping, even the bay of Naples. I was not one among the number, however. I went quietly to bed at the usual hour, and knew not that we had reached our place of destination, till the chime of a hundred bells from the towers of the numberless churches and convents

of Valetta, roused me at early dawn from my slumbers. When I first went on deck in the morning, and looked around upon the encompassing city, with its houses of stone, its flat and terraced roofs, and all the unique appearance of its streets rising one above another, crowned with castles, and convents, and churches, I felt for a moment as though I had been transported by some unknown power into a scene of enchantment—a place of which I had never before heard. I was soon awoke from my reverie, however, by the voice of a servant, reminding me that it was necessary to get my baggage in a state of preparation for landing. I will defer any description of Malta till my next letter.

Your affectionate friend, &c.

CHAPTER VII.

GLIMPSES OF MALTA.

Harbour of Malta—First landing—Valetta—Appearance of the town—Maltese porters—Morell's—The Island of Malta—Its external aspect—Its history—The cathedral at Valetta—Governor's palace—An excursion through the island—St. Paul's Bay—The place of his shipwreck—Passage to Gozo—Landing—View of the island—Rabbato—Excursion to the Fungus Rock—Giant's Tower—Scripture illustrations.

Valetta, January 20th, 1838.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I believe we last parted company just as I was preparing to land at Malta. I must try to give you some idea of the group of little cities that cluster densely around the shores of the great harbour of Malta, and at a distance, appear to constitute one entire town. On the north, or right as you enter the great harbour, lies Valetta, the capital, and principal town of the island, which at its western extremity is terminated by Florian, a strongly fortified suburban village, that looks off on the south upon the great harbour, and on the north, as does also Valetta itself, upon the waters constituting the quarantine ground. When entering the port, having passed the lighthouse and Fort St. Elmo, with its surrounding fortifications on the one side, and Fort Ricasoli and St. Angelo on the other, we reach a point from which, if a line were drawn north and

south, it would divide Valetta nearly in the centre; and from this point there runs off to the south, a branch or creek from the great harbour, which forms of itself a beautiful little haven; and its ascending shores, through the whole of their winding oval circuit, are crowded with streets and houses, and a dense population, to which, while in the harbour, you can hardly see a limit. It was in this little haven that we found our steamer quietly anchored on the morning to which I have referred.

As we stood upon the deck, in front of us rose the lofty, embattled shores of Valetta, sweeping down, by terraces in the rock on which it stands, to the water's brink, its summit crowned with fortifications, towers, castles, convents, and churches. On our right lay the densely populated Senglea, with its own peculiar fortifications, and on the left, the steep and guarded banks of Burmola and Borgo, the first residence of the Knights, and which, from a great victory they gained over the Ottoman forces in 1565, was originally denominated Vittoriosa. On our rear, sweeping around the head of this little haven, were a series of houses and streets, forming connecting links between Senglea and Vittoriosa, backed and flanked by the Cottonera—a fortification of immense strength, built in 1676 by the Grand Master Nicola Cottoner—and which joins by its two extremities Senglea on one side, and Vittoriosa on the other.

A traveller has very justly remarked, that “nothing can be more impressive than the view of Malta to a stranger arriving in the harbour of Valetta. The high walls, the houses rising one above the other, the arches of the lower Barraca, the three cities on the opposite

side of the harbour, with Fort Ricasoli, St. Angelo, and the fortifications of Florian, the creeks with the merchant vessels and ships of war lying at anchor, and the walls of Cottonera, form together a *coup d'œil* of a very imposing character."

I was particularly struck with the aspect of the fortifications that stood out to view on every side. They are principally composed of long lines partly cut out of the rock, and in part made of an equally solid wall. Range rises above range, and fort beyond fort, forming a line of battery that absolutely commands every height and inlet. No vessel of hostile intentions could come into the harbour without being utterly demolished.

But I began to tell you about my landing. Valetta was the spot, of course, in which we determined to take up our quarters. Hundreds of little boats, filled with hardy Maltese, jabbering in their own semi-Italian and semi-Arabic dialect, were pressing around the sides of our steamer, all anxious to do us the favour of conveying us to the shore. We were soon on board of one of these boats, and the strong, muscular arms of our Maltese rowers speedily brought us to the foot of one of the steep and rocky streets that lead up to the court part of the town of Valetta.

No sooner had our boat touched the shore, than about a dozen swarthy, half-naked Maltese, with long elfish locks, sprung upon our baggage like so many harpies. For awhile there was quite a contest among them for the division of it. Every one wanted to carry a piece of it, if it were no more than an umbrella or a cane. There was one unfortunate wight, who could not succeed in getting any thing to carry, and after

having made several unsuccessful attempts to snatch an umbrella from one of his companions, he came up to us, and, with a few words of broken English which he had acquired, offered himself as our *valet-de-place*. We, of course, did not need his services, and he then insisted upon showing us excellent private lodgings. All we desired to know, was the way to *Morell's* in *Strada Forni*, where we had been recommended to put up, and where the numerous retinue bearing our luggage were conducting us. The moment we arrived there, we learned why our swarthy porters had exhibited so much zeal in conveying our luggage—every one of these dozen tatterdemalions made an exorbitant demand upon us for his particular service. We were obliged to pay them all, though one-fourth of the number could have performed the service equally well. On the way from the boat one of these fellows came to me, and insisted upon carrying my umbrella. He, of course, demanded and received a compensation for this service, and we now cherished the hope that the claims of all this numerous fraternity were fully satisfied. What then was our surprise, just after having reached our rooms, to see our would-be *valet-de-place* entering, and demanding from us a compensation for having acted as our guide in showing us the way! The demand was so absolutely farcical, and was urged with such gravity, that I could not refrain from throwing the fellow a few pennies.

But I have neglected to tell you how things struck me in passing through the streets of Valetta. My experience at Gibraltar had in some measure prepared me for queer and odd sights. We were now, however, to be favoured with a new edition, enlarged, but I cannot

say improved. First we were saluted, as we pushed our way up the steep sides of the hill, through narrow and winding streets, by a crowd of most importunate beggars, who seemed to increase upon us every step we advanced. As we passed on, there seemed to be around us the stir and hum of great activity. One thing, however, struck us as very peculiar. It seemed as though all the in-door work of Valetta had come out into the streets this morning, to take an airing. The tailors, the shoemakers, and all the various mechanics, sat out of doors in front of their shops, driving their business with great apparent industry. This, I afterwards learned, was the common custom of the place. On our way to our lodgings we passed St. George's Square, in the Strada Reale, in front of the governor's palace, where we saw crowds of Roman Catholic priests, with their three-cornered hats, tight smallclothes, and loose outward robe—a multitude of gaily-dressed English officers—large groups of Scotch Highlanders, kilted, and in their usual military dress—numbers of the native Maltese, the men wearing a blue checked shirt, with a red or purple knit worsted cap, the top folding back; and the women, a black silk dress, with the faldetta thrown over the head, and reaching down the back like a shawl—clusters of ragged and impudent beggars, and dense masses of people, too numerous to be described, of every nation and tongue and variety of costume, mingling together, and presenting a most novel and picturesque appearance to the eye of a stranger.

But I linger too long. The arched stone gateway entered—the thick walls passed—the length of one and another strada measured—the last long flight of stone

steps leading to the Strada Reale and St. George's Square ascended—a transient glance at that gay promenade, and the mass of animated beings that move there, taken—a hasty survey given to the elegant and substantial stone edifices which adorn every street, and which resemble, in spaciousness and strength, a castle or a palace—and we soon found ourselves at Morell's, snugly fixed in our lodgings. I said that many of the edifices by which we passed resembled palaces. This very house in which I have my lodgings, now used as an inn, was built by a knight as his private palace. The room I occupy is like a spacious saloon, and my door opens out upon the flat stone roof, which covers that portion of the edifice less elevated than the part I occupy, giving me the benefit of an extensive promenade on the roof, from which I can overlook the city, the harbours, the surrounding fortifications, and wide-spread waters of the Mediterranean. In the centre of our mansion, there is a small open court, where are a great variety of flowering shrubs, and where thrives a huge vine, which is several feet in circumference, and which, sending up its massive trunk above the third story, spreads itself out over an immense framework erected upon the flat roof, and thus forms, by its innumerable tendrils, and outstretched branches, an agreeable canopy over our heads, while we here take our promenade.

I have now been here more than a week, and as I have improved my time in visiting the most interesting parts of the island, and inquiring into its antiquities and history, you must not be surprised if I become somewhat prosing on these points.

You are aware that there has been no small controversy, as long ago as the times of Ptolemy, Pliny, and

Strabo, to what division of the globe Malta should be assigned, whether to Africa or Europe; but I believe the learned have now agreed, that it shall be ranked among the islands of Italy, and consequently of Europe. This island seems to consist of one vast porous rock, upon which there has accumulated a thin soil, well fitted to produce the cotton plant, the mulberry tree, the vine, and various fruits of exquisite flavour. Its first aspect, presenting to view innumerable points of naked rock, would lead you to think that the whole island had been smitten with universal sterility: but a more minute inspection reveals, in the midst of this apparent sterility, ten thousand little patches of fertility and verdure. The island is about twenty miles in length, twelve in breadth, and sixty in circumference; and contains, with its dependencies, Gozo and Comino, a population of about a hundred and twenty-one thousand. I need not tell you that Malta, under the name of Hyperia, Ogygia, and Melita, has long been recognised as a spot of great maritime importance. The Maltese lay most absurd claims to antiquity. There is no doubt that this island was discovered at a very early period. If I mistake not, Homer speaks of the Phæaceans as its first inhabitants. They were succeeded by the Phœnicians, who, as early as fifteen hundred years before the Christian era, found this island a place of considerable importance for their commercial purposes. They were expelled by the Greeks; who in their turn yielded the island to the victorious Carthaginians, some five hundred years before the advent of our Saviour. Then followed the Romans, who kept possession of it till the dissolution of the Roman empire. In that vast wreck of empire, as the Vandal and Goth came down with their desolating

hordes, and swept the city seated upon seven hills with the besom of destruction, they successively rolled the tide of conquest over the waves of the Mediterranean, and laid their grasp upon prostrate Malta. But an empire had risen up in the east, strong and mighty; and in the beginning of the sixth century the Goth was driven from this sea-washed isle by the renowned Belisarius. The Arabs took possession of this island in the ninth century, and introduced the Arabic language, which is still spoken by the natives with a mixture of the Italian. The Saracens were succeeded by the Normans, in the twelfth century, who united Malta to the crown of Sicily. Then Germany, France, and Spain, successively held this island under their domination. It was during the reign of Charles V., that Malta, by this monarch, was ceded in full sovereignty to the valorous knights of St. John of Jerusalem, who had a few years previously, after the most deadly struggle with the Saracens, been expelled from Rhodes. The distinguished *Philip de Villers de l'Isle Adam*, the Grand Master of the order, accompanied by his knights, and more than four thousand inhabitants, in 1530, transferred his residence to Malta, under the sanction of Charles V., and all the Christian princes in whose kingdoms the order had possessions. Here the knights erected a temporal and spiritual dominion—dug the rock from its bed, and reared up stupendous temples, palaces, towers, castles, and forts. But they were not permitted to go on with these peaceful labours unmolested. The great Solymán, who had crushed their power on the sea-girt isle of Rhodes, stretched his arm to Malta, to break down their new dominion. But though Gozo was overrun by the troops of Sinan Bashaw, and Malta was besieged for

four months together by the army of Solymán, under Mustapha, Bashaw of Buda, and the famous corsair Dragut; and though Fort St. Elmo was taken, and St. Michael destroyed, yet such was the invincible courage of *Jean de la Valette Parisot*, then officiating as the grand master—and such was the matchless valour of his knights, that they compelled their enemy to retire with a loss of thirteen thousand men. It was after this glorious expulsion of the bloody Saracens, that the King of Spain presented to *Valette*, as an expression of his admiration of his prowess, a sword and dagger, the handles of which were of gold, set with jewels. And it was about this time, that the new city called after the grand master *Valetta*, was begun, to which the knights in 1568 removed their residence from Borgo, the place where the order first planted themselves. Valetta has ever since been the metropolis of the island.

I believe it was while Napoleon was on his way to Egypt, in 1798, that he stopped at Malta, and gave the death-blow to the order of the Knights of St. John. *Ferdinand Homepesch*, then grand master, was a weak and pacific prince, and readily yielded the island to the French army. So scandalised, however, were the conscientious Catholics of this island by the conduct of the French, in plundering and desecrating their churches, that they received the British with open arms, who took possession of the island at the commencement of the present century. As long as Great Britain commands the Straits of Gibraltar, the great gate of entrance into the Mediterranean—as long as she retains her dominions in the East, and her merchant vessels crowd the shores of the Levant, so long, unquestionably, will she continue to hold her grasp upon Malta, the resting-place of her

vessels, and the rendezvous of her armed ships, that cruise the whole length and breadth of this great inland sea, which is the connecting link and the medium of communication between the three quarters of the globe.

Among the earliest objects I visited after my arrival here, was the cathedral of St. John's, and the palace, the present residence of the governor of the island. The cathedral was built by the knights, for their own special use, and though in the exterior it is not remarkably imposing, the arrangements within are most superb, and burst upon you with overwhelming effect. The gilded ceiling—the arched nave, with its roof covered with beautiful frescoes—the chapels and altars on either side, filled with the statues and tombs of departed knights—the paintings representing scriptural subjects that adorn the edifice, the exquisitely beautiful pavement composed of coloured marbles, representing the armorial bearings of the knights :—all these strike one, upon first entering the temple, with great power. I will not undertake to specify any pieces of sculpture or painting in this church, as fine specimens of the power of the chisel or the pencil, since I know so little of works of this kind. There were some groups, however, that struck me as very fine. We were shown the tombs of L'Isle Adam, and La Valette, besides those of numerous others, of ohivalrous memory.

From the cathedral we passed on to the palace, which, as I have before observed, stands on one side of St. George's Square. As I expect to have so many palaces to describe before I get through with my tour, I shall not detain you long here. This edifice was built for the residence of the Grand Master, who was in fact, the prince and sovereign of the island. The only part of

the palace which we were permitted to see, was the armoury and a long suite of rooms hung with paintings and decorated above with frescoes of an historical character, representing various achievements of the Knights of Malta, from the period when they took possession of Rhodes, and also several of their naval combats with the Moslems. We were also shown one room hung with ancient tapestry, which was very beautiful. The armoury is a hall about two hundred feet in length, bristling with every description of armour. We here saw specimens of the arms that belonged to the days of the crusades, as well as those of earlier and later times. The hall contains more than eleven thousand stand of arms. There are also here three thousand pikes, those relics of chivalrous antiquity, which were once wielded by those who were engaged in the rescue of the Holy Land, or in the warlike defence of some Christian European power. The massive coats of mail, standing upright as though they encased their former wearers, were ranged along the whole extent of the hall, presenting the appearance of embattled lines of ancient warriors. The framework and walls in the rear of these upright and mail-clad figures, bristled with pikes, bayonets, javelins, pistols, swords, and all the varieties of murderous war-weapons. The shirt of mail, the helmet, and the shield that had been used by many a knight, hung before us suspended from the wall. We observed one suit of armour which was very magnificent, having originally been inlaid with gold. This we understood had belonged to one of the distinguished Grand Masters. We took down several helmets, and found that they were so heavy we could with difficulty lift them. How men with such an immense weight pressing upon them as this whole

suit of armour constituted, could stir at all, much more how they could wield their limbs and weapons with ease, and move along with agility, is to me a perfect enigma. As I turned away from the hall of armour, and recollected in what service these weapons had been used, I could not but think how sad it was that the Knights of St. John had not sought to clothe themselves with the armour of God, instead of resorting to the use of these carnal weapons.* Had they been as zealous to make known "the unsearchable riches of Christ," as they were to fight the infidels, to rescue the holy sepulchre, and to destroy with the sword the followers of the crescent, they might have increased the sum of human happiness, filled heaven with joy, and gathered imperishable laurels of renown.

You know it was on the shores of this island, then called Melita, either from the goodness of its honey, or from the nymph Melita, the daughter of Doris and Ne-reus, that St. Paul was shipwrecked. As tradition had preserved the remembrance of the spot where this disaster occurred, I felt a strong desire to visit it. Accordingly, the fourth day after our arrival at Malta, we set off on an excursion that would occupy two days, so planning our route, that we could visit Gozo, and pass along around the whole circuit of St. Paul's Bay.

Almost the only mode of travelling on this island, is by caleche, a two-wheel carriage, drawn by a single horse, at whose side the driver runs on foot. From two to four persons are carried in this vehicle. We had the full quota on this occasion, being accompanied not only by my travelling clerical companions, but by

* The Knights of St. John were originally a religious order of monks, upon which afterwards, a military order was engrafted.

Mr. Andrews, the American consul at Malta, who very obligingly offered to attend us in our projected excursion to Gozo. I am sure our appearance, had we gone through one of the streets of Philadelphia, would have excited the risibles of not a few of the staid and grave inhabitants of that sober city. Our driver was a complete Maltese, the Arabic origin predominating in his appearance far over the Italian. He wore nothing but pantaloons and a shirt, and a Maltese woollen cap, below which hung, in long ringlets, his dark elfish locks. The horse by which we were to be drawn, realised in appearance, my idea of "a wild ass's colt," more than any thing I had ever before seen. This animal was fastened to the caleche by a harness most rude and antique in appearance. The shafts were supported by straps attached to a huge elevated saddle, large enough to have borne a knight of the eleventh century in full armour. The carriage was drawn by rope traces, and the animal guided by a rope halter. At the descent of each hill, the driver would dart between the shafts behind the horse, adjust the breeching, and in this position regulate the animal's movements. To make up our train, the American consul had bespoken a guide, or *valet-de-place*, who being also a native Maltese of stout brawny limbs and iron frame, was to run along by the side of our carriage, to act as our servant and footman, and give us all the information he was master of in relation to the various localities by which we should pass. Our route lay along through several villages, or *casals*, as they are here called, though rather farther north than another line of villages which runs through a more central part of the island, many of which were, however, distinctly in view from the road we travelled. Having

left Florian, and passed through Pieta, a small, neat, casual, on the south and west point of the quarantine bay, distinguished as the residence of the Hon. Mr. Frere, who figured so largely as the ambassador to Spain, in the peninsular war, and whom, whatever might have been his ability as a diplomatic minister, we found to be a most hospitable, gentlemanly, and scholarlike man; we entered into a section of the island which exhibited that peculiar aspect of country scenery to which I have already adverted. Each field was enclosed with a stone wall of solid masonry. The enclosures contained sometimes several acres, and sometimes not a quarter of an acre. As we looked off from the plain up into the upland country, the ten thousand intervening stone walls and terraces gave to the whole mountain side the appearance of an extended and unbroken mass of solid rock; but as we wound our way along up the cragged steep, we found every corner and crevice teeming with the signs of fertility. The design of these stone enclosures is to prevent the soil from being utterly washed away by the rains, as it would unquestionably be but for this arrangement, from the uneven surface of the land. There is a striking want of trees to relieve the eye as it wanders over the island. You see here and there a grove of mulberries, a cluster of orange trees, and a scattering fig or olive tree. When in our route, we had reached some of the more elevated points and ranges of the island, we were favoured with some charming views. From the lofty points on which we stood, there was disclosed to us in one panoramic view for miles every enclosure below, with all its smiling verdure, together with the innumerable villages and hamlets and churches within the sweep of the wide

valley and the adjacent hills that enclosed it. It is quite remarkable that each one of these villages has one and two, and sometimes three churches in it, any one of which in size and splendour would do honour to an American city. The villages appear like small cities—the houses being all built of stone and planted thickly together, and the streets narrow, dark and filthy. The road through the whole island was thickly set with crosses, and images and pictures of the Virgin and St. Paul, who was usually represented with a book in one hand and a sword in the other. So thoroughly religious do the Maltese appear to be in externals, that they seem to desire to sanctify all their secular concerns with the symbols of their faith. We observed the cross, and the initials I. H. S. affixed to factories, windmills, blacksmiths' shops, and even to groceries or stalls where they sell wine to travellers.

We had advanced some eight or ten miles in our excursion, when the bright and broad Mediterranean broke upon our view upon the right. Having ascended another range of hills, we came in sight of an object that riveted my eyes to the spot, with an emotion I cannot well describe—what is called St. Paul's Bay, from its having been the scene of his shipwreck, recorded in the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth chapters of the Acts of the Apostles. When I reached the shore of this bay, where tradition has located the place of the landing of the wrecked mariners of that ill-fated ship, I felt I was treading on sacred ground. The waters now were all calm and radiant with the beams of a resplendent sun. But I could imagine the darkness of the heavens, the fury of the storm, the boisterousness of the sea, lashed by fierce winds into unbridled rage,

and the sail-rent, dismasted vessel, with its stern already "broken by the violence of the waves," so graphically depicted by St. Luke. I could imagine the dispersed and sinking crew, "some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship," making their way to the land. Perhaps on the very spot where I stood, chilled and dripping from the waters, they assembled, while the rude barbarous people, inhabitants of the island, gathered around, touched with feelings of kindness, kindled for them a fire, "and received every one of them, because of the present rain and because of the cold."

As I tried to picture to myself the Apostle of the Gentiles standing before that fire kindled on the shore, his apparel dripping with the briny waters of the sea, I thought of all the perils of his eventful life, and of all he endured for the love of Christ and the salvation of a dying world. He was willing to be a prisoner—to be carried to Rome—to be shipwrecked and cast into the deep, for the waves would wash him to a certain island, among whose barbarous inhabitants he would preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. He was willing that the viper should issue from the burning wood, and fasten upon his hand, for the power which Christ had given him to tread on scorpions, and render harmless the fangs of the most venomous beasts, would enable him to acquire such an influence over the minds of the spectators, that they would give heed to the truths of the gospel. The effect was, that Publius, the Roman governor of the island, received the whole crew courteously; and Paul having performed a miracle of healing for the father of Publius, who was "sick of a fever and of a bloody flux," the Apostle and all who sailed in the same ship with him, "were honoured with many

honours, and when they departed, were laded with such things as were necessary."

The Apostle did not pass the three months that he spent in Malta, or Melita, as the island was then called, in vain. Publius, tradition states, and many of the inhabitants of the island, became converts to Christianity; and it is very certain that Christianity has had a footing in this island, ever since the shipwreck of St. Paul. Doubtless thousands have been trained here for glory. But considering what a theatre of agitation and of war this island has ever been, and the multifarious foreign influences that have been exerted upon it, and the torpedo touch with which, ages ago, papacy paralysed all the energies of this people, who have never fully emerged from their ignorant and barbarous state, it is not wonderful that the mere shadow of Christianity is all that now remains. As all these various reflections came over my mind, I wound my way up the lofty hill that rises above this bay with feelings somewhat tinged with gloom. Alas! in a corrupt world, among depraved men, every thing degenerates. Still the gospel has power to stay these waves of corruption, to keep itself from degeneracy, and to bring the race up to its own high standard. It never fails to do this, except when betrayed by its pretended friends.

As we ascended the headlands beyond St. Paul's Bay, the prospect around us became more extended, the scenery more wild, and the roads rougher and more difficult to pass over. All along on our way, even in the most sterile parts of the island, we saw here and there a solitary castle, some of which appeared to be left in utter desolateness, and in others were quartered a few Maltese soldiers. A garrison of this sort we found at

Marfa Rock, the extreme north-western side of the island, where we were to embark for Gozo.

An amusing scene here occurred in the way of striking a bargain for a boat to transport us across to Gozo. We had been told that the moment the Maltese saw we were strangers, they would attempt to take advantage of us, and make a most exorbitant demand for any service they might render us. This was very evident from the price which the head boatmen, who spoke a few words of English, said they should charge for taking us over to the neighbouring island. As the consul, who spoke Italian, was accustomed to deal with these people, we left the entire adjustment of this matter to him—and to our utter astonishment we found, that from demanding dollars, they were willing to take a few shillings for conveying us across, and actually did row us over, for the wind was against us, nearly four miles to Fort Chambray, for sixty-two and a half cents. There were in the boat eight or ten stout rowers, and as they bent to their toil our boat glided rapidly over the waves, exhibiting to us a beautiful view of Comino as we passed, a small island that lies between Malta and Gozo. The character of the soft porous rock which seems to form the bed of all these islands, is strikingly disclosed in passing from one to the other. The shores being high and projecting, the rock near the water is scooped out and perforated by a thousand interstices, which being white, present the appearance of a honeycomb. In many places along the shore are discernible immense hollow caverns, and when the wind blows strongly, the water goes dashing up into those caverns with deep, rumbling sounds, like the awful roar of thunder. You are aware, of course,

that Homer lays a part of the scene of Ulysses' wanderings and trials in this island. One of these vast caves is denominated the Grotto of Calypso, the fabulous nymph that detained the mighty warlike hero for seven years on this island. Some suppose that the three islands were once united, and that they have been severed by some extraordinary convulsion of nature.

Upon our landing at Gozo, we found ourselves in the neighbourhood of a garrison and of the Governor's residence. As we could not at once command a conveyance to take us to Rabbato, where we purposed to spend the night, we concluded to walk—the distance being about four miles. Although the road almost the whole way was ascending, it conducted us through a beautiful part of the island, and gave us an opportunity of marking its peculiar scenery, which in its main characteristics resembles that of Malta, though presenting many more marks of fertility, and combining in its general outlines more elements of the picturesque. It was now the decline of day—the weather being almost as mild and bland as a summer's evening. The heavens which reflected the rays of the setting sun, seemed to have imparted to them an unwonted softness and richness. The fields that stretched around us were full of verdure and bloom. Here and there along the road, was seen the shepherd leading to their fold his flock of sheep and goats with their tinkling bells, as the shadows of evening were beginning to gather over the earth.

As we passed along, remembering that this was the celebrated island of Calypso, and reminded of the descriptions of Homer, and of the Archbishop of Cambray—we looked around in vain for the grotto

and the verdant banks eternally covered with flowers ; the lofty trees for ever in blossom, that lost their heads in the clouds, and afforded a shade to the sacred baths where she and her nymphs often regaled themselves. As we saw only some faint images of these glowing pictures, we concluded that the poet's imagination must have furnished him with not a few of the facts which he has worked up into his beautiful description.

Every thing around me appeared primitive, and totally unlike the rural scenes in my own country. As we approached Rabbato, we found the road studded with the statues of saints, pictures of the Virgin, and large crucifixes. And now, too, we began to meet groups of priests, with all their peculiar costume, walking leisurely forth to enjoy the freshness of the evening air, and the beauties of the surrounding scene. The peasantry had not yet retired from their labour, though the last straggling rays of the sun were now below the horizon. In one field by the wayside, were about twenty individuals forming a straight line, standing side by side, and turning up the soil by a sort of peck hoe, with which each one was furnished, and which they all lifted up and brought to the earth with a singular simultaneous movement. There was a head-man or overseer, superintending the movements of this corps of labourers. It is a miserable slow way of turning up the soil. A plough and a single pair of horses, or even of oxen, would accomplish in a day more than these twenty men. One of our company asked the overseer, as we passed along, why he did not join the rest of the company in their labour. He very good-naturedly replied in Italian, "Oh I have got money enough to enjoy my ease and hire my work done."

It is astonishing that the English government does not adopt some measures to improve the agricultural and mechanical operations of this rude people.

Having reached Rabbato, we found a tolerably comfortable inn, where we put up for the night. Previously to retiring, we made an arrangement with the landlord to have saddled mules or donkeys at the door at the first dawn of day, that we might ride to the north-western part of the island, to take a view of the Fungus Rock, an object of considerable curiosity, before we breakfasted. At the appointed hour, while the dappled grey of early morning still lingered on the eastern sky, a knock was given at our door, with the information that the donkeys and their drivers were in entire readiness. In a few minutes we were prepared to start on our morning excursion. I am sure our friends would have laughed most heartily, could they have seen us at this time,—although, however novel this mode of travelling was to us, it was the common mode of the island, as I am told it is in many parts of Italy.

Imagine then, each one of our company mounted on a donkey, and each followed by a muleteer, or driver, whose business it is to soothe and guide the animal while passing over rough and rocky places, and up the sides of precipitous acclivities, and to take care of it when the rider wishes to stop or walk. Imagine four individuals mounted on these shaggy-coated and long-eared animals, who are galloping forward with uncontrollable celerity, followed by four stout, brawny, dark-looking Maltese—and the rear brought up by our *valet-de-place*, and you will form some idea of the moving figure of our line of march. I was astonished to find with what apparent ease these Maltese kept up with us,

although our animals, the most of the time, were pushing forward on a sharp trot. The morning was uncommonly fine, and we found the exercise most exhilarating to our feelings. The country around us, just lit up with the golden brilliancy of the rising sun, presented to us several very pleasing and picturesque views. Here and there gigantic hills, sweeping off into bold outlines, terraced almost to their very summits, and exhibiting successive plots of luxuriant verdure,—deep valleys, full of bloom and rural beauty, extending far away before the eye,—and the whole country, as far as the eye could reach, dotted with casals, castellated towns, and antique and isolated castles, presented a landscape of a most unique character. As we proceeded, we caught a view of the broad Mediterranean, and were told that we had nearly reached the place of our destination. The road had become so rough, that we now found it necessary to leave our donkeys and go on foot. We soon began to be assailed by troops of boys and grown-up girls, who offered to sell us what they called "*St. Paul's Tongues*," a sort of tongue-shaped shell, found here on the sea-shore. When they had disposed of all of these that they could, they then began to ask us for charity. Such importunate beggars I had seldom met before—they would not leave us till we left that part of the island.

The declivity which we descended to reach the shore presented one curiosity,—there having been cut, and that in a very neat manner, like a continuous flight of stairs, one hundred and fifty steps, in the solid rock. The Fungus rock, as it is called, is a huge rocky islet that stands at the entrance of a beautiful cove, that seems scooped out from the solid shore by the continued action of rolling

waves. The waters of the blue Mediterranean were dashing most fiercely around either side of the base of this lofty islet, and rolling with thundering sound into the cove. This rocky islet, I should think, covered several acres, and rose at least seven hundred feet above the surface of the water. The point where we stood to view it was at least a hundred feet above the surface of the water, and from this point there had been thrown across two cable ropes, that connected the Fungus rock with the spot where we stood. On these ropes was fixed a car, by which a person could be drawn over. Though rather a dizzy and dangerous seat, a hundred feet above the water, which was boiling and rolling beneath most furiously, one of our company had the courage to try the experiment. He went over with perfect safety, ascended to the top of the rock, and brought away with him a specimen of the fungus plant, from which this islet takes its name. In such high repute was this fungus plant for its supposed medical properties in the times of the Knights, that they kept a constant guard of soldiers on this rock, and annually sent portions of it, as very valuable presents, to all the Christian emperors and princes of Europe. We were quite prepared for our breakfast when we again reached Rabbato. Rabbato is the largest town on the island. The ancient part of this city is on a very elevated summit, and is surrounded by immense fortifications, that would seem to defy all attack. Here are all the preparations of ditches and drawbridges, of ramparts and batteries, of immense walls and arched passages, and gates so massive, that one would think that the thundering battle-axe would strike upon them in vain. I had not previously met with any thing that appeared quite so impregnable as

this castellated town, or that carried my thoughts back so vividly to the by-gone ages of ancient warfare. We found here a small garrison of Maltese soldiers.

From the walls of this fortification we were presented with the finest landscape view that we had in all our excursion. The whole island, for six or eight miles, with all that was verdant and beautiful in its fields, and all that was wild and majestic in its hills, or interesting in its churches or castles, with several sections of the Mediterranean, seemed to lie just beneath our feet. It reminded me of the view from the summit of Mount Holyoke on the Connecticut. Though the point of observation where we stood was not so lofty as the summit of that mountain, the scenery around us was more varied and picturesque. In this fortified part of Rabbato are several magnificent churches. We went into one, where some dozen choristers, canons, and ecclesiastics were chanting their matins. The massive walls of this building, the magnificent pictures and beautiful statuary which adorned it, with the spacious accommodations it furnished, showed that the wealth of the Knights had been expended here. The only attendants upon the ghostly services of these fat and lazy-looking priests, were about a half-dozen ragged miserable beggars. Though the town is not large, I observed there were not less than six or eight churches in Rabbato, and probably as many as sixty or a hundred ecclesiastics connected with them. What is their business? Not to teach the people the doctrines of Christ, and to lead them in the way of purity and holiness, but to go to matins, and vespers, and mass, and to wear life out in sluggish idleness. In the mean time the people are living in heathen darkness, sunk to the lowest depths of

depravity, wallowing in sin, and thinking to expiate it all by bowing before crucifixes and coming to mass. The people on these islands are certainly very religiously inclined; and if they were only directed by an enlightened and godly ministry, they would become vastly elevated in the scale of moral character, and shine, I doubt not, as lights in the world. The poorest and most degraded of the peasantry will scarcely pass a cross or a church without kneeling at the door, and repeating a prayer. I saw several very striking instances of this. Our *valet*, whose thirst for drink seemed unquenchable, no sooner crossed the threshold of a church than he was on his knees in the apparent act of prayer.

Our next excursion was to the *Giant's Tower*. This is a singular building, in a state of dilapidation and ruins, whose history is lost in the mists of antiquity. The remains of this edifice show that the original building was of a circular figure. The stones are polygonous, irregular, and without cement. The greater part of them are nine or ten feet long, and six or seven broad. Two large stones, of eighteen or twenty feet in length, and six or eight in breadth, form the entrance of the edifice. It is difficult to say how such prodigious masses of stone were elevated to their place in the walls of this building. Various have been the speculations among the learned as to the origin of this structure. As human bones of an enormous size have been found in the immediate vicinity, some have supposed it was once a palace or strong hold, in which dwelt the kings of a gigantic race, and hence it has received its denomination of *Giant's Tower*. Others suppose it was erected by the Phœnicians in honour of the goddess Ashtaroth. Whoever were its builders or former occupants, their names and memory

are now forgotten. Thus is all human greatness in a little while buried in eternal oblivion. He who wishes for undying fame should seek to inscribe his name upon nothing less durable than one of the columns of the New Jerusalem, the city of the living God.

The ignorant Italian peasant who had the care or ownership of the land on which these ruins repose, made great objection to our crossing his field to see them; but when he saw we were determined to persevere, we found his objection was only an excuse for demanding from us a large fee for permission to visit this place.

Having spent some time in surveying these ruins, we began to think it time to direct our course homeward. Our donkeys performed their journey well with a single exception. One of them for some cause became quite restive, and finally fell down, rolling his rider some distance from him along on the ground. As no injury was suffered, however, this incident only added increased interest to the excursion, and imparted unbounded merriment to the drivers.

On our way to the *Marina* several things met my eye that seemed to furnish fresh illustration to various passages of Scripture.

The narrow road, leading through fields and vineyards, along which we passed, often had on either side of it a stone wall. The animals on which we rode seemed perpetually inclined, whenever they encountered a slough or any strange appearance, to rush up against the sides of one of these walls; and it was only by using the greatest precaution that we prevented our feet several times from being crushed. This propensity in our donkeys strikingly reminded me of Balaam's adven-

ture in going to the king of Moab. "The angel of the Lord stood in a path of the vineyards, a wall being on this side, and a wall on that side. And when the ass saw the angel of the Lord, she thrust herself unto the wall, and crushed Balaam's foot against the wall."

In our younger days we have often wondered at that divine prohibition in the Mosaic law—"Thou shalt not plough with an ox and an ass together." We had never seen an instance of this, and it seemed so unnatural, that we could hardly conceive that the perverse mind of man would be moved with a wish to yoke up these animals together, to carry on his agricultural operations. But in our ride through this island we saw, perhaps in twenty instances, an ox and an ass, and often a cow and an ass, yoked together before the plough.

Another Scripture illustration by which we were particularly struck, was derived from the flocks of sheep and goats that fed together in the same field, or on the same common. The goats were of a finer breed than I had before seen, and the sheep had long coarse hairy wool; so that in casting your eye over the field, you could hardly say, at the first glance, which were goats and which were sheep. The shepherd, I perceived, at evening brought the flock home, and separated them into two parts—putting the sheep by themselves, and the goats by themselves. The words of the Saviour never came home to my mind with greater force than after witnessing this arrangement—"Before him shall be gathered all nations, and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats. And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left."

Having reached the *Marina*, we speedily sailed across

to the island of Malta, where we found our caleche-man awaiting our arrival. We immediately seated ourselves in the caleche, and were again soon under way. Without any further adventure, or incident worthy of notice, we reached Valetta just at sunset. The day had proved uncommonly fine—the weather being as bland and mild as a day in June in our climate, and as we wended our way up the stone stairs to our lodgings in *Strada Forni*, we felt very well satisfied with what we had accomplished in the way of sight-seeing in our three days' absence.

I have still so much remaining to tell you about Malta, especially its moral and religious character, that I must bring this letter to a close, reserving what I have further to say for another communication, which I shall very speedily commence.

With much esteem,

Yours, &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

GLIMPSES OF MALTA.

Climate of Malta—Sirocco winds—Policy of the English government—Roman Catholics—Protestant worship—Rev. Mr. Cleugh—Governor's ball—Confirmation lecture—New mode of preaching at Vittoriosa—Town of Citta Vecchia—Catacombs—Cathedral—The Church Missionary Society's publishing house—Mr. Schleinz—Protestant burying ground—The monastery of the Capuchin Friars—A converted Capuchin—Makluba—A pleasant evening circle—Assad Esh Shidiak—Baptiste Yeroushalmy—Mr. J.—The brigand assault—The imposture of Dr. Naudi.

Valetta, Tuesday, January 23rd, 1838.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

As I expect to sail to-morrow for the island of Sicily, I must tell you what I have farther to say about Malta. I do not much fancy the climate of this island. I have not been as well for the last few days as I was upon my first arrival.

It appears to me as though the whole atmosphere in dry weather is pervaded and loaded with the fine pulverised particles of the soft porous rock of which this island is composed. And during the time of the prevalence of the sirocco winds, I have found a constant difficulty in respiration. These winds in winter bring a vast deal of humidity with them, so that in a few hours the pavements look as though it had been raining. In summer they are oppressive beyond conception, though not so much so in Malta as in the neighbouring

island of Sicily. A traveller who was at Palermo on the 10th of July, thus describes this singular wind—"The first blast of it on my face felt like the burning steam from the mouth of an oven. I drew back my head and shut the door, declaring that the whole atmosphere was in a flame. It felt somewhat like the subterraneous sweating stoves at Naples, but still much hotter. In a few minutes we found every fibre greatly relaxed, and the pores opened to such a degree that we expected soon to be thrown into a profuse sweat. I took the thermometer out to the open air, when it immediately rose to 110°, and soon to 112°. The sun did not once appear the whole day, otherwise I am persuaded the heat must have been insupportable. On that side of our platform which is exposed to the wind, it was with difficulty that we could bear it for a few minutes. I attempted to take a walk in the street, to see if any creature was stirring, but I found it too much for me, and was glad to get up stairs again."

It being winter, we of course encountered nothing like this, but found these winds, whenever they blew, exceedingly disagreeable.

There was nothing that struck me so unpleasantly on this island, as the truckling and time-serving policy pursued here by the English government.

This is manifested in a great variety of ways. It is only within the last month that there has been granted to Malta the liberty of the press; and now it exists rather in name than in reality. Popery has reigned here with an iron rod. It has been the policy of the English government to conciliate the Maltese, by paying court to their popish priests. Hence, when this island fell into their hands, they yielded up to them two

or three of the largest churches in Valetta, whilst they reserved for Protestant worship, and for the accommodation of the English population, barely a small hall in the governor's palace, where the knights are said to have washed their hands previous to their meals.*

The people throughout the island of Malta are very ignorant, though they have innumerable instructors in the Romish priests, who abound here. Almost every third person you meet, is a man in sacerdotal dress. Nothing is more common than to see boys from eight to twelve years old, in full clerical dress, with their three-cornered hat—their long black cassock—short breeches—and large buckles on their shoes. It is said almost every family has at least one son connected with the priesthood. The Maltese are a remarkably bigoted and superstitious people. Hence the Romish priests have almost unlimited dominion over them. If this dominion were rightly used, their influence would have long since converted this seagirt isle into a paradise of purity. But in this instance, as in all others, we see how unsafe it is to give such spiritual dominion to any class of men. When you take away the Bible from the great mass of the people, and put their consciences into the keeping of any order of men, however pure the individuals of that order may be in the outset, such is poor fallen human nature, it will not be long before the leaven of remaining corruption will increase and spread till it pervades the whole mass. In perfect keeping with this remark, is the statement which I received from a most intelligent gentleman of unimpeachable

* Since the visit of Queen Adelaide to this island, in the winter of 1838, the erection of a church has been commenced, it having been set on foot principally by her munificent liberality.

integrity, who has resided on the island for many years, to wit—that the morals of the priests, generally, are so bad, that it is impossible for any one of their number upon becoming a Protestant, to get testimonials of a good moral character.

You probably are aware that the Church Missionary Society have a publishing establishment at Valetta, where all their works needed up the Levant, and throughout the East, are printed. The Rev. Mr. Schleinz is at the head of this establishment, a most accomplished scholar, and a man of most devoted evangelical piety. Associated with Mr. Schleinz, in the superintendence of this establishment, is Mr. George P. Badger, whose heart seems very much set upon the great work of evangelising the world.

The first Sunday I was at Valetta, Mr. Badger accompanied me to one or two of the early services in different Roman Catholic churches. We first went to the Jesuits' Church, where a Maltese priest was preaching in English, to nearly a regiment of British troops.

The sermon, however, was nearly concluded when we arrived, and we passed on to St. John's Cathedral, where we found them celebrating mass. The ringing of bells, the burning of incense, the elevation of the host, the endless crossings and genuflexions, and the downright pow-wowings connected with this celebration, both saddened and disgusted me. And yet I could plainly understand how all this gorgeous scene might be truly imposing to one who had been born and educated a papist.

In the first place, we were in the midst of a vast and time-honoured cathedral, where the great, the distinguished, and the mighty of other days had assembled.

Above, upon the frescoed roof were pictorial representations of the holy scenes in which the incarnate God acted—and beneath, under our feet, were the ten thousand graves of saints and martyrs. Every step we took across the noble pavement of this sanctuary, we trod upon the grave of some belted knight who had fought for Christianity. Upon the walls of this temple hung many exquisite paintings, depicting scenes of the most moving and sacred character. Here also were the images of the Saviour and his blessed apostles. Around the altar were gathered a large band of priests, arrayed in gorgeous apparel—some clad in gold-embroidered robes that glistened like the sun, and not a few of them venerable by their majestic forms and snow-white locks. The effect of all this scene was heightened by the dim and dusky light admitted into the sanctuary from without, mingled with that which fell from the burning wax tapers that stood upon the altar, and occasionally borne in procession by the servitors.

The gold and silver plate used in celebrating mass—the cloud of incense that every now and then circled around the officiating priest, and rose in curling wreaths to the top of the sanctuary—the deep and heavenly tones of the organ—the full voices of the stole-robed canons from the choir—all this was calculated to affect the senses and the imagination, but to leave the heart still in enmity with God.

It soon became time for us to go to our own worship. The simple and truly spiritual service of our church, which was read by the Rev. Mr. Cleugh, the officiating civil chaplain in Valetta, never appeared to me more beautiful or lovely than on the present occasion. I could not but contrast it with the splendid, pompous, and

heartless mummary that I had just witnessed in the Romish cathedral, and bless God for Protestantism.

Mr. Cleugh gave us a plain, excellent, and decidedly evangelical discourse upon Joshua's determination, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." The sermon had special reference to the ordinance of confirmation, which had been held a few days previous, by Bishop Carr, on his way to Bombay. Mr. Cleugh also gave notice that he should deliver a lecture, on the next Wednesday evening, having special reference to those who had just received confirmation.

In the mean time, the governor of the island, Major General Sir H. J. Bouverie, had issued invitations for a ball on the same evening. The knowledge of this, coming to the chaplain, he felt it his duty to defer the lecture till the next evening, and notice to this effect was given in church in the after part of the day.

This simple fact shows what a mighty stream of worldly influence the minister of Christ has to contend with at Malta. To this ball, which was a sort of grand levee, all the respectable clergy in the place, both Catholic and Protestant, were invited. The governor, in his extreme courtesy, sent me and my clerical friends an invitation, which we of course declined. I was told, however, that a vast number of clergy were present, and it is highly probable that if Mr. Cleugh had persevered in having his lecture on this evening, he would not have had a tithe present, even of those who were confirmed three days before, when there was this rival attraction of the governor's ball held out to draw off those who had so recently sworn before high heaven, "to renounce the pomp and vanities of the world."

The governor only occasionally attends the service

in his chapel. In St. John's cathedral there has been erected a stately throne for his occupancy when he attends worship there, which to conciliate the Catholics he occasionally does.

There being no service in the Protestant chapel again till evening, I went in the afternoon to Vittoriosa, where I witnessed, in one of the Romish churches, a custom that I think might be attended with great benefit in Protestant churches, especially to interest the lower classes of people. I observed that the church was unusually full; and the attendants, by their filthy appearance and miserable dress, clearly showed that they belonged to the very dregs of society; and yet I never saw an audience listening in more breathless attention than were the vast multitudes assembled here. The principal person speaking was addressing the assembled crowd in the Maltese language, in a very earnest and impassioned manner. Immediately opposite to him, on the other side of the church, in another pulpit, sat another priest, who every time the principal speaker paused, would propose to him some question, or state some apparent difficulty, which the speaker would immediately reply to, and that with great readiness and spirit, addressing himself all the time to the people.

This mode of asking and answering questions seemed to keep up the attention in a wonderful manner; and might be adopted, I doubt not, to a certain extent among us with great advantage.

While these services were going on, in a remote part of the same church several other priests were in their confessional boxes, where numbers were engaged in the business of confession.

There were hung up in several places around the church, notices that any persons could obtain forty days' indulgence upon reciting so many "*Ave Marias*" and "*Pater Nosters*" before certain images, and the celebration of mass at certain altars. How different all this seemed from the simple teaching of the Divine word! O that the Maltese had the Bible; that book of books, whose heavenly instruction maketh wise unto salvation!

I have so many miscellaneous matters to speak of in this letter, I do not know that I can do better than to refer to my journal, and advert to them just as they occurred. I will begin with Wednesday, January 17, during which day we made an excursion to the ancient capital of the island, Citta Vecchia, which is seven or eight miles from Valetta. On our way we passed the villa and gardens belonging to the governor, near St. Antonio. The gardens are very extensive, though they appeared to be in rather a neglected state. Though in the midst of January, we found here verdure of the deepest green—hedges of myrtle—orange trees without number, loaded with yellow fruit—lemon groves interspersed with aloes, citrons, and roses. Beneath the immense groves of oranges that stretched over these grounds, the golden fruit lay rotting in heaps on the earth like the apples in the orchards in our country. The Maltese oranges are said to be the finest in the world. The season of these continues from November till June, during which time these beautiful trees are covered with an abundance of delicious fruit. The orange peculiar to Malta is small and of a thin rind. When the skin is removed, the orange almost by a touch falls into separate sections, each one of which is

so encased in a thin integument, as not to permit the juice to run out, until an incision is made through this delicate covering. This species are said to be produced from the common orange bud engrafted on the pomegranate stock. The juice of this fruit is often red as blood, and always of a very fine flavour.

Citta Vecchia is a small town, crowded with a miserable population. Here, as every where in papal countries, the land groans under the weight of multitudes of miserable vagrants, who seek their livelihood from begging. Among other curiosities in this place we were shown St. Paul's cave, where tradition states this apostle was imprisoned three months. Adjoining this cave a chapel has been cut out of the solid rock. In this chapel there is a fine marble statue of St. Paul, the work of some ancient artist; and a full-sized Christ, brought from Rhodes by the Knights of St. John. This statue is of wood, painted flesh-colour. The Saviour is represented bound, with a brazen crown of glory on his head. The priest who accompanied us as our guide spoke only the Italian language. He was evidently very ignorant; being unacquainted not only with the general facts of history, but also with many of the narrative details of the New Testament.

From this chapel we went to visit the catacombs, which, indeed, appeared a great curiosity to me, as I had never seen any thing of the kind before. They seem immense excavations in the solid rock, to a depth and distance unknown. From appearances, one would think that they were originally built for the interment of the dead; but afterwards, in seasons of emergency, they became habitations of the living. There are no historical records which throw any light upon the

origin of these immense excavations. Individuals of all ages, from manhood to infancy, have found a resting-place here. The stone coffins in which their remains were placed, were cut out of the solid rock, placed one above another, along by the side of the streets and lanes through which we pass in going from one apartment to another. These lanes and avenues wind off in every direction. It required no small skill in our guide to know how to conduct us through these various chambers, and then find his way back again to the upper world. In this subterranean journey, our priestly guide showed us an apartment which had been evidently used for a chapel, and then led us to other rooms, which had manifestly been used to celebrate heathen rites. There was still visible the stone altar upon which the sacrifice had been offered. Our guide still kept on, conducting us up and down many long flights of stairs, leading us at one time through long gloomy halls, and then through several suites of chambers, and then again bringing us back to the main road, from which lanes continued to branch off in every direction. At length he brought us to a spot where our pathway in one direction was blocked up by mason-work: here he paused to tell us a story. You can well conceive it was a place in which the imagination was prepared to exert no small influence over the mind. We were in the very bowels of the earth; we had travelled far from the light of day; darkness was around us on every side; we knew not what scenes, what dreadful rites, what dark orgies had been acted here. The bones of thousands, mouldering back to dust, lay around us. Their history, who could reveal? The only light which met our eye was that reflected from the burning

taper held in the hand of our ghostly guide. He stood before us clad in monkish robes, and assuming an air of great mystery as he began his narrative. The substance of his story was as follows :

An instructor many years ago, proposed, as a great treat to his pupils, to take them through these catacombs. They all started with high spirits, and went on very well till they came to this point. They went into the street that was now blocked up, and, taking some by-path, lost their way and never returned. Though the fathers and mothers of these children came here, and wrung their hands in bitterness of spirit, and made all these vast caverns resound with the names of their dear lost ones, no answer was returned ; and though the lanes and streets branching off from this point were very extensively explored, no intelligence was ever received in relation to the lost schoolmaster and his pupils. They are supposed to have perished in some remote and unknown quarter of these catacombs, which, by some, are believed to extend not less than fifteen miles. On account of this disaster, this avenue by order of the government was blocked up.

You can well suppose that such a story as this, under such circumstances, was calculated to make us think of the possibility of our getting lost, and being unable to find our way back to the light of day. We, therefore, begged our guide to take the directest course back to the point where we entered this subterranean region, and we were not without grateful emotions, when we emerged from this dark world, and again beheld the cheerful light of the sun.

From the catacombs we went to the cathedral church of this ancient city of the Knights. As the festival of

St. Paul's conversion was approaching, we found the nave of the church hung with the richest crimson damask. The cathedral is large, and its first appearance rather imposing. There are also some fine pictures here. Among others, I particularly noticed "The Shipwreck of St. Paul."

The roof is frescoed with pictorial representations of various scenes in Scripture. The high altar is adorned with rich marbles, and some uncommonly fine specimens of *lapis lazuli*. There was also much solid silver around the altar. Near the altar is placed a large silver crucifix, which was brought from Rhodes, when the Knights took their final leave of that island. We were very politely conducted by a priest through the whole establishment, even to the roof of the cathedral, which is made of stone, and from whose top we could see over almost the entire extent of the island. But I have detained you long enough with this day's excursion.

On Thursday, January 18th, I called upon the Rev. Mr. Schleinz, who took me through the Church Missionary Society's printing office and publishing establishment. Among other languages, I saw specimens of books which they had published in Italian, Maltese, Arabic, and modern Greek. Mr. Schleinz, who superintends this operation, is a German by birth, and was originally a Lutheran, but has been within a few years admitted to orders in the Established Church of England. He is a man of most lovely Christian character, and is eminently learned. He particularly excels in oriental literature. He has recently been requested by the Church Missionary Society to travel in the East, with a view of collecting Arabic manuscripts of the sacred Scriptures, in order to make a new translation into that language.

He remarked, that although there were two translations already existing in that language, neither of them was good. In this new translation, while the exact meaning of scripture will always be endeavoured to be conveyed, it will be conveyed as far as possible, in the language of those manuscript versions which are generally approved by the Greek Church, in order to conciliate that body of Christians.

Among other things, Mr. Schleinz showed us, in the type foundry connected with this printing establishment, an instrument recently invented by a German in their employ, by which the melted metal is injected into the mould, and thus the casting is rendered more perfect, and the process more rapid.

After leaving Mr. Schleinz, we visited the Maltese library, which contains upwards of forty thousand volumes. We then went to the English graveyard, which is beyond the walls of the city. We found there the grave of an American, Herman Rutgers, Esq. from New York, who died, according to the record on the plain marble slab that stands over his ashes, in 1811.

In this visit to the English graveyard, we were accompanied by a young American, now resident in Malta, who called our attention to the fact, that in a very large section of this enclosure, the occupants of these graves were persons who had died between the ages of twenty and thirty-five. A vast multitude of the young seem to have been laid upon this hallowed spot of earth, to tell the careless passer-by that this world is not his home—that the destroyer is abroad—and that health and youth are no security against the mortal shafts that he carries in his quiver! As we passed along over these ashes of the silent dead, our young

American friend pointed to a particular grave and said, "There sleeps Mr. ———. He was a fine fellow! I have played whist with him a hundred times. He held a good hand. He used to sit up rather late for a man who has a family at home waiting for him. I hope, however, these errors are forgiven, and that none of these things now weigh against him!" Need I tell you my feelings were shocked at these remarks? I went to the stone that stood over his grave, and read the record of his age; he died at fifty-five. I could not but think, what a sad association of ideas with a man's grave—*he held a good hand at whist!*

I then thought if those who step upon my grave cannot be reminded of something better than this—of something done for the good of my fellow-men, and for the glory of Christ—let my memory rot, let my name never be inscribed upon a monumental stone, but written in the dust of the earth.

Friday, January 19th, we went to visit the church and monastery of the Capuchin friars, who are said to be the most exemplary order among the Romish priests on the island. There are about forty monks attached to this establishment. Their chapel is plain, and enriched with many precious relics of bones and crosses brought from the East. After having passed through their chapel, we were first taken down into the basement room, which was fitted up in a very neat, but ghastly style. The light streamed in straggling rays through the small windows, and revealed in dim disclosure, a scene which made us feel that we had entered the hall of death, where he reigned in silent, yet awful triumph. All along the sides of the wall, in close and continued succession, were niches or recesses in the rock, just

large enough to admit the body of a man, and all these were filled with the embalmed bodies of deceased monks, clad in the habiliments of their order, and standing erect, with clasped hands, or with arms placed one across the other. Just over each of these ghastly figures was placed a short inscription, giving the name of the individual, and the time of his death, accompanied with an appropriate motto. All the intermediate spaces between these spectral figures, were occupied with piles of human bones, built up into the shape of columns and arches. Upon the cornice above were placed rows of naked skulls; with here and there two large bones set up in the midst in the form of a cross.

All the monks of this order when they die, are disposed of in this way, and as the embalming is imperfect, it becomes necessary to take down one after another of these standing figures. Their bones are piled away in some part of the room, and thus vacant places are afforded for those who shall come, one after another, to dwell in this house of death.

I have before remarked, that the light let into this cavern of death was very faint and dusky, and calculated to heighten the effect of this scene. Here hang on every side the spoils of the great destroyer. The dark ghastly skeletons, clad in their Capuchin dress, that seemed turning their hollow orbless gaze upon you, whichever way you went, were calculated to awaken horrific feelings; and yet these frightful spectacles are not without their moral use. There was a skeleton that lay in a reclining posture, and upon its vestment was written in Latin the following deeply affecting truth: "What you are, I have been: what I am, you soon will be."

We had both a priest and a servant to attend us through the establishment. The dress of the monks of this order is usually a loose outer garment of very coarse material, and generally of claret colour, with a hood attached to the upper part of it. This hood is the only hat or cap they ever wear. They usually go bare-headed, when the hood falls down the back of the neck. Beneath this outer garment they wear a sort of cassock or coat that fits very tight, and which is always girded about the body with a rope. They wear no shoes, but usually a wooden sandal, leaving the upper part of the foot entirely bare. Over the chapel we were shown the bedrooms or private apartments of the monks, all of which communicated with a common hall, which led both to their dining-room, and also to the choir where they chant their daily prayers. Our guide took us in and showed us his room. It was very neat and comfortable, and reminded me very much of the manner I used to live in college.

Before I take leave of this convent, I must relate to you an affair that happened during my stay at Valetta. A Capuchin friar, belonging to Naples, some years since had been sent out by the School of the Propagandi at Rome as a missionary at Tunis. He there met accidentally with a copy of the Scriptures, which had been sent to Tunis by the London Society for propagating the gospel among the Jews. He obtained this copy of the word of God, and began to read it faithfully. The result was, that he saw that the Romish church had departed from the simplicity of the gospel. The more he read, the more he saw this; and not only so,—the more he read, the more he felt that he was a stranger to the new birth of the gospel. He sought the influences of the

Holy Spirit in earnest prayer. His cry was heard ; the scales dropped from his eyes ; he cast his soul upon Christ, and found peace in believing. With these views he left his station, and came to Malta with the hope of being more fully instructed in the way of salvation. He was obliged to remain some time on the quarantine ground ; and when admitted to the city, that he might not draw down upon himself premature persecution, he went to the convent of the Capuchins, and remained a few days. In the mean time he wrote to the Rev. Mr. Cleugh, the English Protestant chaplain, and desired an interview. Mr. Cleugh had been so often deceived, that he took no notice of this communication. The converted monk wrote to him again, but received no reply. His conscience would not allow him to remain any longer in the convent ; he therefore took lodgings in a boarding-house, and threw off the dress of his order. This immediately produced a great excitement among the Capuchins. The monk, however, not in any way intimidated or discouraged, went and sought a personal interview with Mr. Cleugh, giving him an account of his whole history. Mr. Cleugh, after consulting with Mr. Schleinz, who had also had an interview with this monk, became convinced that he was sincere.

Only a few days had elapsed, however, before the monk began to feel the vengeance of his deserted order. The superior of the convent preferred grievous charges against him, and caused him to be cited before the police of the city. The most of them being Maltese and strict papists, the superior easily accomplished his purpose of obtaining from the council a decision, which required him to leave Malta in a few days, and that for ever. The moment Mr. Cleugh heard of this out-

rageous step, he went to the governor and made a just statement of the case, who ordered a new trial. In this investigation, it appeared that the superior could not establish any of his charges, and that the whole affair was a wicked crusade of persecution. The innocent man, of course, was acquitted, and the ban of exile taken off. This shows some of the obstacles there are in the way of conversion to Protestantism in papal countries.

Having fully explored the convent of the Capuchins, we got into a caleche and rode to Makluba, near the casal Crendi. Makluba is a singular formation. A vast circle of rock of some five or six hundred feet in diameter, seems suddenly to have sunk to the depth of more than a hundred feet, carrying the superincumbent soil along with it, and thus forming a garden, surrounded on every side by a perpendicular wall of solid rock. The descent to it is rather difficult. The garden occupies the whole surface, which in size exactly corresponds to the area of the vacuum at the top. Nothing can appear more singular than the view from the centre of this abyss, as you look up towards the heavens. As you gaze upon the overhanging rock, you seem to have found one of those sequestered retreats where the world is shut out for ever. The soil here appears rich; it is now, however, a neglected spot,—though we found still growing there among the luxuriant weeds, fig, pomegranate, and orange trees.

We had made an arrangement to spend this evening with Mr. Badger, who resides with his mother and sister. A small group had been invited to meet us. Among the number was the Rev. Mr. Hill, chaplain of the Asia, one of the large British ships of war; the Rev.

Mr. Schleinzi, superintendent of the Church Missionary publishing establishment; Phares Esh Shidiak, a Syrian, and his wife, a native of Egypt; a German, whose name I do not recollect, connected with the missionary press, and Baptiste Yeroushalmy, a converted Jew of Constantinople. This was a part of the group that had been convened to meet three American clergymen. We found this little circle very pleasant, and the evening passed most delightfully away. At tea, we were treated with figs from Mount Lebanon, apricots from Damascus, and apples and pears that had been preserved by the Ursuline nuns of Malta, only three or four of whom now remain to preserve here this order of the sisterhood.

My attention was particularly called to the Syrian, who appeared among us in the entire oriental costume peculiar to his native country, which he has never thrown off. I was surprised and delighted to find that Phares was from Haet, near Beyroot, and a brother of Asaad Esh Shidiak, whose memoir was published in 1834 by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, as a missionary paper. No one who has read that paper, can fail to feel interested in the history of any of the family of Asaad. I have scarcely read any where in the annals of missions, the narrative of one whose character and fate have interested me more than that of Asaad's. After his conversion, he was assailed by persecution in every form. His own family menaced his life and tried to effect his assassination. The Romish Maronite Church, of which he had once been a member, poured all its anathemas upon him. He was derided, insulted, reviled, imprisoned, tortured with the bastinado, and finally put to death. But none of these things moved him. He continued firm and

stedfast in his attachment to the truth to the last. Phares was at the time so affected by the treatment shown to his brother, and the heavenly manner in which he bore all these persecutions, that his heart was won over to him and the cause he had espoused. He was suspected of this by his family, and his banishment immediately procured. He has been living in exile ever since, and is now in the employ of Mr. Schleinzi, acting as an Arabic translator.

Another individual to whom my attention was particularly attracted was Baptiste, who I found was very free to converse, and ready to communicate to me the particulars of his conversion.

His parents were a Jewish family of wealth and influence, residing at Constantinople. There Baptiste was born, and spent his early days. His father, a banker, and possessing abundant means, gave his children every opportunity of education.

The manner in which Baptiste first became acquainted with the doctrines of Christianity, was the following:

His elder brother was taking lessons in the Syriac language, of an Armenian Christian, who intentionally put a Hebrew New Testament in his way. This brother brought the book home, but ascertaining what it was, became highly offended, and requested Baptiste to carry it back to his instructor. Baptiste thought he would look into the book, which he did, and was particularly struck with some parts of it, though upon the whole he felt offended at its contents. About this time he became acquainted with two young Jews, who professed to have been recently converted to Christianity through the Armenian Christians, and were of course disowned by their countrymen.

Baptiste, like the rest of the Jews, believed them insincere, and actuated by selfish and worldly motives. Upon further acquaintance, however, he became particularly interested in them, and tried to reason them out of their belief. This acquaintanceship continued and grew apace. These friends persuaded Baptiste to take a copy of the New Testament and examine it. He did so, and read as far as our Saviour's sermon on the mount, where he says, "I came not to destroy, but to fulfil the law." He instantly closed the book, and carried it in triumph to the young men, pointing out to them this passage, at the same time remarking that this declaration was totally inconsistent with his acts, which put an end to the law. They wisely evaded a controversy, and begged him to read on till he had finished the whole of the New Testament, writing down his objections as he proceeded, which they would undertake to answer, when he had got through. He consented to this proposition, and went on through the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles. As he proceeded, he was much astonished to find such copious quotations from the Old Testament, and to see how strikingly they applied to events recorded in the New Testament. Though he had often read the Old Testament, he determined he would read it again, comparing it as he went on with the history recorded in the New Testament. This course of reading he followed for about three months, making the prophecies which relate to the time and manner of Christ's coming, with the prominent attributes of his character, the particular subject of his study. As he went on he was more and more confounded at the coincidences between the prophecies and the character and history of Jesus.

Already had conviction begun to fasten upon his mind. The more he read, and thought, and prayed, the deeper conviction sunk down into his mind. He at length could resist the truth no longer. He was now convinced that Christ had come, and that Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah. At first he was somewhat staggered at the doctrine of the Trinity, and of the atonement. But the stumbling-block was soon removed. He now believed, and, with Thomas, could look up to Christ and exclaim—"My Lord and my God!"

He was at this time about seventeen years of age. He felt exceedingly anxious to be baptized, though he knew it would be attended with no small personal danger. Still he felt that he was ready to give up all for Christ. He thought he had fully counted the cost, and, if necessary, was ready to die for that Redeemer who had bought him with his blood. He therefore went to the Armenian bishop, and asked baptism at his hands. The venerable prelate received him with kindness, but told him that such an act would involve them both in consequences that might prove fatal, on account of the rank and influence of the family to which Baptiste belonged.

At length, however, the bishop yielded to the arguments of the young convert, and consented to administer this holy ordinance to him privately, in the house of a Christian friend. After receiving this solemn rite, and taking, as his Christian appellation, the name of Baptiste, he wrote from the bosom of this family, where he had been initiated into the Christian fold, a letter to his parents, apprising them of the honest convictions of his mind—of the step he had taken, and of his future

determination to live and die a Christian. He also told them that he desired to return to the shelter of the parental roof, if he could be admitted there, and be allowed to enjoy his religion. His parents peremptorily refused to receive him upon these conditions.

For a short time all things remained quiet. Others who had been secretly convinced, were emboldened to declare themselves on the side of Christ. Already ten individuals had taken this step, and more were preparing to do it. The Jews, however, now became alarmed, and persecution began. At their instigation, Baptiste and several other converted Jews were summoned to appear before the grand vizier. Large bribes were put into his hands, and he, therefore, refused to hear their defence, but immediately proceeded to pronounce sentence of death upon each one of them. They were then carried to prison, where they were shut in by thick stone walls, to await the day of their execution. Their situation was one full of horror. They had no place to lie down, even upon the damp earth—no friends were near to comfort them—their fate seemed inevitable, and the day in which they were to die was rapidly speeding on. Their hope and trust, however, were in God. They were suffering for Christ, who had suffered for them. They cast all their care upon him, and were comforted. He provided a way for their escape.

An Armenian Christian, high in favour with the sultan, interceded for these condemned Christian converts, and got their sentence changed into perpetual banishment to Cæsarea. The Armenian Christians were then held responsible for the carrying out of this sentence. Baptiste and his companions were not aware of this,

and furthermore supposed that their banishment was merely temporary.

Baptiste had previously met with a Protestant missionary from Beyroot, who had told him, that, if ever circumstances favoured it, he wished he would come to him. Two years of their weary exile had now passed away, and all these converts felt anxious to get away from Cæsarea. Baptiste and two other friends with whom he was particularly intimate, formed a plan of escape. They were, however, each to go off without letting each other know the time or manner of their escape, so that, if arrested and examined, they might not have it in their power to give information against each other. One difficulty, however, seemed to stand in the way of carrying out their plan. They were so reduced in pecuniary means, that it seemed impossible for them to take the course necessary to effect their escape. But upon applying to the Armenian Christians, they received a sum adequate to their wants. Baptiste with this money bought a horse, and hired a man to act as his guide, to conduct him out of the town and neighbourhood. He also purchased a mask, by which he could perfectly disguise himself. He waited till the silent hour of midnight, and then, after having fervently commended himself to the protection of the Triune God, he sallied forth out of the city with his mask and guide. As he rode on, he accidentally took the road that led to Tarsus, where he arrived in safety, and there providentially came across the very missionary who had invited him, if circumstances favoured, to come to him. This missionary now received him as though he had been a brother, and then communicated to him the astonishing fact that one of those intimate

friends who had also resolved to flee from Cæsarea, and of whose fate he was entirely ignorant, had only the night before arrived in the same way in Tarsus, and was now on board a vessel in the harbour, bound for Smyrna. Baptiste went directly to the vessel, and there, to his utter astonishment, met his friend. They both fell upon their knees, and gave praise to God for their wonderful deliverance. They arrived safe in Smyrna, and there the way was opened, in a most signal and providential manner, for Baptiste to go to England. Friends were there raised up for him. He had spent several years in study at Oxford, and was now on his way back to his native land, in the employ of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews. At present, he could proceed no farther east, as he had been banished from the Turkish empire. He had hopes of getting a protection through the English ambassador, by which he would be permitted to visit Constantinople and Smyrna, without any personal risk. If he failed in this, he purposed to remain, for the present, at Malta.

He remarked, that there were many Jews throughout the East convinced in their hearts of the truth of Christianity, and would openly embrace the Christian faith, were they not deterred by fear. He also remarked, that, during his absence, he had written home to his parents, and received an answer to his letter—his friends supposing, from the affectionate style of his letter, that he had returned to Judaism. When he wrote back, and undeceived them, assuring them that he should live and die a Christian, his parents instantly refused to hold any further communication. As he spoke of this, and the subsequent death of his father,

the tears gushed from his eyes, and told at how great a price he had given up home and country, parents and friends, for the sake of Christ.

Need I now assure you that the evening passed pleasantly away? These social enjoyments were concluded with prayer. The Rev. Mr. Hill read a chapter from Isaiah, and the Rev. Mr. Schleinz followed with a most fervent and delightful prayer, making special mention of us, as dear brethren in Christ from a far-off land.

Saturday, January 20th. We this day met Mr. J——, formerly a resident of Philadelphia, who had just arrived from Naples, having come by the way of Sicily, where he stopped several days. He gave us a thrilling account of a scene, in which he was an actor, which occurred between Rome and Naples. He, in company with seven or eight other individuals, had contracted with a *veturino* to take them to Naples. One of the stipulations in the bargain was, that they should not travel at all after sunset, as the roads were known to be infested with banditti. In direct violation of this contract, the *veturino* continued to drive on, the very first day, till long after the sun had declined. Though the dusky shades of evening were gathering thick around them, they were still some distance from the inn where they were to be lodged for the night. Suddenly, the horses that drew them were stopped, and they heard a terrible clashing as of arms without. They were not long ignorant of the nature of this encounter. The door and windows of their vehicle were torn open, the muzzles of a dozen muskets thrust into their carriage, accompanied with dreadful oaths, and urgent demands for their money. The assailing party were in complete

brigandine dress, and their whole bearing and appearance indicated men of violence and blood. They immediately ordered all the passengers out of the carriage, surrounded them with the weapons of death, uttering the most horrid threats, which they declared they would execute, unless they instantly gave up all their money.

Mr. J—— was the only individual among the passengers that spoke Italian; and as they were cutting open the trunks he begged them to desist, assuring them that he would unlock his trunk, and subject it to their inspection. He did so; and after examining it they returned every article to its place. He then took from his pocket a gold watch, having previously given them his purse. They looked at the watch, and then returned it to him; robbing all the other passengers of theirs. Among the company was a young German, who was very much alarmed, and whom they treated very roughly, striking him several times with the butt of their guns. Mr. J—— at length, at the risk of his own life, expostulated with them in relation to their treatment of this young man. They received the suggestion kindly, and having taken what plunder they chose, allowed the whole party to get into their vehicle and proceed. This is one of the perils to which the traveller in Italy is constantly exposed. There were many circumstances leading them to apprehend that the *veturino* was acting in concert with this banditti, but still they could prove nothing against him.

To return to the affairs of Malta, I would remark, about this time we had the pleasure of forming an acquaintance with several very agreeable gentlemen residing at Valetta; among others, whose kind hospitality

and attention we shared, were Mr. Christian, the Honourable Mr. Frere, and Dr. Mair, surgeon to the 52nd regiment. We were also favoured with the spectacle of a grand parade of all the British troops stationed at this garrison, with the governor at their head. The Scotch regiment, with their Highland dress, their kilts, bare legs, and plumed caps waving in the wind, marching to the sound of the bagpipe, presented a novel and rather imposing appearance.

Tuesday, January 23rd. We had previously taken our passage to Syracuse in a Neapolitan brig, but learning that a steamer was in port which would touch at Syracuse and several other points on the island of Sicily, we very gladly paid the captain of the brig one-half of our passage-money to be released, and immediately took passage in this steamer, which will sail to-morrow.

I have had to-day a long interesting conversation with Mr. Schlein, in relation to the difficulties of bringing over the papists to the Protestant faith. The Roman Catholics are so deceitful and jesuitical, it is almost impossible to ascertain whether they are sincere when they make professions of conversion to the truth. To illustrate his idea, he gave me an account of the duplicity and arrant hypocrisy of the professed one hundred and sixty Maltese converts. Dr. Naudi was a principal actor in this scene. He got appointed to the office of a local preacher by the Wesleyan Methodists, and was for a long time supposed to be working wonders among the Maltese population. He sent to England delightful letters, giving a glowing account of the achievements he was accomplishing among the Catholic population of this island. He even met the friends of the Church Missionary Society, consulted with them as to the

best mode of evangelising the ignorant population of this island, and repeatedly assisted them in distributing Bibles and tracts, and in forwarding their various plans of Christian benevolence: and yet all this time this same Dr. Naudi was a thorough-going papist; and these one hundred and sixty converts to whom he professed to be ministering, were acting the same part with himself.

The Rev. Joseph Wolf had frequently stopped at Malta, and his wife, the Lady Georgiana, had taken particular interest in Dr. Naudi and his operations. Mr. Wolf proposed to preach to the one hundred and sixty converts. Dr. Naudi having notice of this, succeeded in getting about eighty persons out to attend divine service. Mr. Schleinz had already begun to have suspicions that all was not right with Dr. Naudi, and that he was not what he professed to be. He therefore suggested to the Rev. Mr. Wolf, that the next time he preached for him that he should go to his place of worship without giving him any previous notice. He adopted this course, and to his astonishment found the place shut. He then ascertained that Dr. Naudi had never held service here, although he had for years made his reports in relation to what he was doing, and received funds from England to enable him to carry on his operations. The reason that this fact had never before come out, was, that Dr. Naudi had always invented some excuse for not admitting the friends of the Church Missionary Society, residing at Malta, to his meetings.

While Dr. Naudi for some ten or a dozen years had professed to be a devoted Protestant, and was supposed to be exercising the functions of a Protestant minister,

and was writing to England year after year accounts of the success of his labours, he had openly, in St. John's Cathedral, before the bishop, renounced Protestantism, anathematised and cursed all Protestants and their measures, and made a solemn record of the same, and subscribed it with his own hand. This was done eight years previous to his detection.

The Rev. Mr. Schleinz incidentally heard that Naudi had, some years back, made such an open renunciation of Protestantism, and that the record of the same was in the bishop's palace. He gave no credit to the report; but after the fact discovered by Mr. Wolf came out, he determined he would investigate the matter. He accordingly went to the Catholic bishop, and made inquiry about Dr. Naudi. The bishop replied that he might rest assured that Dr. Naudi was a staunch and good Catholic, that he never failed to attend their church twice every Sunday, that he regularly came to mass, and often met with them to consult about the best mode of advancing the interests of their church.

Mr. Schleinz inquired about the document of renunciation, and begged the privilege of seeing it. The bishop took down the record, and showed him the same, written in Dr. Naudi's own hand.

Mr. Schleinz saw that he could no longer doubt; there the matter was in black and white. He therefore went directly to Naudi, and told him of the report he had heard in relation to his renunciation of Protestantism.

Dr. Naudi instantly replied:—

“It is a false and foul fabrication, circulated by my enemies, to injure me and the cause of the Redeemer.”

“But,” said Mr. Schleinz, “report says that you

attend the Roman catholic church every Sunday morning, and partake of the communion there."

"Nothing can be more false," replied Naudi. "This report must have been concocted in the council-chamber of pandemonium, and circulated by the worst emissaries of Satan."

"I wish I could believe there was no foundation for it," said Mr. Schleinz.

Dr. Naudi appeared grieved; his countenance put on the expression of deep sorrow, and in a most plaintive tone he replied, "And is not this unkind? When I am suffering so much for the cause of the Redeemer, will my own friends desert me?"

Mr. Schleinz said, "But facts are stubborn things; they say there is a record of your renunciation of Protestantism in the bishop's palace, which you made publicly eight years ago."

"It is false; I never made such a renunciation: there is no such record."

"But," said Mr. Schleinz, "I have seen the record with my own eyes, written in your own hand."

"It is a forgery, it is a forgery," replied Naudi, "got up to ruin me."

"Go with me, then," said Mr. Schleinz, "directly to the bishop's palace, and tell him to his face that this is a forgery."

"I dare not," said Naudi; "I should thus endanger my life."

"Well, then," said Mr. Schleinz, "write just two lines, saying that that pretended renunciation in the bishop's palace is a forgery."

This Naudi declined doing.

"Then," said Mr. Schleinz, "I have done with you;

I can no longer doubt your hypocrisy. You have been acting the foulest part before high heaven. Never again pretend to be a Protestant. Avow your real character, and no longer seek to lay waste the heritage of the Lord in a borrowed dress."

Even after this, Naudi had the impudence to write to the society in London, representing himself as a persecuted man; and it was not till after Mr. Schleinz had laid all these facts before them, that their friends in England could be convinced that he was an impostor.

I have already made this communication by far too long, and must therefore subscribe myself,

Yours truly, &c.

CHAPTER IX.

GLIMPSES OF SICILY.

Embarkation for Sicily—Neapolitan steamer—Syracuse—The site of the ancient city—The remains of the theatre—Ear of Dionysius—Fountain of Arethusa—Cathedral—Incident on board our steamer—Convent and garden of the Capuchin monks—Temple of Jupiter Olympicus—Coast of Sicily—Augusta—Catania—The appearance of Etna—Eruptions from the crater of the volcano—An alarm on board the steamer—Messina—Earthquake—Excursion from Messina—Sicilian scenery—Cholera—The Sabbath.

Messina, Saturday, January 27th, 1838.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I seize upon the first leisure moment to give you some account of the scenes through which I have passed since the date of my last communication.

It was at a very early hour on Wednesday morning that we were hurried on board the *Santa Winefred*, a Neapolitan steamer, which promised to convey us around Sicily, by the way of Syracuse and Messina, to Naples. The steamer was in the quarantine harbour at the time we embarked, and such were the multiplied signals she made of her purpose of immediate departure, that we thought ourselves quite fortunate in getting on board before she was actually under way. To our great annoyance and disappointment, however, we found that more than an hour elapsed after we had gone on board before she started. Several persons, having finished

their quarantine, were to be taken on board from the Lazaretto. Among the number was an English family from Smyrna, Mr. R——, and under their escort, Baroness W—— with her family. Notwithstanding the ringing of their bell—the shaking of their flag—the rush ever and anon of the steam in short and fitful bursts from the escapement pipe—and the dreadful oaths that broke forth in successive volleys, in deep Italian accent, from the mate and captain, there was such a lingering of passengers—such lagging loads of trunks and carpet bags, and all the various paraphernalia of travelling conveniences, that we began to think that the forenoon would entirely pass away before we got out of the harbour.

At length, however, we broke away from the midst of the thousand little boats, that clustered around us like leaves beneath a tree in autumn, and soon turned our back upon the embrowned, stone-built city of the Knights. The passage proved rough and boisterous, and the general sea-sickness that prevailed on board, made the day to most of us appear rather dull and tedious. It was late in the evening before we reached Syracuse, and we were unable to land till the next morning.

Several of the passengers were on deck at the earliest dawn, prepared to land by the first boat that should come out to the place where our steamer was anchored; for we now learned that instead of spending the day here, as we expected, the captain had resolved to be off by twelve o'clock.

We, therefore, thought it best to improve our time, and get on shore as soon as possible. It was not long before we had abundant opportunities to do so. From

the deck of our steamer we were enabled to take a sort of panoramic view of the modern town of Syracuse, and of its strong fortifications, bastions, drawbridges, lofty walls, and massive gates, erected by the Emperor Charles V. There appeared, however, very little to interest us in the external aspect of the town. It is situated upon an island, anciently called *Ortygia*. It contains only about *fourteen* thousand inhabitants, who in general appear to be at the very lowest point in the scale of human beings. After landing, we lingered here but a moment. Our great object was to see the remains of ancient Syracuse. We were informed that the point of most interest, where we should see the ruins of the ancient theatre, the ear of Dionysius, and the remains of some temples, was about two miles distant. To this point we directed our steps without delay. When we had walked about a couple of miles, we reached a spot which was once the very centre of ancient Syracuse.

It is said that this town was sometimes called Pentapolis, from the fact that it embraced within its walls five cities. It was founded about seven hundred years before the Christian era, and during its most flourishing period contained more than a million of inhabitants. It then maintained an army of one hundred thousand foot and ten thousand horse, together with a navy of five hundred armed vessels.

But the glory of the city of the renowned Archimedes, like that of Tyre and Babylon, has for ever departed. There is scarcely a stone left to tell where its splendid mansions once reared their lofty domes. The street along which rolled the thunder of commerce, and the gay and gilded carriages of the rich and the great,

are all overgrown with nettles, weeds, and grass. Passing through a field, a barn-yard, and a garden, I came to a pile of stones, where I sat down. These stones might have been the ruins of some splendid palace. I looked over the vast area before me, which was once occupied by all that was magnificent in architecture; where rose a thousand proud, glittering temples; where were exhibited the wares and the wealth of the four quarters of the globe; and where once was heard the hum of business, and seen the press of thousands intent upon pleasure or gain, hurrying along the gay crowded streets. Now I saw nothing but a wide, desolate, neglected waste! Not even the fragment of a dwelling was there! Grown up to weeds and grass, not a single vestige of one of those proud streets where the stream of fashion rolled along, exhibiting to admiring eyes its gay and varied costume, was now visible. Not a single human form met the eye; not a sound broke upon the ear! It was all desert! all silence! Thus does the fashion of this world pass away!

The names of Archimedes and Dionysius are so associated with Syracuse, that no one can visit the site of this ancient city, without feeling that he is treading upon ground sacredly classic. The few remains that are now left of this once famous city are scattered here and there over a wide surface.

We glanced at the *amphitheatre*, a part of which having been originally cut out of the solid rock, still remained. We then passed on to the theatre, which must have been a colossal structure, from the appearance of its ruins, and also from the fact that it would accommodate eighty thousand spectators. The seats here were cut out of the rock, rising in continuous lines one above

the other; and there was a contrivance, as may even now be seen, for preventing the feet of the person behind from interfering with the comfort of his neighbour in front, by the stone at the back of each row of seats being a little raised. On the walls of the upper corridor we found several Greek inscriptions, which the tooth of time had not yet completely obliterated. But, after all, the imagination has to be taxed very largely to see in the remains of this theatre, which in the day of its glory both Cicero and Diodorus regarded as the most beautiful and magnificent edifice of the kind in Sicily, any thing more than a ragged ledge of rock, and an unsightly pile of broken stones. The view from its upper range of seats is indeed beautiful, as you look over the bright fields and delicious scenery that here greet the eye. When Syracuse shone in all its glory, the view from this point must have been magnificent.

For one moment I allowed my imagination to take free range. I fancied to myself the plain below, teeming with all the signs of fertility; the beautiful bay on the left, covered with expanded sails; the theatre above crowded with its tens of thousands, all eager to witness the bloody gladiatorial fight. I looked at the picture of my imagination, and then around upon the reality before me, and the bright vision soon faded away. The same sky, the same fields, the same waters were here, but the living mass of beings that once animated this scene, were all gone,—gone to the grave! gone to eternity! Their destiny was for ever settled.

Contiguous to the theatre is the Ear of Dionysius, no less a monument of the ingenuity and magnificence, than of the cruelty of that tyrant. It is a huge cavern, cut out of the hard rock, in the form of the human ear;

to reach which, you have to pass through an immense stone quarry deeply excavated, and whence the materials with which the city was built, were probably drawn. This excavation, which formerly was used as a state prison, is now occupied as a ropewalk. It presents a most singular appearance. What is called the *Ear of Dionysius*, forms in fact a part of this capacious quarry. It is an excavation from the solid rock, of a long room, some sixty feet in height, twenty in width, and more than two hundred in length. The sides slope gradually to the summit, and terminate in a small channel, which conveyed every sound in the cavern to an aperture near the entrance. Thus the sounds in this room were all directed to one common tympanum, which communicated with a small private apartment, where Dionysius could, if he chose, spend his leisure moments. This apartment was no sooner finished, and a proof of it made, than Dionysius put to death all the workmen that had been employed in it. He then confined all that he suspected were his enemies, and by overhearing their communication, judged of their guilt, and condemned and acquitted accordingly. A low whisper at one end of this room is heard over every part of it, with the utmost distinctness, if the ear be applied to the side of the wall. Our guide fired off a gun, which took us rather by surprise, and in its ten thousand reverberations, sounded like the crashing of worlds.

After visiting several other ruins, we went back to modern Syracuse. Among the objects that attracted our attention there, were principally the *Fountain of Arethusa* and the Cathedral.

The Cathedral was once a heathen temple, consecrated to Minerva. It combines the simplicity and

solemn grandeur common to ancient Doric temples. It has been impaired by modern attempts at architectural improvement, and was greatly injured, it is said, by an earthquake that occurred in the twelfth century, which shook down its roof. Solemn and mournful feelings were awakened in my bosom, as I stood within the dusky and gloomy walls of this ancient temple. My thoughts naturally went back to the period of its first erection. I could not but remember the heathen and idolatrous rites that had been performed here. I could not but think of the crowds of worshippers that had trod these stone pavements, during all the generations that had passed since they were laid. Once the statues of gods and goddesses were here, and now I saw around me the images of saints and the virgin. Once the worshippers prostrated themselves before idols; and when I looked towards the altar, and saw the priest clad in embroidered vestments, bowing to the virgin,—going through all his various crosses and genuflexions, and every now and then enveloped with clouds of burning incense, I could not but fear that in the eye of that God who is a Spirit, and will be worshipped in spirit and truth, the character and worship of this temple was but little changed.

The *Fountain* of the nymph Arethusa, one of the fabled Sicelides, who was said to be transformed by Diana into this stream, we found quite divested of poetic associations. It is, however, an astonishing fountain, rising out of the earth, and flowing along through the city like a river three or four feet in depth. The poetical fictions connected with the stream are numerous. Cicero, Pliny, and many of the Latin poets, speak of it as something marvellous. At the time we visited this

fountain, it was filled with washerwomen, some of whom were old and ugly, and others young and fair-looking, but all of whom were shoeless and stockingless, and apparently so apprehensive of a contact between the limpid waves and their tucked-up garments, that had Arethusa herself been present, with the delicate feelings of a genuine nymph, she would certainly again have dissolved into a flowing stream, and sought to have hid herself, for very shame, beneath the waves.

No sooner was our company espied, than these fair Sicilian daughters called out for the accustomed tax paid by travellers—and would not be satisfied till a dozen pennies had been sent into the midst of them, to obtain which there was a great conflict and scrambling among them in the water.

As I turned away from this disgusting scene, I felt thankful to God that papal darkness did not shroud my native land, and that there prevailed among us a high sense of female delicacy, and a high regard for the female character, lifting woman from the degradation of barbarous slavery, to the rank and station she ought to hold in society.

We hastened from this spot to the shore, as the hour for the departure of our steamer had nearly arrived. As soon as we got on board, we found preparations were making to lift the anchor and be again under way.

We accordingly started, turning our backs upon Syracuse, and all the interesting ruins that lie scattered around it. But we had not advanced far, before some accident occurred in reference to our boiler. Though no injury was done, it was certain we could not advance, and doubtful whether we could again get into harbour.

As there was a stiff wind blowing us directly on to a rocky shore, the only safe course was to have held off towards the sea, so that in the event of the entire failure of our steam, we could by means of our sails beat into the harbour. But instead of doing this, the captain ordered the steamer to turn directly about, and retrace our course. We felt that every moment was full of peril, till we should reach the harbour. When we had gained the last point of land around which we had to trace our way before we could enter the haven—our steam seemed exhausted, and our vessel was ready to pause in her course. The wind blew fiercely, driving us directly on to the coast—and the awful breakers on the shore lifted their dark tops amid the foaming billows. The sailors, Neapolitan-like, were each one preparing himself with a buoy, a rope, or some means of escape. The wheels of our steamer had ceased to revolve. It was indeed, a moment of awful suspense ! But just then a new supply of steam seemed to have been generated—the wheels again revolved—the dangerous point was passed, and we were soon again anchored in the quiet harbour.

As it was probable that some considerable delay would be occasioned in the repair of our boiler, we again disembarked, and spent the rest of the day in making several excursions in the neighbourhood of Syracuse.

Having procured ourselves horses, we rode first to the convent and garden of the Capuchin monks. This is said to be situated within the ancient *Acradina*, one of the five divisions of ancient Syracuse.

The garden is indeed a curiosity. This is the ancient *Latomie*, described by Cicero more than eighteen hun-

dred years ago. It reminded us very much of Makluba in Malta, although much more extensive. It is full one hundred feet below the level of the earth, and of incredible extent, presenting a scene at once novel, picturesque, and beautiful. This immense excavation into rock solid as marble, is supposed to have been made to furnish materials for building Acradina. It, at present, is covered with a bed of vegetable earth, so fertile as to produce delicious oranges, lemons, citrons, and pomegranates. There are several different and differently shaped apartments in these vast excavations. Part of the quarry is shaped like the Ear of Dionysius, and on one of the perpendicular masses of stone, evidently left to support a roof, steps are visible near its summit.

The Capuchin friars, who guided us through these gardens, seemed to be happy, well-fed children of the sunny isle: not much resembling the aged man described by a traveller, who thus speaks of this spot which he was then visiting—"There is a variety of wild and romantic scenes in this curious garden; in the midst of which we were surprised by the appearance of a figure under one of the caverns, that added greatly to the dignity and solemnity of the place. It was that of an aged man, with a long flowing white beard, that reached down to his middle. His old wrinkled face and scanty grey locks, pronounced him a member of some former age as well as of this. His hands, which were shook by the palsy, held a sort of pilgrim's staff, and about his neck there was a string of large beads, with a crucifix hanging to the end. Had it not been for these marks of his later existence, I don't know but I should have asked him, whether in his youth he had not been acquainted with Theocritus and Archimedes,

and if he did not remember the reign of Dionysius, the tyrant. But he saved us the trouble, by telling us he was the hermit of the place, and belonged to a convent of Capuchins on the rock above ; that he had now bid adieu to the upper world, and was determined to spend the rest of his life in this solitude, in prayer for the wretched mortals that inhabit it."

From this truly romantic spot, we went in an opposite direction to the site of the ancient Temple of Jupiter Olympicus. This we found near the junction of the two branches of the Anapus. We saw here two gigantic columns of the Grecian-Doric order, channelled nearly to the ground. These columns, with some falling fragments lying on the earth, are the only remains now visible of the once magnificent temple consecrated to Olympic Jove ; whose statue here, it is said, was adorned by Hiero II., a Syracusan monarch, with a mantle of gold, wrought from the spoils of the Carthaginians. But no longer is the statue of the god, nor any vestige of his magnificent adornments, to be seen here. The idol and the altar are gone. The day is coming when all idols will in like manner be cast to the moles and the bats—their glory will depart, and the Lord of hosts only shall be exalted in that day. As the splendour of this temple and all its magnificence have departed, so will all the works of man vanish and depart, but the word of our God shall stand for ever.

The next day had dawned, and the brilliant sun was shining with bland and genial rays upon us, before we found ourselves again under way. The morning gave promise of a lovely day ; and as our steamer rode proudly on over the rippling waves, we began to have spread out before us a fine view of the Sicilian coast.

Augusta, and at length Catania, appeared in the distance.

As I sat upon the deck of our vessel watching our progress, I could not but recall what many of the ancient poets had sung of this charmed and classic spot. The heroes and distinguished men to whom this island had given birth, and who had acted their wondrous part upon these shores,—one after another came up before me. It was here that the pasturage ground, the flocks, and herds sacred to Apollo were located. It was here, on the plain of Enna, that the bees extracted from the flowers a species of honey that surpassed all other productions of the kind in the world. It was here, upon Sicilian heaths, that the hounds lost their scent in hunting on account of the odoriferous flowers which perfumed the air.* It was here that a fabled gigantic race once dwelt—the Cyclops and the Læstrygones. Sicily was the birthplace of pastoral poetry. It was over her vine-clad hills, and through her luxuriant vales, that Theocritus, Empedocles, Diodorus, and Archimedes roamed, and gathered for themselves imperishable laurels.

Though in threading our way up this side of the island, we were to lose sight of Agrigentum and its wonderful ruins,—of Palermo and all the enchanting scenery which the deep-blue sea in front, and the dark lofty mountains in the rear, impart to this gay and beautiful city, still we did not come in sight of Catania, without feeling that we had much material for deep and pensive reflection. We could not but remember that that city stood over the graves of thousands. We could not but remember how, in one awful moment, Etna emptied

* See Diodorus Siculus.

its burning contents upon that devoted spot, destroying whatever it came in contact with. This has been the fate several times of all the cities built along on the coast, under the brow of Etna, which, though thirty miles distant, never fails in its great eruptions to extend its streams of burning lava to the sea. All the towns along the shore here are said to be built upon immense rocks of lava heaped one above another. It appears that these flaming torrents, as soon as they arrived at the sea, were hardened into rock, which not yielding any longer to the pressure of the liquid fire behind, the melted matter continuing to accumulate, formed a dam of fire, which in a short time ran over the solid front, pouring a second torrent into the ocean. This was immediately consolidated, and succeeded by a third, and so on. The sea is supposed thus to have been driven back at certain points to a great distance. The conflict between these two adverse elements, at such times, must have been tremendous.

Conceive of the front of a torrent of fire, ten miles in breadth, and heaped up to an enormous height, rolling down the mountain, and pouring its flames into the ocean. The noise arising from this awful concussion, is more dreadful than the loudest thunder. The water seems to retire and diminish before the fire—yielding up its possessions, and contracting its banks, to make room for its imperious master. The clouds of salt vapour darken the face of the sun, covering up this scene under a veil of horror and of night—laying waste every field and vineyard in these regions of the island.

But though there was much all along the coast to afford material for pensive musing, that which attracted

most attention, and held my eyes spell-bound, was the awful and majestic form of Etna itself, which nearly all day continued full in view. The base of the mountain seemed girdled with a country of boundless fertility. Above this we could plainly discover a belt of woodland, and then a territory of bare and barren rock. Still higher up, its side and summits were clad with vast coverings of snow, which shone and glistened most resplendently in the bright sunbeams that fell upon its frozen and incrustated precipices. Clouds turbaned its awful top, sometimes reaching far down, and thus concealing half of its form, and then suddenly clearing away, to reveal its towering majesty. In the higher regions of this mountain we seemed to behold, "in perpetual union, the two elements that are at perpetual war—an immense gulf of fire, for ever existing in the midst of snows, which it has not power to melt; and immense fields of snow and ice, for ever surrounding this gulf of fire, which they have not power to extinguish."

From several points along the summit of this mountain, I could distinctly see, at intervals, columns of smoke curling upwards, and, ever and anon, forming such a mass of cloud, as to obscure the distinct view I had just before enjoyed.

To me, this mountain, as we sailed along under its frowning brow, was an object of deep and solemn interest, conveying my thoughts to a remote antiquity, connecting my reflections with the by-gone days, and scenes and associations of boyhood, and inspiring me with reverential awe for that Almighty Power that kindled, and has kept alive, for so many thousand generations, these volcanic fires. How strong is that

Being to destroy! How terrible in power! "He touches the mountains, and they smoke."* "He rebuketh the sea, and maketh it dry. The mountains quake at him, and the hills melt, and the earth is burned at his presence. Who can stand before his indignation, or abide in the fierceness of his anger? His fury is poured out like fire, and the rocks are thrown down by him."†

In the most delightful part of these musings, with the snow-clad summits of Etna towering before us, a great and sudden alarm was occasioned by the bursting forth of immense volumes of steam into the main cabin. The truth was, the whole vessel was in a very improper state for sea-navigation. The water which had leaked from the boiler the day before had not been removed, and as it now, from its vicinity to the boiler, began to get hot, the steam issued forth in dense columns, filling the cabin with the most disagreeable heat and humidity. At all events, this was the solution given by the captain of this phenomenon. The engine also now worked feebly, and as the wind, which began to blow fiercely, was adverse, our prospect seemed rather dark. The Neapolitan sailors on board, from the mate downward, seemed greatly alarmed. Many of our passengers, who, being very sea-sick, had gone down into their berths, now rushed on deck filled with affright; and among the number was Baroness B——, who, up to the present time, had scarcely left the ladies' cabin, and who now was so ill, or so much overcome with apprehension, that she almost instantly fell prostrate upon the deck. A mattress was brought up from below, and a

* Psalm cxliv. 5.

† Nahum i. 5, 6.

comfortable couch arranged for her, where she lay till we reached Messina.

It was after sunset before we reached the Straits, and as we slowly crept along, with the wind stiff against us, and could distinctly trace the coast of Sicily on one side, and the dark rocky shores of Calabria on the other, we knew that we were near the famed spot—the dread of all ancient navigators—where Scylla frowns on one side, and Charybdis yawns on the other.

It was late in the evening, however, before we arrived at Messina, and much that might have awakened our wonder, was, by the darkness, veiled from our eyes. We did not land till the next morning.

We saw, the next morning, that the harbour where we had cast anchor, and which is formed by a small promontory, or neck of land, that runs off from the east end of the city, separating it from the rest of the Straits, was not only remarkably safe, but very beautiful. The beach of this little harbour is in the shape of a crescent, and is surrounded in every direction by exquisite scenery.

Messina is an interesting town, situated partly on an eminence, and partly in a plain, upon the shores of its own beautiful bay, surrounded by a luxuriant country, and blessed with a delicious climate. It is said to have been founded sixteen hundred years before the Christian era. Its inhabitants, at one time, exceeded eighty thousand, but it is not now quite so populous as it was in its halcyon days. Its present number of inhabitants is, probably, about seventy-five thousand. Messina has suffered much from the judgments of Heaven, but I fear its inhabitants have learned but little wisdom by these awful visitations.

The plague in 1743 swept off more than fifty thousand citizens. There was not a house in which there was not some one dead. Hundreds of dwellings were left utterly desolate. All the occupants, one after another, went down to the grave.

An earthquake just forty years after, shook this city almost to the ground. It nearly destroyed the beautiful quay of Messina, and the whole crescent of splendid edifices by which it was embellished. These magnificent edifices, the pride of this city, were levelled with the dust, almost in a moment. The shocks of this earthquake continued at intervals during several days. After the first paroxysm of the troubled earth, which shook like an aspen leaf agitated by the wind, had begun to subside, most of the inhabitants fled and sought refuge in the country.

This shock was felt not only at Messina, and along the coast of Sicily, but on the Calabrian side, particularly at the entrance of the straits. This occurred about noon. The people in that neighbourhood immediately fled to the sea-shore, where they remained in safety till eight o'clock in the evening. Then, when darkness was spread over all the works of nature, and every thing seemed about sinking to repose, they felt the earth again beginning to tremble. Soon it rocked like a ship on the troubled waves. The sea swelled, and, overleaping its banks as though driven from its deep bed below, dashed its towering waves upon the beach where the trembling inhabitants stood in crowds, and engulfed in its flood more than a thousand persons.

It is said that the brute creation seemed to anticipate this awful convulsion of nature. Just before this tremendous quaking of the earth, the dogs in Calabria uttered

most piteous howlings ; the sea-gulls and aquatic birds flew to the mountains, and a strange noise, like that of carriage wheels revolving with great velocity over a stone pavement, preceded the first shock, while at the same moment a dense cloud of vapour rose from Calabria, and extended to Messina. The wealth which successive generations had accumulated, magnificent churches, the finest specimens of art, the varied labours of the learned, the most ancient records of past times, were instantly involved in one vast common ruin.

Among the buildings that survived the successive shocks of this tremendous earthquake, is the cathedral, a spacious edifice and most antique-looking structure. There are traces in the exterior of this building, both of Saracenic and Norman architecture. The inside is embellished with twenty-six columns of Egyptian granite, surmounted by capitals of various descriptions, probably taken from ancient temples. The high altar is superbly decorated, and it is said to be one of the first-made specimens of Florentine mosaic work. It represents figures and flowers in their natural colours.

We have this day not only looked through the streets of Messina, and visited most of its churches, but also made an excursion of a number of miles into the country, ascending the lofty mountain where the telegraph is stationed, from whose summit the whole extent of the Straits, the whirling eddies of Charybdis, and the frowning form of Scylla, the harbour and town of Messina, and a long line of the coast of Calabria, as well as the towering promontory of Pelorum, are brought into one panoramic view, and seem to lie spread just beneath your feet. In ascending the mountain, which shoots up into peaks some thousand feet above the sea, we took the

Strada Provinciale, a beautiful carriage road, though more circuitous than the mule-track by which we returned.

As we passed along on our way, we were enabled to form some idea of the mode of agriculture pursued in Sicily; and we were strikingly reminded of what we had read in our schoolboy days in the *Georgics* of Virgil. Indeed, it seemed as though the poet had drawn his imagery and description from the very scene before us. There was the humble cot, the sunny vale, the vine-clad hills, the beechen tree, the sturdy ox, the skipping goats, and fleecy ewes with their young charge. There was the peasant fixing up his vines, preparing his ground for the future crop, or attending to the lowing herd.

There was a peculiarity in this scenery, that particularly arrested our attention. While the vales seemed exceedingly fertile, and the sides of the hills to an immense height were covered with vines, more elevated portions of those hills near the summit were clad with grass and low brushwood, over which immense flocks of goats were ranging, each flock being attended by its own goatherd.

When we started, the heat seemed oppressive, and we saw all around us delightful groves of oranges and lemons: but when we arrived at the dizzy height where the telegraph is located, we saw nothing immediately around us but sterility and desolateness: and here also we felt that we had reached a winter climate. We were inclined soon to retreat from this region of Norwegian chilliness. Here we saw all along, up and down the mountain, trains of mules and donkeys, heavily laden with the products of the country, wending their way along a narrow serpentine path, and urged forward by

Sicilian peasants, clad in their own peculiar costume. We took one of these mule-tracks on our return, which gave us a new view of the country.

From all that I saw, I should think that the moral and civil state of Sicily was most deplorable. Divine Providence seems to have poured its bounties upon this island with a most liberal hand. Its climate is most delicious, its scenery exquisitely beautiful, its soil abundantly fertile, and its productions diversified and most luxuriant. But Sicily groans under an iron-handed despotism, and the massive weight of papal superstition. It is said, that nowhere in Italy are the morals of the ecclesiastical orders so loose and abandoned, as in this island. There are in Messina not less than thirty or forty churches and monasteries, and yet it seems as though God, the pure and holy One who inhabiteth eternity, was unknown here.

Shameless licentiousness stalks with unblushing brow through every street; wickedness every where abounds; the sabbath is trodden in the dust. God has often spoken, and that with a terrible voice, as we have already seen, to the inhabitants of Messina. His judgments have recently been among them. That dreadful plague, the cholera, which has slain tens of thousands in every land, about a year since rolled like a wave of death over this beautiful island.

I think it commenced its ravages at Syracuse. At all events, the appearance of this pestilence and the explosion of a civil insurrection were nearly simultaneous in that city. The existence of the cholera formed a pretext for a sudden and murderous attack upon all those occupying places of trust and power. Many of the most distinguished inhabitants of Syracuse were

seized, dragged through the streets, and either shot or butchered in the public squares, under the pretence that they had poisoned the water and air, and thus produced the cholera.

This was a political artifice, used by those engaged in the insurrection, in order more fully to secure the success of their plans. The fact that such a pretext should avail to excite the whole community, shows to what depths of ignorance and superstition the public mind is sunk on this island.

The cholera, regardless of the plans and intrigues of the designing, moved steadily on, slaying its thousands and tens of thousands. Its ravages now became awful. They no longer carried single individuals to the house appointed for all living, but men, and women, and children, heaped up in one promiscuous pile, were carried in cart-loads to the all-devouring sepulchre. They did not even wait for the last stroke of death, though he did his work with such fearful expedition; but as soon as the poor sufferer had reached the collapsed state, he was thrown into the cart and borne along with the unbreathing dead to the pit that was to receive them together. We were told of one most affecting case, and that by a gentleman of unquestionable information and veracity. A woman who was near her confinement was seized with the cholera, and very soon fell into the collapsed state. Her case was supposed to be hopeless, and she was consequently thrown into the cart that was bearing the dead to the place of interment. While thus borne along amid a mass of dead bodies, she actually gave birth to a daughter, who is now living. The child thus born was taken from the cart, while the mother was

thrown with the other dead into the pit. Would this have happened in a Protestant land ?

The ravages of the cholera in all the principal cities of this island were terrible. In Palermo nearly two thousand died in a single day ; and in a very short time more than thirty thousand were swept off. The whole island was panic-struck. All natural affection seemed extinguished by the dreadful terror which possessed men's minds. A striking instance illustrative of this was mentioned to me.

In a family residing somewhere near Catania, all the children, who were five in number, were seized nearly at the same time with the cholera. The parents, instead of staying to minister to them in this hour of dread necessity, forsook them and fled. The children were thus left entirely alone. No one went near them for three days. At length some person knowing their situation, and moved with some remaining feelings of humanity, went to the house, but they were all dead but one single individual, and he died while this person was there. Just two days after these inhuman parents had deserted their sick and dying offspring, and fled into the country to escape the cholera, they were both seized with the fatal malady and died.

Monday morning, January 29th. We spent the sacred day yesterday without sabbath or sanctuary privileges. The streets of Messina were filled with lounging multitudes, who were spending the day in sauntering about, and in engaging in all kinds of amusement. In not a few of the hucksters' shops and places where the common people assemble to lounge and to drink, we saw, as we passed along, groups of

miserable-looking men and women, engaged in card-playing and other sports. We went to the Roman Catholic Cathedral, hoping to witness or hear something that would seem to throw a sacredness over the hallowed day. We found the celebration of mass going forward, and saw several of the priests in the confessional boxes. Immense numbers seemed crowding around to confess. In the view of the ignorant Sicilians, to confess to the priest and get his absolution is the very surest title to the glory of the beatified. It was to me a most sad and melancholy spectacle. Here penance seemed to be substituted in the place of piety—confession to the priest in the place of confession to God—and the sacrifice of the mass instead of the atonement of Christ—the worship of saints and images in the place of a holy life.

I hurried back to my own chamber, and tried to find a place there where I could offer up spiritual sacrifices unto God.

We are now on the eve of our departure for Naples. I will write you again when I reach that city.

Yours, &c.

CHAPTER X.

GLIMPSES OF NAPLES.

First impressions at Naples—Sail from Sicily to Naples—Scylla and Charybdis—Stromboli—Gulf of Salerno—Island of Capri—Bay of Naples—View of the town—The Toledo—Churches—St. Januarius—*Gesu Nuovo*—Filthy streets—Royal Museum—A young Prussian—The Queen Dowager—Corruption among the Catholic Priests—The making of a nun—Protestant Chapel—Royal Museum—Reserved objects—*Villa Reale*—The Queen of Sardinia—The King of Naples.

Naples, Saturday, February 3rd, 1838.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It is nearly a week since the date of my last—and almost the whole of this week I have been spending in this city, which you know has been represented as the paragon of all cities—the gem of all Italy; whose skies are ever brilliant, whose waters are ever bright and beautiful, and whose encircling isles, and villas, and mountains, are grouped together with such pleasing and magical effect, as to make the beholder almost think that he is in the midst of a scene of enchantment. Now it will require a great deal of poetical inspiration for a man actually on the spot to believe this, if he happens to be here under the circumstances that we find ourselves. It has rained nearly all the time since we first put our foot on these shores. Every thing around us is bespattered with mud and dirt; and the streets are heaped up with such piles of filth, that we

can hardly get through them. I never was in a more doleful and gloomy place in my life: still I am aware that the weather makes all the difference in the world. Neither do I forget that this is the very centre of those objects and scenes around which are gathered ten thousand classic associations. Near me, within view from my window, is Vesuvius, with its deep awful crater still burning; and a little beyond are the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum; while on the other side of the bay are Pozzuoli, Baïæ, the River of Death, the lake Avernus, the Sibyl's cave, the Elysian fields, and a hundred other spots and places that have been rendered famous by the pens of historians, the fables of the ancients, and the embellishments of poetic genius.

Notwithstanding the disagreeableness of the weather, I have already seen much in the environs of Naples to interest me. But before I give you any account of this, I must ask you to go back with me to Sicily, and accompany me on my journey here.

We started at an early hour on Monday from Messina. The morning was bright and sunny. The sail through the straits was very delightful. We had a distinct view of Scylla, and of the whirling eddies opposite it on the other side of the straits, which led me to believe that the ancient Charybdis was just at that point, rather than several miles above, near Messina, where many modern travellers have attempted to fix its location. We were also strikingly reminded of the ancient poet's description:

"Dire Scylla there, a scene of horror forms,
And here, Charybdis fills the deep with storms;
When the tide rushes from her rumbling caves,
The rough rocks roar—tumultuous boil the waves."

This spot, so long the dread of mariners and the theme of poets, is now so shorn of its horrific character, that our bark glided quietly along the smooth sea which bathes the lower portion of this fabled monster's form, and we should have been quite ignorant that we were actually between Scylla and Charybdis, had not our guide books indicated the spot.

The straits were speedily passed. Scylla, and the opposite promontory of Pelorus, where stood the ancient Pharos, vanished in the distance: and now, as we rode over the blue waves of the Mediterranean, the Lipari Islands rose one after another from the bosom of the sea upon our view, and among the rest the dark rocky summits of Stromboli, whose towering head seemed encircled in wreaths of dense smoke.

As we proceeded, we saw issuing from the volcano on this island vast columns of smoke, which appeared remarkably white, and at times approaching almost a fiery red colour. The sun, however, shone very bright, and the streams of flame that were issuing from Stromboli were lost amid his superior effulgence. As we looked back, we could still see Etna veiled in snow and clouds. A lovelier day never shone upon the waters of the Mediterranean. After the sun had gone down, and the shadows of evening began to gather over the earth, we saw such a display of fire-works from the summit of Stromboli as I had never before witnessed. The eruptions succeeded each other every ten or fifteen minutes, and sometimes oftener. At one time a sheet of flame would appear to play for a moment upon the side of this rocky mountain, and then die away. Then again the fire would ascend perpendicularly for a few feet, like the bright flames from a

burning chimney; and then at another time, there would break forth in one solid column a mass of bright glowing flame, mounting up to an immense height, as though it would set the very heavens on fire, and covering the whole mountain side with a brightness and splendour awful as that which burned on Sinai's dread mount, when Jehovah descended there, and filling us with adoring and reverential awe for that Almighty Power that keeps, and has kept for generations, this mountain still burning, and which is yet not consumed.

When I awoke the next morning, I found myself exhausted with the bad air and steam with which the cabin was filled. We were still on board of the miserable Neapolitan steamer with which we left Malta. Men, women, and children had been crowded into our cabin almost without number; and the constant steam that came up from the hold of the ship, through the floor of our cabin, made our berths appear almost like a vapour bath.

We were glad to get on deck at an early hour. We found ourselves passing through the Gulf of Salerno. It was not long before the island of Capri was visible; and then very speedily we entered the narrow pass, and were actually floating upon the bosom of the Bay of Naples. Unfortunately, there was a mist and drizzling rain coming on, which detracted very much from the effect and beauty of the scenery around us. Still it was a magnificent spectacle. On the left we saw the promontory of Miseno, where Virgil makes Eneas land; and on the right that of Sorrento. We had now turned our back upon Capri, Ischia, and Procida, and had immediately before us, bursting upon our view, like a bright vision, the vast city of Naples. Its buildings, situated

on the sloping sides of a long range of hills, seemed to rise before us in the form of an amphitheatre, stretching off in a beautiful sweep around the circling bay, towards the promontories on either side. The bay itself is about twenty miles in diameter, and sixty in circumference. All this beautiful expanse of water, studded with picturesque islands, is taken in at one view, as you stand on the shore at Naples. The islands and promontories that form its outlines, together with the suburban villages that skirt along the shore, and Vesuvius that peers in awful majesty above them, present a picture at once most beautiful and impressive.

.As we entered the port the rain increased, and long and tedious was the delay before we got our baggage through the custom-house. All the poetic conceptions I had about Naples vanished the moment I put my foot on shore. Happy was I, when, having pushed my way through the rain and mud, I at length found snug and comfortable quarters, with a landlord that spoke English, at the *Hotel Di La Spiranzella*.

If I were fond of antiquarian studies, I suppose first of all I should tell you, what has often been said, that it is scarcely possible to pierce through the clouds of obscurity, and the deep mists of antiquity that seem to envelope the origin of this city; that according to tradition it was founded thirteen hundred years before the Christian era, and afterwards peopled and enriched by Greek colonies from Rhodes, Athens, and Chalcis. Even in the time of Augustus, Naples still retained her Grecian manners, customs, and language. There is much about its present inhabitants to remind one of their Grecian origin.

But I feel inclined to tell you simply what I saw,

rather than to trouble you with any historic details in reference to this place, about which so many have written.

The Broadway, or principal street of Naples, is called the *Strada Toledo*. The next day after our arrival was principally spent in strolling through this street, upon which stand numerous palaces, churches, and a variety of other edifices, four, five, and six stories high, with terraced roofs and balconies in front. Near the foot of this street is located the king's palace. On the opposite side of the square stand the palace of the Prince Leopold, and the church of St. Francis.

We found the whole extent of the Toledo, which is full a mile in length, continually thronged with carriages and pedestrians. There is exhibited continually before you a strange combination and mixture of wretchedness and gaiety,—of poverty and splendour. We of course did not traverse the whole extent of this street, without meeting with a number of specimens of the *fifty thousand* houseless, homeless Lazaroni that live in this city.

In the course of the morning we visited several churches. Among others was the Cathedral Church of St. Januarius. The exterior of the building is encrusted with white marble, and on each side of the door stand two beautiful columns of porphyry. The interior, though supported by a hundred columns of Egyptian granite, adorned with mosaic pavement, and presenting an altar composed of precious marble, and ornamented with candelabra of jasper, is far from being cheerful and splendid.

What renders this church principally interesting is, that it is dedicated to St. Januarius, the patron saint of

Naples. His body is deposited here under the high altar; and it is in this church that the head and two small vials of the blood of the saint are kept, which the Neapolitans believe become miraculously liquefied every year. I was astonished to find how gravely they talk about these miracles.

One of their writers very seriously remarks: "This miracle is to the Neapolitans a constant object of devotion and astonishment, of which no one, who has not been present, can form a just idea. When the liquefaction of the blood takes place, immediately the joy of the people knows no bounds; but if the operation of the miracle is retarded one moment, the cries and groanings of the people rend the air: for at Naples the procrastination of this miracle is considered the presage of some great misfortune; but the devotion and faith of the Neapolitans, particularly of the women, are so great, that the blood never fails to become liquid, and resume its consistency on each of the eight days; so that every one may see and kiss the blood of St. Januarius in as liquid a state as when it first issued from his veins. The city of Naples has several times been in danger of being destroyed by the eruptions of Mount Vesuvius, by earthquakes, war, and pestilence; but it has always been delivered by its patron saint."

The whole miracle is said to be wrought by the natural warmth of the hand operating upon the bottle as upon a pulse-glass; and yet the multitude regard it as an unquestionable display of Divine power, clearly showing that their prayers to their patron saint are continually heard.

Another of the churches that we visited was that of *Gesu Nuovo*. This is said to be one of the finest at

Naples. Upon this, and many other of the sacred buildings in this city, wealth has poured its treasures, and art displayed its skill. The painter, the sculptor, and the gilder, have all vied with each other in imparting splendour, elegance, and majesty to these edifices. But alas! I fear that there is seldom brought to these spacious and magnificent courts, the offering of an humble spirit—a broken and contrite heart. The gay and heedless crowds that move through these temples—going through the process of crossing and genuflexion with a perfectly heartless and mechanical air, but too truly reveal the actual state of religion in this country. One thing I saw here that moved me greatly. In one of the little chapels in a remote corner of the church, I perceived a woman bowed down, with her head nearly touching the floor, and apparently under the influence of deep feeling. Before her, lay the recumbent statue of a dead Christ—and she seemed from her sighs and moans, and bitter tears, like a poor, sorrowing, sin-stricken creature, seeking to get a sense of forgiveness from this block of marble. I could not but earnestly wish that there was some one to tell her of a living Christ, whose blood once shed for human redemption, cleanseth from all sin, and who standeth at the right hand of the Father to make intercession for us.

The churches, however, we are told by the English and Americans here, are decidedly inferior in magnificence, taste, and architectural ornaments to those of Rome. The sight of Rome and its churches, is a treat yet in reserve for us.

Every time I go into the streets here, I think I never saw so much filth, nor heard such a noise in any place. All around you seems bustle and constant agitation. The

Italian language, accompanied with Neapolitan accent, is very peculiar. To a stranger, every person who speaks earnestly, seems really mad. As you pass along, you hear the people bawling and roaring at each other in all directions. Crowds of beggars meet you wherever you go, soliciting your charity with one hand, and picking your pocket with the other. Carriages and carts are seen dashing along with fearful celerity, through the midst of the living masses of human beings that throng the streets. The noise that comes upon your ear is enough to distract a nervous person. At one point you hear persons driving at a bargain—and it seems like a battle. At another, you hear the music of street-singers, who get their living by the pennies that they thus pick up—and at a third, the elevated voice of street-actors, who are attracting the crowd by their attempts at theatricals—and then you hear the piteous and plaintive notes of a filthy and ragged crowd of Lazaroni, asking alms.

I have often, since I have been here, thought, that could I transfer the moving living mass in the Toledo, to Chestnut Street or Broadway, I should excite quite as much wonder as if I could invent a telescope that would enable us to take cognisance of the inhabitants of the moon and of all the planets in our system.

There is always to be seen in the Toledo, a great deal of show and glitter, in close juxtaposition with poverty and wretchedness. The crowds of Romish priests, of mustachioed soldiers, of peasants from the country, of Neapolitan ladies, of bustling citizens, and beggarly Lazaroni, all in their own peculiar costume, and all mixed up together in one dense crowd, present a scene to an American, of a most unique character.

The rain having prevented me from visiting the environs of Naples, I have spent the principal part of the last three days in passing through the numerous halls of the Royal Museum. In one part we were presented with almost endless forms of Etruscan and Egyptian antiquities; in another, with specimens of ancient and modern sculpture; in a third, with paintings, frescoes, and mosaics; in a fourth, with cabinets of precious gems; and so on, through endless labyrinths of rooms, and curiosities too numberless to be recapitulated.

We felt particularly interested in examining the statuary which had been brought from Pompeii and Herculaneum. There were two statues of the Balbi family, mounted upon spirited steeds of colossal size—said to have been dug up from the ruins of Herculaneum—that seemed full of life, and strongly attracted my attention. Another chiselled form, that took a powerful hold of my feelings, was that of Agrippina, the mother of Nero, which is placed in the third division of the gallery of ancient sculpture. Agrippina is represented at the moment she receives the intelligence that her unnatural son has doomed her to die. The very position of her body shows the deep emotions of her soul. And then, her countenance—it tells the whole tale! One has justly remarked that “The mild, pathetic, deep despair, expressed throughout the whole of this statue, proves that sculpture, when carried to its utmost height of excellence, can move the passions even more than the finest poetry.”

Another piece of sculpture that deeply interested me, was the fragment of a statue, brought, I think, from ancient Capua, supposed to be a Psyche, and attributed to Praxiteles. The marble was chiselled into features of

perfect Grecian beauty, and into an expression so full of life, that you almost held your breath, in expectation that it would speak.

Another form which attracted my attention, was a colossal porphyry statue of Apollo, in full theatrical dress. But I must stop, otherwise there will be no end of enumeration.

In the cabinet of gems, we saw a beautiful cup of oriental Sardonic agate. Upon the inside is the celebrated cameo, said to be the most precious work of its kind in existence. It was found at Rome in Adrian's mausoleum.

It was truly interesting to see the frescoes, mosaics, and papyri, brought from Pompeii, where they had been entombed for nearly two thousand years. Here, also, in the cabinet of gems, were rings, necklaces, bracelets, hair-pins, brooches, chains, gold-leaf for gilding, silver vessels, and ornaments of every description, brought from Herculaneum and Pompeii; and in another room, metallic mirrors, silver cups, plates, dishes, vases, spoons, and bowls; besides, in a state of perfect preservation, loaves of bread, grain, fruit, eggs, and other eatables. And in a third apartment, all manner of kitchen furniture, of bronze, candelabra, kettles, saucepans, frying-pans, gridirons, skimmers, ladles, and moulds for pastry. One has very justly remarked, "That if the houses of an American city were to be buried in a moment with all their contents, and to lie undisturbed for seventeen hundred years, and then opened, with all the articles of furniture uninjured, some idea might be formed of the nature of this museum." The same writer remarks, and the thought occurred to me, while I was surveying these spoils

that have been plucked from beneath beds of lava, "That in the conveniences and comforts of domestic life, the citizens of Herculaneum and Pompeii were far in advance of the modern Italians, and scarcely inferior to any nation. All the metals were used in the construction of furniture; and the workmanship is decidedly more finished than that of corresponding articles at the present day." One source of satisfaction in viewing these things, arises from the fact, that there is no room for doubting the antiquity of these specimens of the arts. Here they are, just as they were taken from a bed of lava, in which they lay embalmed for some two thousand years. They seem to form a connecting link between the ancient and modern world. I could not but think, as I walked through the various rooms containing these different utensils, that the arms that wrought these articles, and the hands that used them, have long since mouldered into dust.

But I fear I tire you with these details. After our return to-day from the museum, we were favoured with a call from Mr. B——, a young Prussian gentleman, of great intelligence and decided piety, to whom we had brought letters from the American consul at Messina. Mr. B—— has resided in Naples a long time, and gave us much information in relation to the political and moral condition of this kingdom. We were shocked by some facts which he stated in relation to the looseness of morals that prevails among the nobility, and, indeed, in some branches of the royal family. Mr. B—— said that it was a fact of universal notoriety, that the Queen Dowager, the mother of the present king, was a woman of most dissolute habits. She was a Spanish Princess when wedded by Ferdinand I. Since his

decease, she has occupied a part of the royal palace, in which her son, Ferdinand II., the present king of Naples, resides. Her last paramour bore to her the ostensible relation of a private secretary, and, for a long time, had a suite of rooms in the palace, till the king, unwilling to bear the public scandal any longer, banished him from the kingdom.

The example thus set by the royal family, it is said, is but too well followed by not a few of the nobility. Constant intrigues are going forward among the married of the upper classes.

The corruption thus seated in high places, so far from being indignantly and fearlessly rebuked by the priesthood, seems to be regarded by them as a sort of warrant and license for sensual indulgence. I was informed by an intelligent English gentleman residing here, that no set of men were so frequently brought into the criminal court, as the Roman Catholic priests. A trial has been going on for several days here, in reference to a priest and a monk, both of whom were convicted of robbery and murder. The person who fell a victim to their bloody conspiracy was a lone widow possessing a considerable property, and one who had been particularly kind to the priest. But she had money, and he could not lay his grasp upon it without taking her life.

Another case has recently occurred in Calabria, where a priest was convicted of rape and robbery. When the land thus groans under such a load of wickedness, what can we expect? When they who are appointed to be an example to the flock, and to lead men in the way of life, thus degrade and brutalise themselves, how rapidly must a nation descend the downhill course of destruction!

With such facts before me, I could not wonder at the state of morals I witnessed; at the utter want of honesty, chastity, and the fear of God.

It is the custom with many noblemen whose income is small, and who still wish to keep up considerable show in the world, to get rid of the expense of educating and sustaining their daughters, by shutting them up in a nunnery. Mr. B—— gave us an account of a young lady whom he knew, that was thus forced into a convent, and to the assumption of the veil as a nun. He was permitted to witness the ceremony. The fair devotee was decked off with an abundance of ornaments, like the victim destined for sacrifice. Clad in a bridal dress, with white waving plumes upon her head, and attended by two bridesmaids most gorgeously arrayed, she held in her hand a golden crucifix, as she stood before the gates or lattice-work that separated her from the company. The effect was heightened by the strains of exquisite music that emanated from the choir, while a cardinal, arrayed in robes that glittered like the sunbeams, followed by a sacerdotal train, advanced from the high altar to the spot where stood this candidate for divine espousal. He then, in the presence of the whole company, thus, or in inquiries similar to these, interrogated her with deep and solemn tones of voice: “Do you declare here, in the presence of God, that you are willing and desirous to become the bride of Christ? Are you willing to devote yourself, soul and body, to the Saviour, as your divine spouse? For his sake are you willing to give up the world with all its cares and pleasures, and retire to perpetual solitude?” No sooner had she given an affirmative answer, than she was divested of her worldly robes—the plumes were taken.

from her head—her hair, which hung in beautiful dark glossy tresses down her neck, was entirely cut off. She was then arrayed in black, laid upon a bier, and covered with a dark funeral pall. The whole character of the music was now changed. Solemn and mournful tones now came from the organ and the voice of the singers. A priest stepped forward, and in a low plaintive voice, commenced the funeral service. All was now still and hushed, as though the dead were about to be committed to their deep and dark resting-place in the grave. Then one went forward and lifted up the pall, and raising up her who was now regarded as dead to her family and the world, and arraying her in the dress of her order, presented her to the company, wearing a crown, and attired in the garb of a nun. And thus the ceremony closed. The poor victim was now doomed to a life for which she had no taste, and which would yield her no joy; and all this because her father did not feel able to support her in the style becoming a nobleman's daughter.

Sunday evening, February 4th. I will not conclude this communication without adding a word or two in relation to the religious services upon which I have this day attended. In the morning I went to the chapel of the English ambassador. The only two Protestant places of worship in this city are the chapels of the English and Prussian ambassadors. The King of Naples tolerates no Protestant churches within the bounds of his dominions. The foreign ambassadors of course have a right to have what worship they choose in their own houses: the Protestant chapels to which I refer are therefore in the houses of these respective ambassadors. The chaplain of the Prussian ambas-

sador is a Lutheran in sentiment, and preaches in the French language. His service is exceedingly well attended. He is an eloquent speaker, and is said to be an eminently devoted and evangelical pastor. Our friend Mr. B—— speaks of him as a most fearless and faithful man of God.

The English chaplain is the Rev. Mr. L——, who officiated this morning. His sermon was upon the parable of the tares—"Let them both grow together till the harvest." The style of his discourse was chaste and classical—but in the matter it was the most shallow, puerile, jejune, miserable, school-boy production, to which, in the shape of a sermon, I ever listened. There was no where in it a distinct recognition of any one of the doctrines of grace. After the most pompous and elaborate attempt to account for the existence of moral evil, he brought us to the erudite and profound conclusion, that Satan was the author of it.

The preacher assigned, as one cogent reason why God did not punish wicked men more in this world, "that he saw in many whom we thought wicked, seeds of virtue which under other and more favourable circumstances, would have germinated, and burst forth into vigorous growth, and they have become decidedly virtuous characters." Take it all in all, the discourse was the most destitute of the gospel of any that I ever heard. Bear in mind that this preacher is a professed Protestant witness for the truth as it is in Jesus, in the midst of papal darkness. He stands here, with one exception, *alone*; in the midst of a population of four hundred and fifty thousand—who have among them three hundred Romish churches, and not less than fifteen hundred priests. And yet how sad it is to think that

this solitary watchman's trumpet gives an uncertain sound. My heart bleeds for Zion.

Thank God the Prussian ambassador's chaplain is not asleep, nor walking in the dim twilight of papal darkness. His testimony for Christ and the doctrines he taught is clear and decided.

This afternoon it rained violently, and I was unable to go out.

Monday evening, February 5th. I had thought of closing this letter without adding any thing further—but I will just tell you in a hasty manner what I have been about to-day.

As the rain still continues, I have been passing my time in finishing up the Museum. By some mistake or other I missed the celebrated Farnese bull, found in the baths of Caracalla—said to have been executed by two Grecian artists, about two centuries before the Christian era, and brought to Rome from the Island of Rhodes. The whole group, it is said, was cut from one block of white marble, consisting of six figures in all, representing the fable of Amphion and Zethus tying Dirce by the hair to the horns of the bull. A friend, who has seen this relic of antiquity, assures me that it has been shattered into a thousand fragments—and that the only thing that now strikes you as peculiarly fine in the group is the fiery spirit of the bull. I shall try to see it before I leave.

In the course of our ramble this morning through the remaining chamber of the Royal Museum, we went into a suite of apartments containing a public library of three hundred thousand volumes. The librarian showed us a number of rare manuscripts, such as the *Aminta* of Tasso in his own hand-writing, and the original

works of Thomas Aquinas. He also took from the cases one or two missals and prayer-books, splendidly illuminated, and bound in gold, formerly belonging to the Farnese family. In one cabinet of antiquities that we visited, we saw a great variety of ancient and very beautiful vases and urns, designed to contain the ashes of the dead. Many of these were brought from Pompeii, and were still filled with the ashes and calcined bones of those who lived more than two thousand years ago.

There was one room, denominated the Cabinet of Reserved Objects, to which we gained admission through the kindness of the American ambassador, who during our whole stay at Naples was unwearied in his polite attention to us.

This cabinet to my mind presented a most striking commentary upon the latter part of the first chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, where he draws a picture of heathen morals, and shows how men act who "do not like to retain God in their knowledge," and who are "given up unto vile affections." The decorations found in the dwelling-houses of the two buried cities, manifest a degree of licentiousness of morals and grossness of vice to which modern society in the lowest depths of degradation, can scarcely furnish a parallel. The representation by means of images and bronze statues, which were hung up as ornaments in the houses of the rich, and worn as amulets by ladies around their necks, were of such a character that no obscenity or dissoluteness can be conceived more gross, abhorrent or disgusting. Truly may it be said that the wisdom of this world is "earthly, sensual, devilish." The polite and polished citizens of Herculaneum and Pompeii, by the ornaments in their houses, prove the

truth of Scripture, and show what men are without God.

I forgot to mention to you, that last week, in the intervals between the continual showers with which the country has been drenched, we took a stroll through the splendid avenue of the Chiaja, which you know is the court part of the town, and looks off most beautifully upon the bay. Between this avenue, which is more than half a mile in length, and the sea-wall along the margin of the bay, lies a public garden in the form of a parallelogram, called the *Villa Reale*. It is intersected by gravel walks, and planted with acacia, ilex, and other shrubbery, and ornamented with flowers, and various statues of modern production. This walk along the margin of the bay, beneath the shade of the thickly planted trees, must be a most delightful promenade in summer.

Upon our return we had the pleasure of meeting the Queen Dowager of Sardinia, who was on foot walking through the garden, accompanied by three or four personal attendants. Her two carriages, each drawn by four horses, richly caparisoned, were moving slowly up the avenue, with a manifest design to keep pace with her, and be in waiting, whenever she chose to finish her walk. Connected with each of these magnificent carriages, were five or six men dressed in splendid livery; one mounted as a postilion; another in the driver's seat; another walking by the side of the coach, and several hanging upon the back of it. It was a novel scene to me, to see the universal lifting of hats through the whole *Villa Reale* as the queen passed along. She was mother to the first wife of the present King of Naples, and still continues to reside here. Her palace stands on one

side of the *Largo del Palazzo*. The king's present wife is a princess of Austria.

The king himself, whom I have seen several times, is still quite a young man, being only about thirty. He is very stout in his person, and seems to affect very little pomp when he makes his appearance in public. His palace, however, is continually surrounded by immense numbers of armed troops; indeed, such is the number of soldiers stationed every where through the city, that it seems as though we were living in a camp.

Ferdinand has a son, now about four years old, who is heir-apparent to the crown. We met his royal highness the other day in the *Toledo*. He was riding out in the royal coach, drawn by four horses. The little fellow sat alone on the back seat, looking out on the scene around him with the simplicity of a child. There were two females on the front seat in the carriage along with him, who I suppose were his governess and one of the attendants upon his person. To us, with our plain republican views, it appeared quite amusing to see the whole dense crowd along the *Toledo* lifting their hats, and bowing to this little gentleman, who did not seem at all to understand the meaning of these tokens of respect. It is time, however, that I should stop, and therefore I hasten to say that I am truly,

Your affectionate friend, &c.

CHAPTER XL

GLIMPSES OF BAIE AND CUMÆ.

Excursion to Baie—The Chiaja—Pausilypo—Nisida—Pozzuoli—The Emperor Caligula—St. Paul—The Lacrine Lake—Avernus—Sibyl's Cave—Nero's villa and hot baths—Ruins of Baie—Elysian Fields—Cumæ—The Cumæan Sibyl—Cicero's villa.

Naples, Tuesday evening, February 6th, 1836.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Though wearied by a very long excursion and over-much sight-seeing, I cannot retire without first giving you a rapid sketch of the various objects and scenes of interest that have come before me to-day.

We started at an early hour this morning to visit the ruins of Baie. This has been one of our first pleasant days in Naples. We did not, however, realize all that we had heard of the brilliant skies, the bland and balmy air of an Italian climate. Though the heavens were clear and the sun bright, the air was keen and piercing, so that we found our over-coats, closely buttoned, very comfortable.

The first object of interest that particularly attracted our attention after passing along the broad avenue of the Chiaja, and glancing our eye over the bright waters of the beautiful bay spread out before us, was the Grotto of Pausilypo, a tunnel bored through the solid rock, the

base of a lofty range of hills. This tunnel furnishes a fine subterranean passage, of some three thousand feet in length, to those who desire to visit Pozzuoli and the neighbouring coast. The mountain or hill under which this road passes is also called Pausilypo, or Posilipo, a word signifying *cessation of sorrow*, classically given to it by the scholars of the Augustan age, on account of the charm of its scenery, and its exhilarating effects on the mind. As our carriage entered this grotto every thing around us seemed involved in dark gloom. Though a lamp hung here and there in this subterranean pass, suspended from the arch above, we were glad to emerge from this region of gloom, and discover the light of day breaking in upon us from the other end of the grotto, over whose lofty arch wreaths of ivy and woodbine were trailing down in wild luxuriance. The history of this singular excavation is lost in remote antiquity. Strabo, Seneca, Pliny, and many of the writers of the Augustan age speak of this work; but by whom it was begun and accomplished is entirely unknown. This tunnel was evidently bored through to help to facilitate the communication between Naples and Pozzuoli, and save the trouble of crossing over the top of an immense hill or mountain. The road from the grotto onward to Pozzuoli was truly splendid. The views in every direction were beautiful. The country on one side filled with vineyards, and the bay on the other dotted with islands, furnished us with some charming specimens of inland and marine scenery. After emerging from the Grotto of Pausilypo we passed, on our way to Pozzuoli, very near the island of Nisida, formerly denominated Nesio, which rises with verdant beauty from amid the waters, in the shape of a cone cut off above the middle. An old castle is seen upon its

summit. This is said to be the place where Marcus Brutus formerly had a villa, referred to by Cicero. On or near this spot there now stands a Lazaretto. As we passed along we began to have an extended view of the coast of Pozzuoli, and of the region denominated *Campagna Felice*, the Happy Country.

Independently of its astonishing fertility and remarkable beauty, every step of this ground has connected with it so many classic allusions, that one feels as he passes over it, as though the earth here was written all over with poetry and romance. Upon this spot, so long celebrated by the fables of antiquity, so long the seat of superstition, and the region whence the poetic images of so many ancient writers were drawn, I gazed with feelings of peculiar and indescribable interest.

After the Romans had become the masters of the world, they made the coast of Pozzuoli the centre of their enjoyments. They embellished it with magnificence, and lavished upon many villages and towns, especially upon Baiæ, the treasures which they had gathered from a thousand conquered people. Upon these beautiful shores they found every thing that could tend to refresh their spirits, regale their intellect, and minister to the health of the body. Here was a bland and delicious climate, a rich and fertile soil, and surrounding scenery as beautiful and glorious as the eye of man ever gazed upon. Here the wealthy Romans could retire and enjoy elegant ease and delightful repose, together with entire freedom from the cares and bustle of a large town. The coast became gradually covered with country-houses and villas of the most sumptuous description. The scene, however, now is sadly changed.

We pursued our journey along a beautiful road, and

soon reached Pozzuoli, which presented to view ranges of gloomy-looking buildings and masses of squalid and miserably clad human beings, who seemed at the very bottom of the scale. It is said that this town declined with the decline of the Roman empire. The once beautiful district around Pozzuoli has become a desolate waste, and the very air that pervades all this region is now unhealthy and pernicious. There are several interesting relics of former greatness still to be seen at Pozzuoli. The one most worthy of notice is the temple of Jupiter Serapis. The remains of this temple are said to be the most extensive of any found in Italy. They were discovered about eighty years ago. This majestic pile was in the form of a parallelogram, one hundred and fifty feet in length, and more than one hundred in breadth, surrounded with porticoes composed of columns of red African marble, sixty feet in height, and eighteen in circumference. Three of these massive pillars are yet standing. The whole area of the pavement has been cleared of rubbish, but is still covered with stagnant water, some two inches in depth.

The harbour of Pozzuoli was once the most magnificent port in Italy. It was then capable of holding an immense number of vessels; but it is now a poor, deserted spot, where only a few fishing or row boats are seen. It was from a point in this harbour that the Emperor Caligula built his famous bridge of boats extending to Baiæ. This work was got up to gratify this emperor's immeasurable vanity and pride. He desired to rival Xerxes in his famous bridge across the Bosphorus, by which he connected Asia and Greece. He also expected by this means to alarm the Germans and the English, against whom he was about to declare war.

Upon the completion of this bridge, Caligula got up a most magnificent celebration. Upon the first day, he went over the whole extent of it, mounted on a richly caparisoned horse, bearing on his head a crown of oak leaves, and followed by an immense concourse of people. On the second day, he made a still more splendid display, proceeding over the whole line of the bridge in his triumphal chariot, crowned with laurels, and followed by Darius, whom the Parthians had given him as a hostage.

As I stood looking over these waters, calling up past events to my mind, I could not but think in what perfect contrast to Caligula, was the character of one who, about twenty years subsequent to the event just alluded to, landed on these shores. That person was a prisoner on his way to Rome. He had been previously shipwrecked on the island of Melita. After having stayed there three months, he had embarked in an Alexandrian vessel, and touching at Syracuse, "the ship fetched a compass and came to Rhegium, and the next day they reached Puteoli," the ancient name for this place.

Paul, the servant of Jesus Christ, stood on the very shores upon which I was now looking. He stood there—a prisoner—in chains—a despised, persecuted man! Yet while he stood there—an unknown stranger, bearing the guise and character of a malefactor—ininitely brighter glory, and greater moral grandeur, gathered around his character, than gathered around the person of this crowned emperor, seated in his triumphal car, and receiving the adulation of thousands.

Though Paul's outward appearance at this time was devoid of all earthly pomp—though to the eye of the world, he was a despised, friendless malefactor, yet

he had in fact more attributes of greatness, and was destined by his labours to exert a wider moral influence upon the world, than any man who lived within the bounds of the Roman empire. He had forsaken all for the cause of human benevolence. To glorify Christ—to carry the news of salvation to every land—to roll back the waves of sin and misery from our unhappy world—to spread peace and joy over the entire surface of the habitable globe—to pour the balm of heavenly consolation into every wounded heart—and to close against human footsteps the dark gates of perdition—he submitted most cheerfully to every toil, suffering, and sacrifice—continually jeopardized his life—was content to be despised, and counted as the offscouring of the earth—yea, and to go to prison and to death!

While, on the other hand, Caligula, though wearing the crown and reigning over the empire of the Cæsars, lived only for himself; sent out his armies and ships to every land, and gathered the riches, and products, and treasures of every clime, in order to consume them upon his lusts. Though in the madness of his arrogance he considered himself a god, and caused the honours usually paid to Apollo, Mars, and even Jupiter, to be paid to himself; and though he erected a temple to his own divinity—yet was he stained with every domestic and public crime; he was guilty of licentiousness, incest, and murder in their worst and most revolting forms; he delighted in cruelty; he was a perfect amateur in spectacles of human suffering. At his meals, to increase his enjoyment, he ordered criminals, and even innocent persons to be brought in, stretched upon the rack, and beheaded before him. He wished that the whole

Roman people had but one head, that he might enjoy the satisfaction of cutting it off at one blow.

After the pompous display which he made by his royal procession over the bridge between Pozzuoli and Baiæ,—having spent the following night in a revel with his friends,—in order that he might do something *extraordinary* before his departure, he caused a crowd of persons to be seized without distinction of age, rank, or character, and to be thrown into the sea !

His madness and cruelty thus run riot, and knew no bounds, till the swords of a band of conspirators severed his head from his body, in the twenty-ninth year of his age, and the fourth of his reign.

What different courses do human ambition and the grace of God lead individuals to pursue !

After leaving Pozzuoli, we directed our steps towards the shores of the Lucrine Lake—an expanse of water, which, we had read in the poets of the Augustan age, we might suppose was more bright and beautiful than any in that vast chain of picturesque lakes that distinguish and gem the fertile and green territory of our own native land. What then was our surprise, to find nothing save a small stagnant pool, choked with mud and reeds ! This is all that remains of that once famous sheet of water, upon which vast treasures were uselessly expended. In going to this lake we passed a hill several hundred feet in height, and three miles in circumference, called *Monte Nuovo*, the offspring of a volcano, which burst out with a fearful eruption of flames and fire, the ashes of which after being thrown an immense distance in the air, in their descent formed this mountain. This occurred in the sixteenth century,

and was accompanied by a tremendous earthquake. The spot where this hill now stands, was once covered with the waters of the Lucrine Lake, from whose bosom this hill emerged in the manner above described.

But there was another object of interest in this neighbourhood, which our recollections of Virgil and Homer led us to look forward to with peculiar interest; and that was lake Avernus. You know that the shores of this lake were the very centre of ancient superstition, and that here was supposed to be the entrance to the infernal regions. Here was the fabled abode of the Cimmerians, who dwelt in the neighbouring caverns, shut out from the light of day, and involved in eternal darkness. As we passed along, escorted by a dozen or twenty swarthy Italians, with a bundle of torches and flambeaux, and all the paraphernalia necessary to conduct us into the depths and through the darkness of Sibyl's Cave, we looked in vain for the dark forests, the sombre woods, and the various prototypes of gloomy images with which the ancient poets have invested the shores of Avernus. The whole formation of the country around this lake, is singular, and bears unequivocal symptoms of having once been the centre of volcanoes. Indeed, Avernus itself appears to occupy a vast excavation that may once have been the crater of an extinguished volcano. The lake is nearly circular, perhaps a half of a mile in diameter, and without any visible outlet. Hills encompass it on every side, and throw a dark and gloomy aspect over its waters; and I could well conceive, that when these hills were covered with dense forests of fir, pine, and oak, hanging over these dark waters, this must have been a spot which superstition could easily people with images of terror.

On the southern shore of the lake we were shown the Grotto of the Sibyl, which is a vast tunnel, piercing to a very great depth into the earth. This has the reputation of being the gate of Pluto himself. We of course did not fail to explore the depths of these gloomy caverns, which the superstition of the ancients and the pens of immortal poets have invested with so much interest. As we entered the dark jaws of the cavern, we could not but remember the description in the *Æneid*,* and it indeed seemed as though we were pacing the desolate halls and empty realms of Pluto.† For, though subsequently amid the gloom and darkness through which we wended our way, imagination might easily have conjured up the various spectral forms with which Virgil peoples this fabled entrance to the Tartarean regions, we saw not in the very vestibule, the couches of Grief and wasting Care—nor did we meet there the ghastly forms or haggard countenances of Disease, disconsolate Old Age, Fear, Famine, Indigence, or Toil and Death, terrible to behold, unless we should transfer this description to our Italian guides, and a troop of peasants that accompanied us, and who, in appearance, might have been mistaken for the servitors of Tartarus; to say nothing of the threshold of murderous War, the iron bedchambers of the Furies, and frantic Discord with her viperous locks bound with bloody fillets, which Virgil stations along this pathway, but none of which we saw. After having proceeded about a hundred yards, through a broad grotto, or *Hall*, the miniature of Pausilypo, we came to a narrow avenue branching

* *Æneid*, Book vi.—from the 262nd line to the end of the book.

† “*Perque domos Ditis vacuas, et inania regna.*”—*Æneid* vi. 269.

off towards the west. Here our flambeaux were lighted up, and we were led to understand that we must each one mount upon the back of a peasant, and be borne the rest of the way. For lo! as our guide preceded us with his flaming torch, we discovered that we had plunged almost to the middle in the floods of Tartarean Acheron. Old Charon, the grim ferryman, was not there to row us over; but the dark swarthy peasant who bore me, and around whose neck I had to clasp my arms with close embrace, to keep myself from being immersed in the Stygian waters through which he was wading, might have been taken as far as his frightful slovenliness, his long grizzly beard, sordid dress, and entire filthy aspect was concerned, for one of his legitimate descendants.

We passed with perfect safety over these waters and through the dark cells and chambers of the Sibyl, whose floors we found were decorated with beautiful mosaics. At length we came to a point where the avenue was choked up, which is said formerly to have afforded a passage, not only to the Sibyl's cave in Cumæ, but also to the Elysian fields.

The dampness of the place, and the smoke of the torches, made us long for the pure air of the upper world, and again mounting the backs of our Italian peasants, we recrossed the black waters, and ascended to the upper regions, without encountering in this instance at least, the truth of the poet's description.*

On our way to Baiæ, we passed the ruins of Nero's villa, and the hot baths which usually go under his name. These baths have six long narrow corridors, that

* "Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est."

extend under ground to the hot spring, where the water is almost in a boiling state. An Italian peasant whom we found on the spot, went to the end of one of these corridors and dipped about two quarts of water in a basin which contained an egg, which, by the time he had returned we found was perfectly boiled. Although the poor fellow had stripped himself to the skin, when he returned, his body was covered with as thick perspiration as though he had been in an oven. The steam and heat issuing from the spring was so intense, that I could not go more than a few paces up the avenue toward the spring, without feeling almost suffocated.

To me the scene was truly affecting, when I found myself standing amid the ruins and desolations of *Baiæ*. You know that this was once the seat of splendour, and elegance, and soft luxurious ease. No situation could have been more delightful than that of *Baiæ*. The water and land scenery were exquisitely beautiful. The soil of the surrounding country was most rich and productive. The earth yielded the most luscious fruits. The sea was filled with the most delicious fish. Along the sea-shore were the most lovely promenades, and shaded walks, and varied views to delight and fascinate the eye; and just at hand, were an almost infinite number of hot-springs, of various temperatures. All these advantages combined to render *Baiæ* the favourite resort of the most wealthy and voluptuous among the Romans. For a long time each wealthy Roman sought to obtain a site for his dwelling upon the sea-shore, until the whole line of the beach was completely occupied. After this, vast moles were extended into the sea, in order to furnish sites for dwellings. Thus this little

village became a vast town, which was the seat of luxury and pleasure. Horace preferred it to every other spot on the globe. While Seneca thought it was so given up to pleasure, that no man could safely dwell in Baiæ, who meant to preserve a proper dominion over his passions.

As we entered Baiæ, the sun was shining brightly, but its resplendent beams seemed to impart increased visibility to the dark gloomy footsteps of desolation. Where were those thousand gilded domes, those mighty temples, those splendid streets, those elegant court-yards, and magnificent gardens, that were once the glory of Baiæ? Where were those gay, joyous, laughing crowds, that once thronged the streets of this luxurious town?

They were all gone. Not only have its wealthy inhabitants passed away, its elegant structures fallen into ruin; but the very air, once so bland and balmy, has become infected with deadly miasma and pestilential exhalations. Old Ocean has asserted his rights, and swept away those decaying moles which wealth had reared, and now rolls his waves over the foundations of a thousand palaces. I never looked on a more unsightly place than Baiæ now is.

It has been swept by the wing of desolation. The heaps of mouldering bricks and broken stones, and masses of rubbish that here and there peer above the long weeds, alone remind you that this is the place where Baiæ, with its splendid palaces and temples, once stood. It is true, there are here the remains of two or three temples, the walls of which are still standing. The temples of Venus and Mercury are in

the same neighbourhood. The latter is a rotunda, lit by an opening at the top: and from its structure affording a perfect whispering gallery. Two of us, placed at opposite sides of the building, and standing close to the wall, held a conversation in a low whisper, while the rest of the company, standing in the centre, did not hear a word that was said.

At some little distance from this we were shown the walls of the Temple of Diana; its exterior is of a hexagon form, though within it is circular. It is decidedly one of the most picturesque ruins at Baïæ.

But I fear I am wearying you with these details. I must therefore just mention that we next visited what is called the Tomb of Agrippina, who suffered death by the cruel mandate of her son, the tyrant Nero; and from thence hurried along through the labyrinth of the Cento Camerelle, the hundred chambers, then went to view *Piscina Mirabile*, the grand reservoir or fish-pond of Lucullus; and glancing at Cape Misenum, we soon found ourselves on the borders of the Elysian Fields. These fields slope, with a gentle declivity, towards the southwest, and are at present chiefly covered with vineyards. In nothing was I more disappointed than in the view of these fields, just as I suppose all are, who look for elysian fields on this earth. They are utterly devoid of those features of beauty and attractiveness which characterise a thousand landscapes in my own loved country. I felt, as I looked over these famed fields, which poetry has so highly embellished, if I had no better portion than what heathenism would give, heaven would be a sad and lonely place to me.

From the Elysian Fields, we went to visit the ruins of Cumæ. You are aware that this is one of the oldest

cities in Italy, having been founded by a Greek colony from Eubœa, not only anterior to the building of Rome, but even to the occurrence of the Trojan war ; so that, in fact, it dates back its origin to a period more than a thousand years prior to the Christian era. It was at one time a most powerful city, distinguished by the wealth and number of its inhabitants, the beauty of its situation, and the strength of its fortifications. In those its halcyon days, it possessed a fleet and extensive dominions. It numbered among the cities which it founded and controlled, Puteoli, Naples, and Messina. Cumæ was the retreat and the tomb of Tarquin the Proud, the last king of the Romans. It subsequently became a Roman colony ; and though war and pestilence had shorn it of its splendour, so strong were its fortifications in the days of Totila and Teja, kings of the Goths, that they chose this as the most secure place for the depository of their treasures.

To me this place appeared principally interesting from its having been the reputed residence of the famous Sibyls who delivered the oracles of Apollo.

I believe the first Cumæan Sibyl is said to have been born on the island of Eubœa, and to have flourished about the time of the destruction of Troy. She repaired to Cumæ in Italy, to proclaim the oracles of Apollo there.

The second Sibyl appeared some five hundred years after the first, and was called Cumæ, from her having been born in this city. I think it was she that under the appearance of an unknown old woman, offered to Tarquin, the king of the Romans, the books of the oracles of Apollo for sale. When the king, on account of the high price demanded, refused to buy them, she threw

three of the books into the fire, and on a second refusal three more; after which, the king, alarmed, offered for the three remaining the price originally asked for the whole, and committed them to the keeping of two conservators, as an oracle to be consulted upon great and important political occasions.

The number of these prophetic virgins, who were believed to be thrown by some divinity into a kind of transport or insanity, in which they were able to unveil futurity, are declared by ancient writers, you know, to be ten; and at a later period they are said to have increased to fifteen.

I may again advert to this subject of the Sibyls, as a friend has told me that at Rome there is still considerable superstition existing about the Sibylline books that were fraudulently got up in the second century by certain false friends of Christianity, to produce present effect; and that even in the Sistine chapel, where his Holiness, the Roman Pontiff, so frequently worships, among the beautiful forms that Michael Angelo has depicted upon the walls, the Sibyls hold a conspicuous place.

But I have detained you so long with the ruins of other places, and with the history of the Sibyls, that I have very little time or space left to tell you of any thing that I saw at Cumæ. But, in the language of a traveller, I will say: "I found its Sibyls gone,—its oracles silent. In the few fragments of the temple which still strew the brow of the hill, snakes and lizards have their home, and were seen crawling over shattered columns and friezes. The plough has for many years passed over the site of this city, once so renowned as the seat of ancient religion; and the forests of poplars, hung with vines, disclosing here and there groups of

swarthy, squalid peasants at their labours, render the by-paths and solitudes almost appalling."

To say nothing of the Grotto of the Cumæan Sibyls, which is supposed to communicate with that on the margin of Lake Avernus, or the Temple of the Giants, over whose ruined walls the long trailing grass waved in the wind, as though mocking at all man's attempts to build material temples for eternity, allow me to conduct you along through one of the streets of Cumæ under an archway, whose massive wall is supposed to have been one of the ancient ramparts that formed this place—and we shall bid adieu to Cumæ and its mouldered walls and dwellings.

We next rode along the shores of Lake Fusaro, and stopped at the King's Hunting Lodge, a little cottage situated on a small island, to which we were rowed over in a boat, and had an opportunity of tasting some of the oysters which are here procured in great abundance, and of a very fine quality. We had gone on with such avidity from place to place that our *veturino* declared that his animals were so fatigued that they could not advance another step without they were allowed to rest an hour or two and be fed. He seemed very stubborn, and we were obliged to submit. We therefore had leisure to survey minutely the shores and waters of this lake. It probably occupies the crater of some extinguished volcano, and is said to be used for steeping hemp and flax, whence it has derived its name of Fusaro. Some pretend that this is the ancient Acheron, spread between Avernus and the Elysian Fields. But every intelligent reader of Virgil's *Æneid* will see that he makes his plains, lakes and streams, and even his skies and celestial luminaries, subterranean. The mytho-

logists and poets however may settle this matter as best suits them.

As soon as we could get our *veturino* started, we directed our course homeward, passing by Cicero's Villa on our way to Pozzuoli. Very few traces of the magnificence of this once beautiful structure now remain. The stately porticoes and spacious gardens described by Pliny, have long since been swept away by the hand of oblivion. You recollect that this villa was denominated the *Academia*, from the circumstance of its having been constructed like the Academy at Athens; and here it was that the orator composed his academic questions. Here also the Emperor Adrian died, over whose remains Antoninus erected a stately temple to perpetuate his memory. But the temple, the emperor, and the orator have all passed away—and the ignorant peasants that live on the spot, scarcely know that such men as Adrian, Antoninus, or Cicero ever lived. So true it is that we all do fade as a leaf, and the places that now know us will soon know us no more for ever.

I was glad to get home after so fatiguing a day's work, and after having passed through such a variety of scenes, all of which were calculated to powerfully excite, and deeply interest the feelings. And now I am no less glad that I have got through the description, and can say good night, and yield myself up to the wooings of "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

Yours, &c.

CHAPTER XII.

GLIMPSES OF POMPEII, PÆSTUM, HERCULANEUM, AND VESUVIUS.

Excursion to Pompeii—Distant view of Vesuvius—The eruption of A. D. 79—Destruction of Torre del Greco—Appearance of Pompeii—Excursion to Pæstum—View of Salerno—The walls and temples of Pæstum—Italian beggars—Return—Nocera—Its ancient church—Resina—Herculaneum—Excursions to Vesuvius—The hermitage—Change of weather—Ascent of the cone—Return to Naples—Church of St. Martino—Virgil's Tomb—Caserta—The Palace and Aqueduct.

Naples, February 13th, 1838.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am now on the eve of leaving Naples, and must therefore briefly relate to you what I have witnessed since my last communication. The next morning after our excursion to Baiæ, we started off at an early hour for Pompeii, intending before we returned to extend our journey to Pæstum. The weather, though somewhat cold, continued pleasant; indeed, take it all and all, there was now exhibited to us one of the most clear and brilliant skies that we had seen in Italy. Our course lay along the shore of the beautiful bay of Naples, through Portici, Torre del Greco, and Torre della Nunciata. The road which we travelled was bordered on the one side by little villas, country houses, and gardens, and on the other by the sea-shore. A superb palace of

the King of Naples also stood by the wayside, and our eyes were frequently regaled, during our morning ride, with the view of highly-cultivated gardens, rich vineyards, and flourishing towns. But as we passed through these towns, and saw the busy mart and thronged streets, we could not but remember how often, since the commencement of the Christian era, awful Vesuvius, which just in the back ground lifted its dark, frowning summit on high, had summoned up a burning deluge from its deep crater, and emptied it upon equally flourishing towns, that had stood on these very spots. Indeed, when I looked this way and that, and saw, in almost every direction, masses of black lava, that still remained uncovered with vegetable mould, and called to mind the history of this neighbourhood, I could not doubt, but while riding through the populous streets of Portici and Torre del Greco, I was riding over the tops of human habitations, and the ruins of many towns, buried one beneath the other. We had left Resina on the left, beneath which we knew was the ancient Herculaneum, deeply entombed; and I was reminded by one of my travelling companions of the disaster which befell another ill-fated town on the line of our route, some fifty years ago, which, in a single day, was blotted out from human view. Riding along amid this wreck of cities, with Vesuvius full in view, peering up in awful majesty, and emitting volumes of smoke, I could not but look with awe and terror upon that mysterious mountain, and think with increased reverence of that Eternal Being, who kindled and keeps alive the mysterious fires that burn beneath it.

The distance of Pompeii from Naples was such as to enable me to spend some hour or more in musing upon

the history of the volcanic eruptions of Vesuvius. I shall by no means inflict these cogitations *en masse* upon you, but simply call your attention to two or three of the most remarkable of these eruptions. To them my own mind was directed by what I had read and heard of Pompeii. We were now approaching this interesting spot. I was naturally led to contemplate the scene exhibited on the day of Pompeii's destruction. You have read the younger Pliny's Letter to Tacitus, in which he describes this horrible catastrophe, which occurred in the year 79. Pliny the younger, you recollect, was an eye-witness to this scene. His uncle, Pliny the elder, who had a very philosophic mind, was, at the first appearance of this eruption, at Cape Misena, where he had the command of the Roman fleet. It appears that he left Misena, to obtain a nearer view of this grand spectacle, and fell a victim to his curiosity at Stabia, where he was suffocated by the shower of falling ashes. The eruption at this time must have been most terrific. The volcano suddenly opened with a tremendous explosion; a thick volume of smoke issued, rising in the form of a cone; the sky was obscured during three days; the waters receded from the sea-shore; and the volcano emitted ashes, gravel, lava, rocks, sulphur, hot stone, and other substances, in such immense quantities, as to cover the towns of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabia. Pliny, you recollect, says, large portions of the inhabitants of Pompeii and Herculaneum were sitting in the theatres at the moment this awful eruption broke forth. Though neither of these towns was completely buried up at once, yet the showers of ashes and hot stones fell so thick—so completely were all the streets blocked up—so perfectly darkened were the heavens—

and so horror-struck were the inhabitants, running this way and that, some to find their friends, and others to secure their portable property, that many thus unquestionably perished that might have otherwise escaped. Others would not leave their wealth, but staid to protect their property, till they and their wealth were entombed beneath the falling masses, that issued like the ocean's tide from the burning crater of Vesuvius. Such was the scene in the day of Pompeii's destruction.

While torrents of water and immense quantities of ashes, as well as stones of an immense size and weight, during an eruption, are thrown from the crater to an incredible height and distance, it is said the lava simply runs over the edge of the crater, or issues from the opening sides of the mouth, and moves slowly down like a stream of molten lead or melted glass. The stream thus rolling along, sometimes rises to the height of fifteen feet, spreading out to an immense width, desolating vineyards and fields, and covering up villages and towns in its awful course.

I felt particularly interested in an account that I heard of the destruction of Torre del Greco, which occurred in 1794. It was late in the evening of a lovely day in June. Vesuvius had for some time ceased to vomit fire. Many began to think that the flames which had burned so long within the womb of this awful mountain, had finally become extinguished. The air was balm, and all nature seemed to repose in that sweet tranquil state, which we sometimes behold after a day of intense heat, when the evening breezes from the ocean fan us with their refreshing breath. Suddenly the earth shook and trembled as though the day of her last doom had come. The inhabitants of this town, which

had so frequently been buried beneath the eruptions of Vesuvius, aroused from their slumbers, fled half-naked from their houses into their gardens, and from thence to the sea-side, where they passed the night in a state of great consternation. The tremour was communicated to the city of Naples. The next morning there appeared in its streets vast processions of men, women, and children, walking barefoot to the Cathedral of St. Januarius, to implore his protection. For several days the hot summer air seemed loaded with vapours, and at intervals the whole sky would for several minutes become suddenly darkened. During this time also, there were occasional slight shocks of an earthquake, accompanied by a rumbling sound, like distant thunder. On the fourth day, late in the evening, the inhabitants were again alarmed by a noise that came upon the ear like the continual discharge of cannon. Then in a moment, there burst forth not from the summit, or old crater of Vesuvius, but from the western side of the mountain where the earth had hitherto appeared solid and unbroken, an awful volcano. The explosion made every edifice in Torre del Greco tremble. From the ruptured earth on this side of the mountain, there issued a column of smoke, that, mounting up, continually increased in magnitude till it formed itself into the shape of an immense pine tree. This column was sometimes clearly distinguished, and at others obscured by ashes: it continued augmenting rapidly in circumference, till at length it began to decline downward, and then soon after fell to the earth. Torrents of burning lava now poured down the mountain in several directions. One stream, about a mile in breadth, bent its destructive course towards Torre del Greco, which then contained eighteen thou-

sand inhabitants. This torrent of lava, desolating in its progress the whole hill leading down from Vesuvius, swept away every tree and house in its course, till it reached Torre del Greco. The terrified inhabitants had already commenced their flight towards Naples. It was a scene of hurry, flight, and consternation, not unlike that, probably, which the last day will exhibit. But *then* there will be no refuge to which the wicked can flee. The awful burning torrent came on, and rolled its waves over the dwellings of Torre del Greco, just as the rising tide rolls the sea over the variegated and beautifully pencilled shells that lie strewn on the beach. It still rolled forward, till it reached the sea, on whose shores it deposited vast masses of lava. The tops of some of the loftiest buildings were just visible at Torre del Greco, while all the country through which the lava ran was a desert.

Since the great eruption in 79, Vesuvius has poured forth its burning contents about forty times. In 1822, as you may recollect, there was a tremendous explosion, by which some seven hundred feet of the top of this mountain were torn off.

I could not but think, as I rode along through Torre del Greco, and beheld the flourishing town that had grown up there within fifty years upon the ruins of the one that stood there before it, and the manifest sense of security which the inhabitants seem to exhibit, how insensible men become to danger, and how soon the remembrance of the judgments of God pass from their minds.

But I am keeping you too long from Pompeii, which is about twelve miles from Naples, and which, you know, was not only covered up by the eruption in 79

from Mount Vesuvius, but the place it occupied was soon forgotten, and remained unknown to the world for nearly sixteen centuries, when it was accidentally discovered by some peasants employed in cultivating a vineyard near the Sarno.

In drawing near Pompeii I felt that I was approaching one of the greatest wonders on the earth—a town that, with all its edifices, houses and temples, furniture and provisions, was suddenly entombed, and remained in its grave for sixteen centuries unknown and forgotten, now laid open, and disclosing every thing in perfect preservation, save the human face divine, just as it was almost two thousand years ago. Here I was to see the streets, the houses, the frescoes which decorated their walls, the temples, the theatres, and market-places, just as they were eighteen centuries ago.

I had already seen in the museum at Naples a thousand relics brought from this spot—all manner of cooking utensils—all the various paraphernalia of living—the statues that adorned the habitations of the great—the manifold apparatus with which the fashionable lady made her toilette—the remains of the fruit and food on which families had dined, and the very papyrus on which their literature was inscribed.

There was something deeply affecting in a thousand facts connected with this buried city. Destruction came upon them just as the flood came upon the old world—just as the deluge of fire came upon Sodom. They were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, immersed in pleasure and business, up to the awful moment in which the mountain, at the bidding of Jehovah, uttered its voice of thunder, and poured forth its awful torrents of destruction.

Many perished on the very spot where they were occupied at the moment of this fatal explosion. The skeleton of the mule and its driver were found at the corn-mill where they laboured. The bones of the mistress, with the gold ring upon her finger, lay near the whitened skeletons of the maids that attended her. The mother clasping even unto death her infant child in her arms, as she sat on a circular sheltered seat by the wayside, was plainly discernible. The priest was found in the temple, and the mechanic in the workshop. Many, doubtless, escaped. Some, however, would not leave their wealth, but preferred, just as men do now, to sacrifice all to this. There were some that knew not whither to go amid the darkness and showers of hot stones and ashes, and blocked up streets. Some preferred the shelter of their own dwellings to an attempt to brave the sulphureous vapour—the appalling darkness and terrific showers of red hot stones. The judgment-day alone can reveal the horrors, the sinkings of heart, the despair, the agony of that sad hour !

I had supposed that Pompeii, like Herculaneum, was quite under the ground, but I found that the part of it that was disinterred stood on a level with the surrounding country, and we could drive into its streets just as we could enter any other modern Italian town. This town originally stood on the river Sarno, and its walls were washed on the one side by the sea. The bay, however, has now receded, and is full a mile distant from these ruins. Its present situation is very beautiful, it being located in the midst of a fertile country, commanding a view of Vesuvius, the Apennines, and the sea. I shall not pretend to give you any detailed

account of the several streets through which I passed, or the various houses I visited. We entered Pompeii by the Street of the Tombs and Diomede's Villa. All that I had read in relation to the pavements of the streets, the gates of the city, the spacious gardens, the apartments of the dwellings, the mosaics of the floors, and the frescoes of the ceilings, I found literally true. I did not fail to explore the cellar where Diomede, with a bunch of keys in one hand, and a purse of gold in the other, perished; while the skeletons of numerous other individuals that lay strewn around him, but too clearly proved that they with him had fled here for shelter. The house of Sallust, and of the Faun, the Forum Civile, the Fanes of Jupiter and Venus, the Basilica, the Temple of Isis, the Amphitheatre, and a hundred other places, too numerous to specify, were visited. Indeed the sun was beginning to decline before we left this scene of wonder.

I am satisfied that a few hours' stroll through the streets of Pompeii will give one a livelier and more accurate idea of the mode of life of the ancient Romans, than all the books in the world. Their temples, theatres, basilicas, and forums, are on the most splendid scale; while their private dwellings are small, and appear to have been built without much reference to comfort; showing that, like the French, and many of the present inhabitants of the continent, they passed most of their time in the open air, or at places of public resort.

As I have before mentioned, the excursion we had planned, contemplated a visit to Pæstum. We purposed to reach Salerno, and take up our lodgings there for the

night. We had already lingered so long amid the ruins of Pompeii, that we felt that it was necessary now to urge our way onward. After leaving this scene of wonder we soon crossed the river Sarno, and found ourselves moving on through a rural and beautiful vale, which in some respects reminded us of some of the rich valleys of our native land, but in others, was totally unlike any thing ever seen in our country. We at home have all the fertility of an Italian soil, and the beauty of Italian scenery ; but not the forms of degradation and human wretchedness which here every where meet the eye amid these scenes of loveliness. The country between the Vale of Sarno and the city of Salerno is in general very picturesque. "It is a deep and romantic pass through the Apennines. The hills on either hand are lofty, wild, and broken : in some places they are beautifully wooded, and in others the heights are crowned with villages and solitary convents, old fortresses and towers, which sometimes appear almost beyond the reach of human footsteps." The vales through which we tracked our way are exceeding fertile, and were covered with verdure and bloom, and groves of oranges, which appeared in strange contrast with the snow-clad summits of the Apennines that peered above us.

"On the right the mountains extend for many miles towards the Mediterranean, terminating in the lofty cape of Sorrento, dividing the bay of Naples from that of Salerno to the south." As we pressed our way on, the shades of evening were beginning to gather around us, when we suddenly emerged from the defile in the mountains, and the broad gulf of Salerno lay before us, stretching out in exquisite beauty. It is certainly not inferior to the bay of Naples. Lofty mountains encom-

pass this broad sheet of water, while here and there along its solitary shores, is perched a village upon the rocks, that beetle over its bright waters.

We thought the approach to Salerno exceedingly beautiful. You know this place is celebrated by the poets of the Augustan age for its enchanting position; and the view of Amalfi, a short distance to the right, pitched on the side of a mountain, overhanging the bay, appeared surprisingly picturesque.

Although the day had been much milder than the morning promised, as the evening closed in, the chilliness imparted to the atmosphere led us to think of the good cheerful fires that we were wont to enjoy in our own native land. We had been recommended to a certain inn, *L'Hotel des Etrangers*, at Salerno, where we readily found lodgings for the night, although the house had all the cheerless aspect of an Italian inn; damp naked walls, stone floors, without any kind of carpeting, and cold rooms, without fires, or any apparatus for warming them. We, however, by dint of perseverance, succeeded in obtaining the occupancy of a room which had a fireplace in it; so we got along very comfortably for the night. Our *veturino* called us up before the dawn of morning light, assuring us in his semi-Italian French, that if we went to Pæstum and returned to this place again during the day, we must be stirring at once. This was an arrangement previously settled upon, as there was no comfortable lodging-place any where between Salerno and Pæstum. We of course instantly obeyed his mandate, and finding our breakfast already prepared, we soon despatched it, and were actually on the way before the sun was up. The air was

cold, and though the fields around were carpeted with green, the thousand snow-clad peaks of the Apennines that peered up in awful grandeur on the left, gave a chilling aspect to the whole scenery. For some time we passed along a wide alluvial plain, bordered on one side by a chain of the Apennines, rising in rugged fantastic peaks, and on the other by the sea. This, I believe, is the country from which Salvator Rosa drew so many of his scenes. The peasantry, which we saw in large groups in the fields and by the side of the roads, with their swarthy Calabrian faces, short white kilts, and pyramidal hats, appeared exceedingly like those that figure in the paintings that I have seen sketched by his pencil. As we passed along, we saw several threshing-floors in the fields, like those alluded to in Scripture and described by Homer. The first part of our ride revealed to us quite a picturesque country; diversified with mountain scenery, villages, towns here and there in the distance, churches and convents, with vast droves of domesticated buffaloes and white oxen roving at large in the fields, and on the plains. One thing is quite remarkable: the cattle here, in certain sections, not only appear to be of one breed, but of one colour. The last ten miles of our course lay through a low, desolate, dreary-looking country, where we scarcely saw a human habitation. We were obliged to be ferried over the river Silarus, as the bridge had been carried away. This whole region, I believe, especially in the summer, is so visited with malaria, as to be almost uninhabitable. As we drew near Pæstum, and entered through its fallen gates, and observed its mouldered and dilapidated walls, such a stillness pervaded the whole surrounding country, such a dreary waste spread before the eye,

that the mind became powerfully impressed with the majesty of the ruins we were about to visit.

I will not attempt to give you any account of the origin of this ancient town, but simply remark, that the temples of Pæstum, which we beheld standing in almost a perfect state, as to their columns and outer walls, were visited nearly two thousand years ago by Augustus Cæsar, as venerable antiquities even in his day. They appear, however, to have been totally forgotten, and enshrouded in the deep impenetrable shades of oblivion for many centuries, till at length they were discovered and brought to the knowledge of the world in the middle of the last century, by a young Neapolitan painter, who was wandering through this wild and deserted region, and accidentally stumbled upon these noble specimens of Grecian architecture. As I rode along over the deserted and grass-covered ground where this populous city once stood, I could not but think how many human creatures had lived here,—had been agitated with human passions, had hoped and feared, joyed and sorrowed, laboured and toiled for wealth, pleasure, honour, and distinction, and had all passed away, and gone into eternity. Now, not even the name of one of those ten thousand beings who figured on the stage, or moved down the stream of human existence, is remembered. To what, after all, do earthly honour and posthumous fame amount?

The remains of the three ancient temples now standing, range along the solitary plain in a direct line, within the distance of less than half a mile. All these probably fronted upon the main street of the city, no traces of which, however, now appear.

Of these temples many have written. I need not

describe them particularly. They struck me as the most chaste and perfect specimens of architecture I had ever seen. This remark applies with peculiar force to the temple dedicated to Neptune. It is in the shape of a parallelogram, two hundred feet in length, and eighty in breadth, with two fronts, the one facing the east, and the other the west, each supported by six massive columns. On either side are twelve pillars of the same dimensions, which with those just noticed, make thirty-six in all. This is supposed to be the oldest edifice now in existence, and to date to a period anterior to the finished models of the Grecian orders. The material out of which this temple is built, is a porous species of stone, believed to be petrifications, brought from the banks of the Silarus. The stone is of a rich orange hue, and presents a fine aspect when viewed at a moderate distance.

The Basilica stands a few rods south of the temple of Neptune, to which it bears a strong resemblance in its general aspect.

The temple of Ceres stands at a little distance on the other side, and is very like these other edifices, except its proportions are lighter and more elegant. Wild bushes, brambles, and thistles surround these temples, and cover the site of ancient Pæstum. There are some obscure remains of a theatre and amphitheatre. The walls of the tower, with their ramparts, which are about three miles in circumference, are still very visible. They had four gates placed at right angles, corresponding with the cardinal points of the compass. After having lingered for several hours around these wonderful temples, we ascended the walls, and followed them nearly half-way round the city. It is supposed that this town once

stood upon the sea-shore, which is now full half of a mile distant. It is no longer possible to fix even upon the site of the port which tradition says, Jason and Ulysses, Hercules and Pyrrhus, once visited. The survey of these ruins left a melancholy impression upon my mind. Every thing around seemed to be in keeping. The day was dull and hazy. The sun was shrouded in gloom ; not a single spot of clear sky was visible. An offensive effluvia seemed constantly exhaled from the marshy grounds around us. The only living beings that we met were a soldier or two, a shabby-looking cicerone, and the occupants of some miserable huts of modern construction, near the ancient temples, who came around us in crowds, importunately demanding alms. This is one of the greatest annoyances in Italy. Go where you will, you will be assailed with an army of beggars. The places of most interest are most infested with them. Our landlord at Salerno had put us up a cold collation, to which we were now disposed to address ourselves, but crowds of these ragged, filthy beggars pressed so closely upon us, that we were obliged to desist, and restrain our appetite until we had passed the walls, and were again under way.

We reached Salerno in good season, where, having spent the night, we again at the early dawn of morning, started on our journey, as we were anxious to reach Resina in season to ascend Vesuvius before evening. One of the towns which I neglected to mention through which we passed on our way from Pompeii to Salerno, was Nocera. A little way beyond this town, not far from the road, stands a church which is said to have been built about the time of Constantine. Its form is orbicular, and its roof supported by a double circle of

thirty Corinthian columns of superb marble. In the centre of the church there is an antique font for the immersion of adults. We left our vehicle on our return, and went to take a survey of this piece of antiquity. Adjoining it, we found a modern chapel had been erected, as the old church was no longer fit for use. Though it was early in the morning, a large congregation were assembled, while one or two gorgeously clad priests were celebrating mass. Two old grey-headed, limping, shabby-looking men, approached us the moment we stepped from our carriage, each offering to be our guide. They hobbled each along before us, contending which should have this honour: we followed, and they led us directly into the midst of this worshipping congregation. As we found very little to edify us here, and our time was precious, we endeavoured very silently to retire, when, to our utter astonishment, full one-half of the worshippers followed us out—men, women, and children; and the custode of the old church having preceded us with his large bunch of keys, we marched in, quite in procession. We soon understood why we were favoured with so numerous an attendance. Each one of the crowd began to importune us for a *buono mano*. We despatched our sight-seeing, and scattering around a few carlini, got away from this crowd as well as we could.

It was about mid-day when we reached Resina. Our first object was to find the celebrated guide that conducts visitors to the top of Vesuvius. We found him very complaisant and obliging. He promised that in a few minutes a train of horses, bridled and saddled, should be at our disposal, and himself in readiness to ascend with us to the summit of Vesuvius. In the mean

time we went to take a look at Herculaneum. We found it indeed under ground. It was like descending into a deep mine, and after we were there, we could see nothing but with torch-light. The excavations at Herculaneum are comparatively limited. Very little is to be seen except the theatre. The sound of the carriage wheels in the streets over our heads, seemed like thunder, and reminded us of that awful crash of conflicting elements, that was heard at the moment that this ancient city was buried beneath the eruption from Vesuvius.

When we had again come up from these depths of darkness, and reached the residence of our guide, we saw before his door such a crowd of horses, donkeys, and mules, that we could hardly get in. Each one of these quadrupeds, bridled and saddled, had one or two stout, dark, brawny attendants, who were each one clamorous in recommending to our acceptance the animal of which he had the care. We referred the choice to our guide, who selected horses for each one of us, upon which we were speedily mounted, and on our way. Either our guide's judgment in horseflesh was none of the best, or he had a most singularly poor lot of animals to select from, for we had hardly gone a half of a mile, before the beast upon which I rode nearly gave out. Fortunately there were several supernumerary horses in our cavalcade, and I was supplied from these with an animal but little better than the first, though he succeeded in reaching the Hermitage before he completely gave out. The path we took led through one of the streets of Resina, and then through the outskirts of the town, up a considerable acclivity, towards the side of the mountain. For a while we saw orchards,

vineyards, and cultivated fields on each side, with here and there a human habitation. But soon we came to vast beds of lava, which had come down the mountain during different eruptions, in molten torrents, and congealed in dark, shapeless masses, about which not a blade of verdure is to be seen. The language of a previous traveller, perhaps, will best convey an idea of the scene as it now opened upon us.

"A more dreary, gloomy picture cannot be imagined. The belts of lava are of the width of broad rivers, sometimes a mile in breadth, extending from the cone to the margin of the bay. Protuberances five or six feet in height, and of the most fantastic shapes, are scattered over the hideous track, having nearly the same degree of roughness that a torrent of water would assume in rolling down the hill, and freezing as it broke over the obstacles opposing its passage. The complexion and general appearance of the beds at a distance is not unlike that of a newly-ploughed field, in a rude state, with a black soil."

When we had passed over a little more than half of the distance from Resina to the base of the cone, we reached the Hermitage, a solitary white house, kept by a monk, who has a chapel where he performs solitary devotions, and a refectory, from which he supplies travellers with whatever refreshments they desire. This solitary human habitation stands upon a high ridge, covered with soil, in which verdure and shrubbery have started up. This eminence of land seems like a sort of island, surrounded by broad torrents of lava on either hand.

When we started from Resina, the weather appeared mild, and though the morning had been rather dull and

misty, the heavens were bright and sunny, with only here and there the broken fragments of a cloud. But before we reached the Hermitage, we found that we had passed into a different region of atmosphere. The heavens too appeared to be wrapped in mist, and it was only now and then, when the passing gust of wind rolled away these dense columns of mist, that we could catch a transient view of the scene of beauty that lay beneath us—the vast surrounding country, the extended bay of Naples, its azure waters, its islands, its white sails, the splendid circle of towns, and the green shores that lay spread out like some fairy scene of enchantment. We began to fear that we should lose all our labour in ascending Vesuvius, as the mist seemed to gather in such wreaths around the summit of the mountain. We were exceedingly glad, however, to reach the hermitage, and warm ourselves by a comfortable fire. We had no sooner become comfortably warm, than we were summoned to a repast, which though got up coarsely, seemed all in the way of an act of hospitality, for which, however, we afterwards paid a round price in settling with our guide. Our meal being despatched, we left the Hermitage, and, mounted on another set of horses, we picked our way as well as we could, through a rough sea of lava, that looked more desolate and rigid than any thing we had before encountered, till at length we came to the base of the cone. Here we were to leave our horses. We found, upon our arrival, some twenty persons assembled to take charge of our horses, and assist us up the mountain. All these, of course, were to be paid for their services, though we had no need of one-half of them.

The acclivity from this point rises, with an angle of

about forty-five degrees, and the side of the mountain is covered with cinders, ashes, and loose stones, into which, every step you take, your foot sinks up to the knee. The summit which we were to reach was between three and four thousand feet above the level of the sea. I and my companions started on foot to climb the side of this cone. I soon found, though I had the arm of our guide to assist me, that with my weak chest this was an Herculean labour. The wind blew very fiercely, and a sort of mist or rain began to fall around us. The guide advised me to take the sedan-chair. I soon found myself elevated upon the shoulders of six or eight stout Italians, who went floundering along through the deep cinders, and giving occasionally in their upward ascent, a position to my seat that threatened to land me at one leap at the bottom of the mountain. It required less than an hour to reach the summit, when my panting bearers seemed very glad to set down their load as I certainly was to be set down. We were now a considerable distance from the crater, and were obliged to walk up and down various ridges of lava that seemed like a desolate waste of hills and valleys. Unfortunately, the mist continued very dense, so that we could only see a few yards before us. The air was also very cold and chilling, and to crown our disappointment, it now began to rain. The guide led us on over various beds of lava, that had not yet grown cold, till we came within a few rods of the crater. In the deep gaping crevices of these beds of lava which we passed, we saw the fire still burning. We very soon heard a tremendous explosion, like the discharge of small arms, in the deep cavern below, and then there fell around us a shower of stones, and a stream of lava run

over the top of the crater, which, however, we could not see, as it was wrapped in dense mist, and we did not think it prudent to approach nearer—but our guide rushed forward, and having scraped up some of the molten lava, placed upon it a piece of coin, which sunk down into it, leaving a perfect impression of its stamp and shape upon the lava when it became cold.

These explosions took place every five or ten minutes, and one of them was so tremendous, that our guide hurried us away from the mouth of the crater, lest its hot outpourings should be emptied upon our heads. Hoping that the mist would roll away, we retired to a spot where the lava ejected in 1834, was still burning in deep crevices below, and placed our feet over them to get warm. We soon found our boots and clothes and persons quite as warm as if we had sat at the mouth of a furnace. Some of our fifty attendants had pulled away the lava that lay near the surface of one of these fissures, and placed there some eggs which were speedily cooked to perfection. These, with some bread and wine which they had brought, furnished us, after our toil, quite a savoury repast. As the weather grew no better, but the rain rather increased, we reluctantly started to return. I had no need of any one to help me down the side of the mountain. A few minutes only were necessary to bring us again, in our rapid descent, to the base of the cone, where we found our horses in waiting, and made our way back as speedily as possible to Resina. As we descended to the foot of the mountain, the temperature became more mild, the rain ceased, and all was calm and beautiful. As we looked back, however, towards the summit of Vesuvius, we saw it still turbaned in wreaths of mist, and had no doubt that wind and rain

and storm still prevailed there. When we reached Resina, we found our fifty attendants all assembled in the yard, and all clamorous for a *buono mano*, although a sufficient remuneration for their services had, by our order, already been given them by our guide. We were glad to get out of the reach of their clamour, and still more so to reach our quiet quarters.

My fatigue was such after these various excursions, that I was glad to spend a day or two quietly. By way of variety, however, I visited next day the church of St. Martino, which stands near the castle of St. Elmo, where we have a splendid view of Naples and its bay. This church is thought more splendid and beautiful than any other sacred edifice in Naples. In paintings, and marbles, and precious stones, it is indeed a perfect gem. A large convent is connected with this church. As from this point you look down, you see immediately below, the garden of the convent,—and still below this, the immense city of Naples, with its flat-roofed houses, its thousand streets that appear like footpaths, and its countless inhabitants moving to and fro like so many pigmies; then beyond, you behold the bay, its islands, its circling shore crowded with cities and towns, and, a little farther back, Vesuvius, and the vast chain of the Apennines.

I this day also went to visit Virgil's tomb, which stands in a niche in the mountain, just above the arch of the entry to the Grotto of Pausilipo, fronting the city. I certainly had much higher anticipations in relation to the tomb of the poet, than were realised; and I was here strikingly reminded of the remark of one of our fellow-travellers, who often exclaimed, "*This sight-seeing in Europe, is, after all, a mere humbug.*"

We started this morning at an early hour to visit Caserta, the aqueduct and palace in its vicinity. This palace is said, in point of size and architecture, to be the most splendid royal residence existing. The day proved very unpleasant, and had we not been in a close carriage, we should have found ourselves drenched with continual showers. We found the palace at Caserta a most magnificent edifice, about eight hundred feet in length, and four hundred in breadth, and three stories high besides the attic. The interior of this royal residence is in many respects very splendid. The stairway can hardly be surpassed in grandeur. It springs from the central arch, and ascends by a flight of marble steps nearly thirty feet in breadth to the first story, where there is a spacious landing, and thence two other flights of nearly the same width, rise laterally on each side of the former, to the second floor. In an alcove opposite the foot, stands a colossal figure of Hercules, while the head of the steps is guarded by two beautiful lions in marble. Balustrades and Ionic columns of the richest materials and most finished workmanship adorn the upper flights. The labyrinth of splendid and gorgeously decorated apartments through which we were led, almost turned my head. This edifice cost about five millions of dollars. The King of Naples has nearly a dozen palaces of a similar character, while one-fourth of the population of his kingdom are beggars. The aqueduct is five miles beyond Caserta. It is a stupendous work, stretching across a deep, retired, rural vale half a mile or more in width. It is constructed of yellowish stone, and wide enough at the top for a coach to pass along over it. It is said the king has ridden across it in his chariot. It is of two hundred feet in

height, consisting of triple rows of arches, extending from hill to hill, and presenting a view of much grandeur. The conduit is five feet deep, and eight or ten from the top. Unless we regard this structure as intended for ornament, we are led to wonder why *Charles III.*, who built it, did not proceed upon the simple principle, that let water descend as low as you please, it will again rise to a level with the source whence it emanates. All the ancient aqueducts seem to have been built without any recognition of this principle. We were favoured, in this excursion, with a view of some choice bits of scenery—lofty ranges of hills, crowned with ruins of old fortresses and towers, and skirting as verdant and fertile vales as the eye ever gazed upon. But upon the whole, we were glad to bring our excursion to an end, and enjoy the pleasure of a comfortable, dry shelter, while the unceasing rains without fell pattering upon our roof, as, I expect, you will be glad that I am now bringing this long communication to a close. When you hear from me again, I presume it will be from the city upon the seven hills, as all our arrangements are made to start for Rome to-morrow.

Yours truly, &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

PASTORAL LETTER FROM NAPLES.

Brief recapitulation of the route of travel from Gibraltar to Naples—State of health—Season of Lent—Motives to spiritual improvement.

THE following is the second communication sent by the author to his flock, agreeably to the arrangement before noticed.

Naples, February 13th, 1838.

MY DEAR PEOPLE,

I had the pleasure of addressing a communication to you about six weeks since from Gibraltar, which I presume you have already received. I then intimated that I would write you again in the course of a few weeks. In conformity with this intimation, I send you a few lines from this point of my travels.

I left Gibraltar early in January for Malta, on board of an English steamer. The trip, which it required nearly a week to accomplish, was rendered particularly agreeable by the company of Dr. Carr, the recently consecrated Bishop of Bombay, who was then on his way to his diocese. Bishop Carr has been in India for more than twenty years. He appears to be a truly humble, devoted, evangelical minister of Christ. His account of missionary labours in India corroborated all

my previous impressions in relation to the feasibility of establishing the Gospel among the heathen. I hope your efforts in this cause will not be intermitted but redoubled during my absence.

I spent about two weeks in Malta. This island is an interesting spot from its being the place where St. Paul landed after his shipwreck, mentioned in Acts xxviii. 1. I visited the shores where tradition has fixed the scene of disaster described Acts xxvii., and the creek or harbour where the ship run aground, which is called St. Paul's Bay. Malta has been the theatre of much strife and bloodshed, and has successively fallen into the hands of almost every European power. The Maltese, however, described by St. Paul, as "a barbarous people," have retained many of the original traits of their character. None of their rulers seem to have left such deep and broad impressions of their influence as the Knights of St. John. The strong castles, the elegant palaces, the magnificent and richly adorned churches and cathedrals which meet you at almost every turn on this rocky isle, seem to carry you back to the age of knight-errantry, while the poverty, the degradation, the ignorance, the superstition and bigotry of the Maltese show that the reign of papal darkness is here still unbroken !

From Malta I went to Sicily, and spent a day or two in walking amid the ruins of ancient Syracuse. This city in its most flourishing period is said to have contained more than a million of inhabitants. As I looked over the extended area where this mighty population once dwelt in magnificence and splendour, and could see nothing but vacant fields and vineyards, with here and there a cottage, I thought, thus does all human

grandeur pass away, and the place that once knew the generations that lived knows them no more !

In passing from Syracuse to Messina we sailed under the brow of Mount Etna, and could distinctly see its snow-clad summit and the dense columns of smoke bursting forth from its burning crater.

From Messina I came by steamer to Naples. I have been here rather more than two weeks, and have had an opportunity of visiting most of the objects of interest in this vicinity. The once luxurious but now desolated Baiæ, the fabled Tartarus, the Cumæan Sibyl's cave, the Elysian fields, the tomb of Virgil, the ancient temples of Pæstum, the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and the burning summit of Vesuvius, all these have been successively visited. Many of them are objects of deep and absorbing interest, from the historical associations connected with them ; but I can truly say that I have not derived half the pleasure from looking upon any or all of these, that I should have done in delivering to you, my beloved flock, *one message of life*. Wherever I go I find my heart incessantly turning back to you, and constraining me earnestly to desire the opportunity of again addressing to you the messages of my Master. My absence from you is to me a sore trial.

I wish I could speak more unqualifiedly in relation to my health than I can. Though in some respects I hope there is already decided improvement in the general state of my health, still there are other symptoms of such a character as to compel me to regard the question of the final and permanent recovery of my health as still veiled in uncertainty. We must leave this entirely with the Lord. I hope that this season of rest from ministerial labour, which I am now enjoying, will

enable me to acquire such a degree of vigour, that I shall be enabled, at all events for a while, to continue to perform the office of a shepherd among you. I doubt not the Lord will order all these things for the best.

Allow me, as the season of Lent is at hand, to express the hope that it will not be a barren season with you. I cannot but remember how richly the dews of heavenly grace descended upon us last year; and I would lift up my prayers here, five thousand miles from you, to that God with whom is the residue of the Spirit, that he may pour upon the whole congregation the spirit of "repentance unto life." Oh! let the glad tidings come to me, that the reviving influences of the Holy Spirit have again been poured upon our Zion—that the professed people of the Lord are exhibiting the fruits of the Spirit, and that there are many new converts to righteousness. Such intelligence will be like a reviving cordial to my spirits in this barren land. I see around me nothing but papal darkness. Here in Naples is a population of four hundred and fifty thousand souls. They have an abundance of costly and magnificent churches, and priests numbered by thousands. But the people are in darkness, and perishing for lack of knowledge. No one is permitted to preach to them the simple truth of the gospel, for the dark banner of papacy waves over this whole region. You, my dear friends, have the light shining all around you. You hear and know the truth as it is in Jesus. Let me entreat you all to embrace and follow it. Do not forget that the judgment hour is hastening on, and then you will have to render an account for all your neglected and rejected religious privileges. May the Judge of all the earth

grant that we may be "wise unto salvation," and be prepared to meet him at his bar !

Divine Providence permitting, I intend to start to-morrow for Rome, where I shall probably remain several weeks, and from which place, if practicable, I will again address you.

Your affectionate pastor, &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN SCENERY.

Excursion to Rome—Passengers in the Diligence—Aspect of the country—Aversa—An accomplished beggar—Capua—Appian Way—*Mola di Gaeta*—Itri—Fondi—Terracina—Pontine Marshes—Forum Appii—Three Taverns—Albano—Approach to Rome—First day in Rome.

Rome, February 16th, 1838.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am now in Rome, the city so famed in ancient history, where are still the ruins of heathen temples, of edifices and palaces, that once filled the whole world with the renown of their magnificence and splendour. Here, too, is the seat and centre of papal influence. Perhaps no spot in the world, unless it be Jerusalem, contains more objects of interest than this city. But I am not in this letter going to tell you any thing about Rome, but shall give you a hasty sketch of my journey to this place. You know we were to leave Naples Wednesday morning. Our landlord knocked at our door some two hours before daylight, saying that the porter had called for our luggage, and that it was necessary that it should be in immediate readiness. We accordingly arose, and sent off our trunks to be packed for the journey. Soon another call came, saying all things were in readiness for our departure. We had engaged

our passage in a sort of diligence, and by written contract were to be carried to Rome in two days, without riding at night. We did not, therefore, protest against this early hour of starting, as we were anxious to avoid travelling in the evening, when the banditti that infest the road are most active. We supposed that our carriage was at the door below, as the proprietor had assured us it should be. We therefore took leave of our landlord, with our coats, cloaks, and umbrellas, in our hands, to stow them away in the vehicle. What was our surprise when we got into the street, to find that we had to walk to the office of the diligence, and that the rain was descending in floods! It was still very dark, and we followed on after our Italian guide, grumbling and scolding as he went, although we felt that we had far greater reason than he to grumble and scold. The only satisfaction that we got of the agent at the diligence office, for causing us to walk so far in the rain, was, that he supposed the carriage had been sent for us. The interior of the vehicle where we had taken seats, was constructed to hold four persons. As there were only two besides myself travelling in company, we of course expected that a fourth person would be put into the carriage along with us. We groped our way in the dark into the carriage, and before we were aware of it, found we were stumbling over our unknown quondam fellow-passenger, who was snugly ensconced in one corner of the diligence. It was rather a rude encounter that we made for a first introduction. We could not tell whether he was young or old, whether an African sun had burned upon him, or he had inhaled the vital air amid the regions of the north, till the dawn of morning. I had very little

apprehension, however, of his proving to be of the African race, as I had seen but one coloured man since I had reached the European continent. Amid the oppressions of tyranny, and beneath the sway of European despotic power, slavery, in the sense in which the term is ordinarily used in our country, does not exist. Amid the ten thousands of Italy, though so near the African coast, you scarcely ever see a coloured man. Our fellow-traveller soon manifested, by the use of our mother tongue, that he was of British or American origin. He proved to be a young painter, who had left England some two years since with a view of perfecting himself in his favourite art. He gave us rather an amusing account of a part that he had acted at a masquerade in the theatre at Naples, where the king and queen were present. He had assumed the dress and costume of a goatherd. What shocked me at this account, was, that this masquerade, sanctioned by the personal presence of the king, was held on Sunday evening. This will give you some idea of the state of morals in this land.

Our detention at the diligence office and the custom house was so long, that broad daylight began to glare upon us as we turned our backs upon the suburbs of Naples. For some time in the morning, the rain continued to fall in torrents, and the prospect before us appeared very cheerless. The day, however, turned out much pleasanter than the morning promised. We had frequent opportunities in the course of our ride, of witnessing some beautiful specimens of Italian scenery that lay stretched beneath a brilliant Italian sky.

The country on from Naples for some distance, appears very rich and fertile, and is chiefly devoted to

vineyards. The grounds on both sides of the way, as far as you can see over a vast plain, are covered with trees and shaded with vines hanging in festoons from tree to tree. The trees are generally planted in rows, and kept trimmed and cut off at the top. The first aspect of this part of the country appears very much like the extensive oak openings in Michigan. Aversa was the first populous town that we reached after leaving Naples, which is said to be located near the site of the ancient Atella, celebrated among the Romans for its *bon-mots* and witticisms, and for the invention of the dramatic farce. We stopped at Aversa but a few moments, but long enough to have a most appalling view of the idleness, degradation, and wretchedness of its inhabitants. They came about us like swarms of bees, demanding alms. One old man particularly attracted my attention. The morning was rather cold. This old man, with a haggard and sickly countenance, with an undressed beard, a form bent with age, only half covered with a tattered garment, and shivering in the cold, while tears rolled copiously down his cheeks, seemed the very genius of the land—an impersonation of the want and wretchedness to which this country is doomed, through the idleness of its inhabitants and the oppression of its rulers. Who could refuse to give to such an object of distress? Not one of us. Our charity seemed to warm his frame, and dry up his tears. He became marvellously comforted, and we began to suspect that he did not feel all the inward grief that his external appearance had indicated. He came into the inn and seemed quite at his ease. But directly another carriage drove up; and this old grey-beard instantly felt a new flood of lugubrious sensations

come over him. Every feature was worked up into an expression of despair, and as he stood at the door of the carriage of these new comers, extending his naked brawny arm with open palm to receive something, the tears again coursed down his cheek with singular facility. It is by trickery of this sort that these Italians are constantly practising upon travellers.

The next town of any importance which we reached was Capua, which is about fifteen miles from Naples. Here we stopped to get our breakfast. The meal did not prove to be of the most agreeable or palatable kind, and was very little calculated to remind us of the luxuries of the ancient capital of Campania. The town is situated upon the banks of the Volturno, a river of some size, whose turbid waters roll along beneath the very walls. Here, too, we were assailed with crowds of beggars. Every thing that met the eye appeared poverty stricken, and very little calculated to remind you of the town whose splendour, delicacies, and luxury ruined the legions of Hannibal; and which was once regarded as one of the three largest cities in the world. The ancient city has been completely swept by the wing of desolation. Some of the magnificent columns that adorned its once stately edifices have been gathered from the mass of its ruins, to beautify and support here and there a modern edifice.

We were not sorry to leave Capua, and push our way onward. After travelling ten or fifteen miles over rather an interesting country, we reached the village of St. Agatha, the environs of which are very beautiful, though possessing very little interest in itself. After leaving this Italian village, the next object of particular interest that we met was the ancient Siris, which

separated the ancient kingdoms of Latium and Campania, and is now called *Garigliano*. The marshes formed by this river reminded us of the fate of Marius, that proud Roman, who was so often victorious in the field, and enjoyed the high distinction of being chosen consul at seven different times. It was near this spot, that to avoid the pursuit of the satellites of Sylla, he was obliged to immerse himself in the mud of one of these fens. He was discovered, however, by his pursuers; but while he made them tremble by his stern look of dignity and displeasure, he delivered himself, by his intrepidity, out of their hands, and was permitted to escape to the shores of Africa, where, amid the ruins of Carthage, he sat down and mused upon the decline of his own fortune.

In all our course thus far we had, every now and then, touched upon sections of the Appian Way, and could not but be reminded of the distinguished Romans who had often travelled this route, more than two thousand years before. This was the scene of Cicero's and Horace's journeying, and also of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, who went along this very route, on his way to Rome, "*bound with a chain, for the hope of Israel.*"

As we passed on, we came to Mola di Gaeta, a large market-town, where we have a fine view of the sea, and from which we can also see the ancient town, advancing into the sea, said to have been founded by Æneas, in honour of Cajeta his nurse, who died there, and whose name the place still bears.* Our road now commanded a range of scenery of surpassing beauty.

* Æneid, book vii. line 1.

We had but just left Mola before we came to Cicero's ancient villa or country-house, and a little farther on, near the road, we saw his mausoleum, an old stone tower, two stories high, said to occupy the very spot where he fell by the hand of assassins, whilst escaping in a litter to elude the fury of Mark Antony.

I have not time to describe to you minutely either Itri, an old town romantically situated in a defile of the Apennines, or Fondi, one of the last towns in the Neapolitan dominions. Though the hills here are crowned with olives, and the vales produce corn and wine in abundance, the common people are among the most degraded of human beings. We were now coming into the vicinity infested by banditti. The sun had already declined. We were still many miles from Terracina, where we were to lodge for the night. The night soon closed in upon us. A part of our way was through deep and dark passes of the mountains; the very place where the freebooters usually sought their prey. We talked about our peril, and watched till most of our passengers grew weary, and fell asleep. We at length emerged from the wild and rugged hills, and our course lay along by the side of the sea, while on the other side the vast Apennines rose up to an immense height above us. All was silent in the carriage. The moon shone brightly without. The heavy waves of the sea, in long lines of foam, came at measured intervals, dashing up against the shore. It was the still hour of midnight—a time fit for meditation. Suddenly a thundering noise was heard. Our carriage stopped. All were instantly aroused from their slumbers. What was our disaster? Could it be an encounter with the banditti? No. It was the humble servitor of the custom-

house officer, demanding our passports! We had already entered within the territory of the Pope's dominions. We had reached Terracina, our destined lodging-place, the ancient Anxur, situated, as Horace describes, at the foot of the Apennines, on the shore of the Mediterranean, and backed with a mountain of rock, hanging over the town in impending masses, that seem ready to fall, and spread wide desolation beneath.

We were detained some time at the custom-house, and when we got to the inn, which was a huge stone edifice, as dark, and cold, and empty as a barn, it was some time before we could arouse any one. At length a sleepy, half-waked-up servant made his appearance. The passengers were generally out of sorts, and especially a group of Germans, who had occupied another apartment in the diligence. One of these, speaking first to the servant in French, and finding he did not understand that language, began to storm at him, and roll out such guttural sounds, and with a manner so vehement, and tones so like thunder, that the poor fellow stood pale and trembling, perfectly at a loss to know what to do. He held in his hand the only light there was in the house, and at length began to ascend a flight of steps. We all followed on, and he conducted us to the third story, where we found a dining-room. Here at length a fire was kindled, and preparation began to be made for our supper. In the course of half an hour, we were summoned to the meal. Our first course, as it always is in Italy, was soup. In this instance, it seemed very like what one of the company said it was, warm water, in which a piece of a tallow candle had been soaked. The next course brought us a dish of boiled fowls, which, from their toughness, we thought must have been coeval

with the ancient Romans. We, however, managed to make out our dinner. We had but a short time to sleep, but thought it best to try to get a few hours of rest. It was hardly dawn before we were again summoned to start upon our journey. With just a glance at the ruins of the temple of Apollo, situated some six hundred feet on the perpendicular cliffs above the town, we turned our backs upon Terracina, and soon found ourselves in the midst of the Pontine Marshes, which strongly reminded me of the marshes in the vicinity of some of the lakes of western New York. The road here runs along upon the ancient Appian Way, and there is very little to relieve the monotony of the way from one end of them to the other, a distance of about thirty miles; though from the drains and canals that have been cut, these grounds have become fit for pasturage and the plough. Scarcely any one lives here, and for the simple reason that they cannot live, so dreadful is the malaria that arises from these marshes. The reply of the pale and sickly-looking Italian peasant to the traveller who asked him, "How do the people make out to live here?" was very expressive,—*"They die."* Though the road is very beautiful and well made, and you see herds of cattle feeding by the way, scarcely a single human habitation meets the eye, save the villages seated along the brow of the mountains on the right, at the distance of four or five miles. Here, I am told, all the inhabitants reside, who descend at the healthy seasons to cultivate these grounds, and during the sickly months, remain in their own habitations, above the reach of the malaria.

Near the western border of the Pontine Marshes, we passed through Torre Tre Ponti, which is supposed to be the site of the ancient Forum Appii; and a few miles

farther we came to Cisterna, the place anciently designated *Tres Tabernæ*, the Three Taverns. Could I forget, as I passed over these spots, that the feet of the great Apostle to the Gentiles had trodden over this ground, and that here he had experienced the cheering influence of Christian kindness and sympathy? I took my pocket Testament and turned to Acts xxviii. 15, and read with an interest that I never before had felt—"So we went towards Rome, and from thence, when the brethren heard of us, they came to meet us as far as Appii Forum and the Three Taverns, (i. e. some of them came as far as Appii Forum, and others no farther than *Tres Tabernæ*,) whom when Paul saw, he thanked God and took courage." I could fully appreciate his feelings: he was a stranger in a strange land; he did not know that there was a friend in that country who would own or greet him. How delightful then to be met on the way by those who had never seen him, but who loved the Lord Jesus Christ, and were suffering reproach for his name! Paul, with all his Christian attainments, felt the power of human sympathy, and experienced that gush of sensibility and gladness which the unexpected face of a friend is calculated to call forth in a foreign land. Although during the course of the morning we passed through Velletri, one of the capitals of the ancient Volsci, the birthplace of the Emperor Augustus, I hardly retain a recollection of any thing connected with it, save its gloomy walls, dirty streets, and impoverished inhabitants. Genzano was another small town through which we passed, said to be celebrated for the beauty of its female peasantry. It was a sort of fête day, and the streets were filled with these Italian belles. Their costume was very singular. One thing I was struck with

all along the way—that often within the distance of a few miles, the dress and habits of the people seemed totally dissimilar. It is said that these peculiarities continue from century to century. We at length reached Aricia and Mount Albano, and were within some fifteen miles of Rome. The scenery here is magnificent. We felt we were treading upon classic ground. Here was the site of Albano, built by Ascanius four hundred years before Rome was founded. All along, before and around us, was the scene of a thousand historic events; and yonder in the distance, across the Campagna, which now stretched like a sea before us, were the remains of the Eternal City. The sun was beginning to decline, and we feared that the curtains of darkness would be drawn around us before we had feasted our eyes upon that wonderful city. We passed by many mausoleums situated along the road, that contained the ashes of unknown dead, who had lived and basked in the full blaze of Rome's ancient glory. Many of these sepulchral monuments were covered with grass and long towering weeds, and having stood the rains and winds of two thousand years, were now evidently fast falling to decay. Our ride across the Campagna was tedious. The whole plain seemed one dreary, desolate waste. The vast dome of St. Peter's peering up in the distance, marked the spot where Rome stood. All around us was a boundless common, a mighty plain, where no living creature seemed to move. As we drew near the city, all seemed desolate and silent. It now began to be dark; we moved on in silence, and scarcely knew that we were in the neighbourhood of a city, till we had actually passed the walls of that renowned capital which for centuries controlled the whole world. The same malaria that renders

the Pontine Marshes uninhabitable, pervades the whole vast Campagna, and for miles where ancient Rome used to stretch out her suburbs, and exhibit her ten thousand villas, and country seats, and beautifully cultivated farms and gardens, not the vestige of a human dwelling is now visible. We were stopped at the Neapolitan, or St. John's Gate, and after a slight examination, permitted to go on to the place of our destination in *Via de Condotti*. Though we passed by the Colosseum and several interesting ruins, it was too dark to enable us to form any idea of the objects around us. I tried to feel very sentimental, but was too fatigued, and too glad to find a comfortable room and bed, to spend any time in rhapsodising.

I did not rise at a very early hour this morning. My first business after getting my breakfast, was to find out the residence of the American Consul, with whom I found a package of letters bringing me intelligence from home. This was the first time I had received intelligence from home since I turned my back upon Philadelphia. Three months had now elapsed, and during all this time not one word had I heard. No one can know the feeling of such a moment, without experiencing it, when four thousand miles from his home he holds in his hands a bundle of letters in whose superscriptions he recognises the well-known chirography of dear friends, whom for months he has not seen or heard from, and knows not whether these letters will wake up joy in his soul or fill it with sadness. Do you wonder that the warm sympathy and affectionate assurances of continued regard that all these letters contained, and especially the delightful information respecting the health of my family and the prosperity of

my church, quite overpowered me, and caused me to weep for very joy? A stronger emotion cannot be awakened in my bosom by all the wonders of this wonderful city than I felt this morning while reading this package of letters from my dear friends in America. The day has been rainy. I have been about very little. As far as I have looked at modern Rome, I am better pleased with the aspect of things here than any spot I have met since I have been on the continent. We have obtained very comfortable lodgings in a private family, who reside at 23, *Via de Condotti*—a street which leads from the *Piazza de Spagna* to the Corso, the Broadway of Rome. In my next I shall tell you more about my lodgings, and the lions of this famous city. Carnival is just at hand; Lent, with all the ceremonies of the Romish Church, is just before us. Here a thousand ruins—a thousand magnificent churches—innumerable palaces—sculpture and picture galleries, are to be seen. Indeed I feel as though I had a winter's work before me. I purpose to stay here at least six weeks, and you must not be surprised if you receive six letters about Rome. I shall write every week, and what is uppermost in my mind I presume will come out.

Yours with much respect, &c.

CHAPTER XV.

GLIMPSES OF ROME.

The Carnival—The Corso—Maskers—Sports—Races—Consecration of the Carnival—The illumination—The last evening of the Carnival.

Rome, February 27th, 1838.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Some ten or twelve days have passed since the date of my last letter; and though I have employed almost all my time in sight-seeing, I feel that I have seen so little of Rome yet, that I scarcely can persuade myself to attempt to tell you any thing about this city at present. Indeed my principal object in this communication is to give you some account of the Carnival—which has been going on almost ever since I have been here. You are aware the walls of Rome, which are still standing, embrace a vast space of ground unoccupied at present by any buildings. These walls extend about sixteen miles in circumference, and enclose an area partly covered with the ruins of the ancient city, and in part occupied with modern Rome, which numbers a population of about a hundred and fifty thousand. Three of the seven hills, on which ancient Rome was built—the Palatine, the Aventine, and the Cœlian—are strewn with the rubbish of ruined palaces and temples, or occupied by vineyards and gardens, with a very few edifices of any kind. The other four, the Esquiline, Capitoline, Viminal and Quirinal,

are chiefly occupied by the modern city, which extends to a considerable distance over what was formerly an open space or plain, denominated the *Campus Martius*. In coming to Rome from Naples we entered the city of the Cæsars on the south. At a point nearly opposite this, though rather farther to the west on the other side of the city, is another gate, called the *Porta Del Popolo*, where they who come from Florence, or the north, naturally enter Rome. Here at this gate is a sort of *bowling green*, or beautiful open space, adorned with two white marble fountains crowned with colossal statues, and surrounded by three stately churches and other elegant buildings. This is denominated the *Piazza Del Popolo*. This is a sort of vestibule to the city, and is usually thronged on a fine afternoon not only with the carriages of cardinals, of the Italian nobility, and of the English and American gentry, but with vast companies on foot, on their way to the Borghese Villa without the walls, or to the Pincian Hill, the great promenade of Rome; which is easily reached by a terraced road winding its way up from this square. Three of the principal streets in the city terminate like radii in this square, enabling the eye to extend far up their vistas into the very heart of Rome. Of these streets, the middle one, which is the finest and most fashionable, is denominated the *Corso*. It runs in a straight line nearly a mile, is broad and handsomely paved. It is in this street that the principal fooleries connected with the Carnival are played off. Eight days before the commencement of Lent these amusements begin. Every window and balcony, from the topmost story down, looking out upon the Corso, is hung with crimson damask. Booths are put up at each end of the Corso with elevated seats; and all along, through

the whole extent of the street, every vacant spot is occupied with chairs and benches. Every window, balcony, door, and room that opens upon the Corso, is rented; and often at a very high price. The amusements usually commence not till afternoon. Then all these windows, doors, balconies, rooms, seats, booths, benches, and chairs, are filled with those who wish to be spectators of the Carnival. The Corso is crowded with an immense throng on foot, and with two long trains of carriages; the one moving up, and the other down, containing a respectable share of the splendour, beauty, and fashion of Rome. The principal source of amusement seems to consist in the masked appearance of many that throng the streets and crowd these carriages, and in the universal privilege assumed of throwing sugar-plums into the face of every person you meet. These sugar-plums are in fact made of lime, being manufactured for this purpose. Some persons throw away in a single afternoon two or three bushels. Every body who participates in the Carnival, goes supplied with this ammunition. They who occupy the windows and balconies throw them down upon those who pass beneath. They who move along the street, assail not only those whom they meet on foot and in carriages, but those who stand at the windows, and are firing down upon them from above. Just consider all the vast ten thousands that crowd through the Corso, engaged in this work. Every man that wears a dark-coloured coat looks like a miller. Every lady, with her gay costume and waving plumes, looks as though she had just come out of a meal barrel; and every carriage drawn by its richly caparisoned steeds, looks like a lime-cart. The incessant cloud of

missiles thus continues to fall like a shower of hail, without the least intermission, till the signal-gun is fired.

Among the maskers, every description of character is personated, except the Romish priest and Roman soldier. The power of the Pope depends too essentially upon the respect the people have for the gown, and the fear they have for the sword, not to make them privileged orders, and to shut out every attempt to weaken their influence.

The eastern costume, and that of our own American Indians, were in some instances successfully imitated. The Italian peasantry, the goatherd and shepherd, were in several instances very well represented. The grand effort, however, appeared to be to caricature the various professions. There were several attempts to personate the apothecary. In one instance, the principal pill-maker, dressed in the most grotesque style, walked along with two books under his arm, speaking only in the technical language of his art, followed by six attendants, who bore along on their shoulders the various instruments of pharmacy in colossal size, from the mortar to the syringe, large enough to put out a burning three-story house. Many of the masks seemed to be without design, unless it were to provoke a laugh; and some there were that would have provoked a laugh upon the marble face of gravity personified. I can scarcely convey to you an idea of them. Perhaps the oddity was more in the air and manner of the masker, than in the dress. I will just specify one out of a dozen equally grotesque forms, that every ten minutes passed before me. There was seen amid the crowd a tall and well-formed man, exceedingly genteel and graceful in all his movements. My attention was

attracted to his dress. He wore a straight-bodied coat, of damask green, exceedingly long-waisted, the skirts of which almost touched the ground. He had on a pair of breeches of intense yellow, with large silver buckles at the knees and upon his shoes. One of his long silk hose was white and the other black ; while his vest was of a deep crimson colour. His head, upon which there was no hat or cap, was covered with a grizzly grey wig, terminating behind in a long queue which hung dangling down his back, and to which there was appended, by way of ornament, a black reticule, and the inflated case of a large sausage. He appeared to be playing the part of a fop and a baker ; for while he was bowing most courteously, and with all the grimace of most exquisite politeness to every one that he met, whether they were gay ladies or goatherds, totally disregarding of the shower of lime thrown in his face, he at the same time was holding up an immense ring of bread, in the form of a hoop, commending its beautiful texture and delicious taste with all the volubility of an accomplished salesman.

The amusements of each of the eight days of Carnival are only a repetition of the fooleries of the preceding day. Usually, before the winding up of the display of the afternoon, the two magnificent carriages of the Roman Senator, each with its four horses, bearing him and his attendants, move up and down the Corso, to give increased effect and splendour to this empty pageant. As soon as he has finished the course, a gun is fired as a signal for the carriages to turn out of the Corso. In a short time not a carriage is to be seen. The space they occupied, however, is directly filled with a dense mass of living beings, standing so thick

through the whole length of the Corso, that one would think that they could not possibly move without treading upon each other. Soon, however, a cry is heard, "clear the way," and a company of dragoons, mounted upon spirited steeds and in full armour, are seen riding, as though upon a race, from the head of the Corso down through this immense mass of living beings. The multitude, as they come, give way, just as the ship displaces a portion of the water through which it passes; and then just as the displaced waves around that fast-sailing ship roll back to occupy the place they had once filled, so does the crowd instantly roll around this advancing cavalcade. But soon they return with still more furious speed, and continue their course up and down the Corso till the centre of the street is in some measure cleared. All this is preparatory to what is to follow. At the firing of the second gun five or six spirited horses are let loose, to run through the whole length of the Corso, each without a rider, urged on not only by little bells tied about them and a self-acting spur that strikes constantly against their flanks, but by the cries and shouts of the multitude, through the centre of whom they dash along with the speed of the wind. This is the closing scene of each day's amusement during the Carnival. The balls and gaieties of the evening I, of course, felt no disposition to witness.

To-day being the close of the Carnival, the amusements have appeared more brilliant and intense. I have been this evening to witness, at the church of —— *Jesus*, what the Romanists call the *Quarant'ore*, or the illumination of the mass for forty hours, to sanctify the Carnival. We went at five o'clock, p. m., and found the vast and magnificent church in which this

ceremony took place, crowded with a dense and almost impenetrable mass of human beings. We did, however, succeed in pushing our way through the crowd, till we secured a place very near the high altar. There was something very imposing in the brilliantly illuminated dome that rose majestically above, and the countless throng that sat or stood in breathless silence before us. The great mass of the people assembled on this occasion were evidently of the lower classes in society. A small space from the door, through the whole length of the nave up to the high altar, was left vacant. Hence we instantly concluded that a procession was to move up through this dense mass of human beings to dazzle the eyes of the beholders, and give more effect to the scene. In this impression we were the more confirmed by the entrance of a company of soldiers in full military dress, armed to the very teeth, who silently stationed themselves in two columns from the door to the high altar, leaving just space enough for the procession to move up through the crowd. The entire sides of the church to the very roof, and also back of and around the high altar, were hung in snow-white damask, dotted at ten thousand points with small jet black tassels, upon which there was poured, from a thousand brilliant lights around the high altar, an intense flood of illumination. The other parts of the church were hung with rich crimson damask. On either side of the high altar were suspended six magnificent chandeliers, pouring forth their countless rays of brightness; and upon the altar were placed, in silver branches, a hundred large waxen candles, that seemed to emulate the very sun in the tide of splendour they poured forth. The intense illumination produced by these brilliant tapers and chandeliers

appeared in singular contrast with the dim and shadowy light that pervaded the long extended nave below, where the congregation stood or sat in silent wonder. There was throughout the whole vast building the stillness of the chamber of death. The whole scene appeared uncommonly imposing. The magnificent paintings that decorate this temple, the precious stones that adorn its altars, the exquisite frescoes that deck its roof, its fine columns of yellow antique, and of *lapis lazuli*, fluted with bronze gilt, shone forth in a lustre so unearthly, as to remind one of that heavenly city described by the beloved disciple.

Suddenly the organ and the voices of sweet singers struck up, and poured a tide of music through all the vast temple, which lit up every countenance with signs of animation and emotions of delight. Then those sweet sounds died away, and all was again still and noiseless. A long pause ensued. Then eight or ten persons, clad in full ecclesiastical robes, each bearing a large waxen taper, went down the aisle or open space between the two columns of soldiers, and took their station at the door, in imitation, I presume, of the ten virgins who went forth to meet the bridegroom. At length the sound of the drum and of martial music was heard—the church bell sent forth its quick notes—the organ pealed forth its deep rich tones. Some score of men in livery, two by two, came up the aisle bearing immense wax lighted tapers, followed by a cross, a body of priests, and a group in splendid military dress, the last of whom was the Senator of Rome, preceded by the symbols of office. All these found a place near the high altar, the great point of attraction. The whole multitude immediately prostrated themselves upon their

knees, and the service of the mass commenced. There was no preaching, no exhortation, no reading of the Scriptures,—nothing to direct the attention of this vast crowd to the things that belonged to their everlasting peace. It was all a dumb show. Of all the fifty priests that were present on this occasion, there was not one to lift up his voice and declare the truth as it is in Jesus. This is the way the Romanists guide their flocks, and prepare them for eternity.

I returned home by the way of the Corso, which was magnificently illuminated and filled with immense crowds. Every window and balcony, for a whole mile in extent, from the sixth story downward, was resplendent with a hundred burning lamps. The street, as I have remarked, was crowded and choked with carriages, and people on foot, in every description of mask. Every one who was moving, or who occupied a place in the street, had a lighted candle which his neighbour was trying to put out. This was the sport of the evening. Every one tried to keep his own light burning, and to extinguish those around him. All seemed full of frolic and glee, and the whole air resounded with the laughter and shouts of thousands. To me it seemed a perfect Babel. As I looked down the lengthened Corso, and saw an endless chaos of men and women, jumbled together in one struggling mass, and sending up incessant shouts of senseless laughter, I felt no sympathy with the scene. I thought what a strange way this was to usher in the holy season of Lent! To-morrow is Ash Wednesday, the commencement of a fast of forty days. It seems as though the people were determined to indemnify themselves by anticipation for the pains and self-denial of this long season of abstinence.

I am told that the pope would prefer to dispense with the Carnival, but so passionately attached to it are the Romans, that his Holiness can maintain his popularity only by indulging them in this and similar festivals.

I was glad to escape from the noisy crowd, and find a place of quiet in my own private quarters, and turn my thoughts homeward, and summon around me, in thought, my dear Christian friends, and imagine how much more rationally they were preparing to spend this holy season. To-morrow I purpose to go to the Sistine Chapel, where I expect to witness the ceremony of the Pope's sprinkling the heads of his cardinals with ashes.

In a future letter, I will endeavour to give you an account of this, and also of an interview that I have already had with his Holiness. In the mean time, I subscribe myself,

Yours, &c.

CHAPTER XVI.

GLIMPSES OF ROME.

Antiquities of Rome—Colosseum—Arch of Constantine—Sacra Via—
Arch of Titus—Jews in Rome—The Forum—Impressions which the
place and surrounding objects awaken.

Rome, March 2nd, 1838.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Before I proceed to give you any account of the grand ceremony of Ash Wednesday, adverted to at the close of my last letter, or to describe the various scenes I have witnessed, with any reference to the order in which they occurred, I shall endeavour to place before you some of the great outlines of the picture of Rome as it now stands delineated in my mind.

I cannot conceal the fact that my first emotions, as I traversed the streets of modern Rome, and walked amid the ruins of the ancient city, were those of disappointment. The objects around me did not impress my mind with those ideas of grandeur, majesty, and venerableness with which my early associations and classical reading had invested them. At first, Rome seemed to me only a common-place city, of the second or third class. But the longer I remained, the more it grew upon me. This city has innumerable points of interest. Of these, its antiquities are not among the

least. The present letter will be occupied with a bird's eye view of some of the relics that here remain of former ages.

The first thing among the antiquities of Rome that usually strikes the traveller in coming from Naples, after he has once passed within the walls of this renowned city, is the Colosseum. It is said to have derived its designation from its colossal size. This edifice is altogether the most imposing structure that remains at Rome, among all the various monuments of other times. I may truly say that no relic of former greatness,—no monument of human art,—no memorial of ages that are gone, ever spoke more forcibly to my heart than did this massive pile. There are an air and majesty about the whole structure, that I cannot describe. It strikes you as an emblem of ruined grandeur. Time has overspread its massy walls with rich hues. The Colosseum stands apart from modern Rome in solitary greatness, surrounded with the ruins of the imperial city. It stands at the termination of the *Sacred Way*, between the Cœlian, Esquiline, and Palatine hills, where the bases of these approach each other. Ruined temples and triumphal arches are on every side of it. Dilapidated walls, broken arches, and mighty fragments of granite columns, half buried in the earth, here and there meet the eye, and give increased effect to the emotions awakened by viewing this gigantic structure. The Colosseum has now stood about two thousand years. Its walls were battered by the war engines of Vandal and Goth, when the proud city of the Cæsars had to open her gates to those northern hordes. During the middle ages, the various factions sought protection within its impregnable sides. At a later period, entire

palaces, and not a few of the most distinguished mansions in modern Rome, were reared from materials torn from its walls. And yet the Colosseum at this moment stands before you in such perfection, and in such vast and gigantic dimensions, that you are led to wonder to what height it must have towered, and in what majesty it must have shone, when, from the foundation to the cope-stone, all was entire and unmarred. On one side, portions of the top of the walls have been quite broken off. Over these broken arches and dilapidated walls the long grass trails down; and here also bushes have sprung up, and waving in the wind, present, in their verdure and foliage, the appearance of a lofty hanging garden.

The Colosseum was built for an amphitheatre. I believe it was commenced by Vespasian, and finished by Titus, A. D. 80. Its shape is oval or elliptical. The circular exterior wall which surrounds the whole, consists of three rows of arches one above the other, with half pillars between each arch. Still higher than this was a fourth row of pilasters, with forty square windows, but without arches. The Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders were successively employed in the three first rows. The pilasters of the fourth row are also Corinthian. This exterior wall rises up nearly two hundred feet in height. Within the outer walls are two other concentric ones, not so high as the former. These three walls constituted the framework of the building, and together formed a double row of porticoes running round the whole, which communicated with each other, and received light from the outside. The entrances were by eighty arches in the outer wall, which opened into the first portico. From thence the people might

pass, by as many arches, into the second, where they found at intervals staircases leading to the seats. All the spectators sat upon the bare stone, with the exception of the senators. The seats, rising one above another from the bottom, only went as high as the third story, above which were staircases leading to a gallery in the fourth story for the common people. Though the ancient amphitheatres usually had no canopy above them but the heavens, there seem to be fixtures and contrivances which show that an awning was, on some occasions, stretched over the heads of the people.

The size of the Colosseum is immense. Several guide-books state that it exceeds seventeen hundred feet in circumference, being six hundred feet in length, and five hundred in width. The space in the middle, where the shows were exhibited, is called the *Arena*. It is said to have taken this name from the sand which was strewn over this place to absorb the blood of the wild beasts that were slain there in such vast numbers. The *Arena*, like the outer wall, is oval in shape, being three hundred feet in length, and one hundred and ninety in width. Into this vast *Arena*, elephants, lions, panthers, bears, and all the various kinds of wild beasts found in the deserts or forests of Asia and Africa, were introduced for sport. When thus brought out before the people, they were irritated and maddened, and made to fight each other; or, what afforded still higher sport to the Romans, to fight men, who often, unarmed, engaged with these infuriated beasts in desperate death-struggles. This was a punishment frequently inflicted upon the early Christians, who, after having been convicted of renouncing idolatry, were condemned to fight with wild beasts in the amphitheatre. When I first stood and gazed upon

this Arena, I could not but think of the thousands of martyrs who had bled and poured out life, on this very spot, for the love of Christ, while the arches above rung with shouts of delight from the assembled thousands, who thirsted for these scenes of cruelty and blood. I could not but remember the fate of the sainted Ignatius, who was brought from Antioch in the reign of Trajan for the very purpose of being thrown among wild beasts, upon this very spot. It was here that he met his fate with such composure and firmness, sacrificing every thing for the love of Christ.

It will be recollected that this immense structure would seat more than one hundred thousand persons, and it was seldom opened for the exhibition of bloody sports when it was not crowded to the topmost seat. When it was first completed it was opened one hundred days in succession, and it continued to be filled day after day, during all this period. What was it that attracted such immense crowds, not simply of the lower class of people, but of refined and cultivated ladies, emperors, priests, vestals, senators, magistrates, and all the various classes of the higher orders of society? It was this strange passion to witness scenes of strife and blood. Every body loves excitement, and the scenes acted by the gladiators meeting each other in deadly conflict in the amphitheatre, and the rage of wild beasts maddened to desperation encountering each other or some naked human foe, furnished a kind of excitement that seemed suited to the Roman taste. These were the scenes where the inhabitants of this renowned city, in her proudest and most palmy days, sought their favourite amusements. Notwithstanding these spectacles were attended with cruelties sufficient to shock the most aban-

doned mind, such was the passion for them, and so great the eagerness to secure good seats and eligible stations, that multitudes flocked to the amphitheatre the evening preceding the day of these sports, and continued there all night, that they might be present at the commencement of them, and witness them without any obstruction.

As I stood at one end of the Arena, I could not but recall in imagination the scene that must often have been witnessed here, of more than one hundred thousand spectators assembled within these walls, arrayed in the splendour of Roman costume, and ranged in five concentric tiers of seats rising one above another, from the *Podium* to the gallery. From those vomitories, still visible, issued the wild beasts, brought from some African, Parthian, or Dalmatian forest. In one corner a group of human victims stood trembling, consisting of captives, slaves, and early Christians. Apart by themselves, stalked forth the volunteer gladiators, accoutred for the fight, and scowling a look of proud defiance upon the vomitories now opening to let out the roaring lion and the fierce tiger. As these savage beasts appear, growling, snuffing in the air, and looking wildly around upon their prey, the whole heavens ring, and the air is rent with shouts of applause; and then the work of blood and destruction commences ! Oh the very picture which imagination draws is enough to sicken the heart ! This is the kind of happiness which they seek who have no Bible to guide them, who depend merely upon the light of learning and science to direct their feet in the way of happiness and peace.

The interior of the Colosseum presents many marks of desolation. By means of broken staircases I was enabled to climb up to a considerable height, and found

myself at length almost lost in the labyrinth of ruins. It is said, if viewed by moonlight from one of these points, when the shattered fragments of stone and the shrubs which grow upon them are seen in alternations of light and shade, the mind receives impressions of gratification and melancholy which, perhaps, no other prospect in the world could produce. I was, however, too much of an invalid to make the experiment, especially as the evenings in February and March are very damp in Italy. The first time I visited the Colosseum was a bright sunny morning. The whole scene was very imposing, and the view from the top of this gigantic structure was exceedingly grand. While traversing the circling corridors of this immense structure to gain the highest practicable part, I was enabled to catch through the opening arches, now and then, glimpses of the ruins that lay strewn around me, and also of the dark pines and purple hills of the distant country. The whole Colosseum seemed like one vast solitude. The grass had grown thickly over the arena below, which had been so often wet with blood. I felt that I realised the scene, and could appreciate the sentiment described by a former traveller. "The clear blue sky in calm repose above our heads breathed its serenity into our minds; the glorious sun shed its beams of brightness on all the surrounding objects with undiminished splendour; nature was unchanged—but we stood amidst the *ruins* of that proud fabric which man had destined for eternity. All had passed away—the conquerors, the victims, the imperial tyrants, the slavish multitudes—all the successive generations that had rejoiced and triumphed, and bled and suffered here. Their name, their language, their religion had vanished—their

inhuman sports were forgotten, and they were in the dust."

Popery has endeavoured to Christianise, or consecrate to sacred purposes, these ruins, as it has done all the antiquities of Rome. A large cross stands in the centre of the Arena, bearing an inscription which declares that this place has been purified from pagan superstitions, and made holy by the blood of the martyrs who in former ages perished here. This cross is said to stand on the very spot where the blood of hundreds of the early Christians was shed; and it therefore is supposed to possess such sanctity and heavenly virtue, that they who kiss it are absolved from their sins, and privileged with a long indulgence. I scarcely ever visited the Colosseum without seeing several persons in the act of kneeling before this cross and kissing it. Besides this central cross, fourteen stations or sacred places have been fitted up all around the outer edge of the Arena, representing by means of pictures the different events that took place from the time our Saviour was arrested till he was suspended on the cross. At each station there is a sort of altar, before which penitents kneel on the bare earth to pray. On one occasion I saw an old man with locks white as the driven snow going the whole round of these fourteen stations on his knees, bowing and uttering prayers before each one of these pictures.

The Arch of Constantine, in the immediate vicinity of the Colosseum, is another object of interest to every tourist. It stands between the Palatine and Cœlian Hills, and is the best preserved and most splendid edifice of this character in Rome, although there are several others more ancient than this. It was erected by the

Senate in honour of Constantine's victory over Maxentius. The battle was fought on or near the *Ponte Molle*; but as the triumphal procession, after leaving the *Circus Maximus*, wound round the Palatine Hill, and so entering the Forum by the *Sacra Via*, it passed the spot where this arch stands.

It may not be improper here to remark that the *Ponte Molle* is the ancient *Pons Mulvius*, a bridge thrown across the Tiber, about two miles above Rome. Among the very finest frescoes existing, designed by Raphael, and coloured by his scholars after his decease, which are now exhibited in one of the halls of the Vatican, is the scene of Constantine addressing his troops, in their approach to the army of Maxentius—and then the battle itself. In the first picture the artist has taken the moment when the cross appeared in the air supported by angels, who say to Constantine, "CONQUER BY THIS." In the other, which is regarded as one of the finest pictures even in the first of these productions, we have a view of the contending armies on and near the bridge. The most striking groups are an old soldier raising from the ground his dying son—two soldiers engaged in mortal conflict—Constantine riding on conquering and to conquer—and Maxentius in the Tiber, vainly struggling to extricate himself.

On this triumphal arch, that stands near the Colosseum, over a broad avenue that leads down between the Cœlian and Palatine Hills, and which was reared to perpetuate the memory of that eventful battle, there is an inscription which contains an evident allusion to the miraculous appearance of the cross in the sky, which it is said Constantine saw while marching against Maxentius. We do not pretend to decide whether any belief

is to be reposed in this pretended vision of Constantine. Eusebius,* however, declares that he had heard the Emperor himself mention it. The structure to which we just adverted, consists of one large arch spanning the road, and a small one on either side, beneath which foot passengers usually pass. It is ornamented with eight Corinthian pillars of yellow antique, with a statue over each. The *bas reliefs* which enrich the frieze relate to the victories of Constantine. It is said that several of the others, however, which constitute the highest ornament of this arch, belonged to the triumphal arch of Trajan, which was taken to pieces by order of the Roman senate, that its superb materials might be employed to decorate this edifice. This arch, standing as it does over the street that leads down between the Palatine and Cœlian Hills, has a very imposing appearance, and produces a fine effect when approached, as it was by the triumphal procession of Constantine, coming down between the two hills, and seeing beyond it the magnificent Colosseum rising up like a vast mountain in grandeur and sublimity.

As we proceed along down the *Sacra Via*, the way by which triumphal processions moved towards the Forum, we pass the ruins of the Temple of Rome and Venus on the right, and just beyond this point another triumphal arch spans the street—the Arch of Titus. This was built with Pentelic marble, by the senate and people of Rome, and dedicated to Titus, in honour of his conquest of Jerusalem. This edifice consists of one large arch, over which is an attic story. On the frieze is represented the triumphal procession of Titus, seated

* See *Vita Const.* lib. i. c. 28.

in a car conducted by the Genius of Rome, and attended with Victory, who is crowning him with laurel; and on the other side of the arch are the spoils of the Temple of Jerusalem, borne on the shoulders of the triumphal procession, the table of shew-bread, the seven-branched golden candlestick, the vessel of incense, and the two silver trumpets blown at jubilee. As I stood beneath this structure, reared some eighteen hundred years ago, and gazed upon these *bas reliefs*, I felt that I had before me the most irrefragable proof of the truth of God's word. My thoughts instantly travelled back to the period of our Saviour's sojourn in Palestine, and to the distinct and repeated efforts that he made to reclaim and save the Hebrew nation. I could not but picture to myself his appearance as he stood on Mount Olivet, when he beheld Jerusalem, and wept over it, saying, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." I could not but think of those various predictions he uttered, declaring, "Your house is left unto you desolate,"—"Ye shall see Jerusalem compassed with armies,"—"They shall fall by the edge of the sword, and shall be led away captive into all nations,"—"Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles,"—"The days shall come in the which there shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down,"—"The days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee around, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another."—"The *abomination of desolation*, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, standing in the holy place," and

predicted by our Saviour, was fully verified and made visible when Titus effected the conquest of Jerusalem. From that time "the sacrifice and oblation ceased,"—"the daily sacrifice was taken away,"—the temple was destroyed, its holy vessels borne off as plunder to grace the conqueror's triumph, the city levelled with the ground, and the thousands that dwelt there carried away captive. And here before me I saw a monument, erected by heathen hands eighteen hundred years ago, to perpetuate the remembrance of the fulfilment of these very events which the Saviour had predicted. How wonderful is the prescience of God! He sees things from the beginning to the end!

I felt a little curiosity to inquire what had become of the holy vessels which the Romans had thus borne away from Jerusalem. The result of my investigation, however, was not very satisfactory. By referring to Josephus, I found that the veil and the books of the law were placed in the palace at Rome, and that the candlesticks and other spoils were kept in the Temple of Peace.* From other historical sources it appears that when the Temple of Peace was burned in the reign of Commodus, these treasures were not destroyed. They were carried away, with other precious things, by Genseric, to Africa, and by Belisarius, after the conquest of the Vandals, to Constantinople, about the year 520. From thence they were sent to the Christian churches at Jerusalem. What finally became of them is unknown.

Before leaving this arch, I must not forget to remark that this, and almost all the other ancient structures of Rome, have once been nearly buried in the earth by the

* De Bello Jud. lib. vii. c. 25.

accumulation of soil during the lapse of ages. This entombment has also been promoted by the shock of earthquakes, which have not been unfrequent at Rome. This arch, and most of the ancient structures, have been disinterred, and are now seen as they originally appeared. I have already remarked that this arch, which is very perfect, stands directly over a street. This street is now quite a thoroughfare; but it is said that no Jew, among the thousands that reside in Rome, was ever known to pass under this arch. If they wish to go along this street, they invariably turn aside, and walk around it.

There are still resident here a portion of that "scattered and peeled" nation whose city Titus overthrew. They inhabit a particular district of modern Rome, called *The Jews' Quarters*. All the entrances to that part of the city which they occupy, are enclosed with lofty gates, which are shut at night; and thus the whole number of Israelites in Rome are nightly incarcerated in their own quarters. They are also required each year, on a given day, to renew the oath of allegiance to the pope, as their sovereign. This is usually one of the ceremonies that immediately precede the Carnival.

As we proceed along the *Sacra Via*, having left the Arch of Titus, the majestic ruins of the Temple of Peace are seen on the right, and immediately the Forum opens upon us. What classical scholar that has hung upon the lips of Cicero, and in imagination heard the thunder of his eloquence, would not feel a thrill of mysterious and ecstatic feeling in view of the Roman Forum? The first glance, however, goes a great way towards abating the overflowings of sentimentalism; for this place, once associated with so many proud ideas of Roman splen-

dour, is now a filthy cow-market. Still there are relics here to recall the recollection of Rome's former greatness. There were many open spaces within the walls of Rome, which obtained the name of Forums; but there was only one that was emphatically the *Forum Romanum*. I will just for a moment ask you to take a stand with me near the north-east corner of this once magnificent area, at the foot of the time mouldered Arch of Severus, which in its construction greatly resembles that of Constantine. This unquestionably is one of the most interesting spots within the walls of Rome. As one lingers here, and thinks of the past, gazing upon the surrounding ruins, he finds his mind alternately saddened with feelings of melancholy, and fired with sentiments of enthusiasm. Here, where gorgeous temples were once erected to perpetuate the exploits of Roman heroes, and where Roman citizens sought to vie with each other in the magnificence of their dwellings, are now to be seen only a few insulated pillars, standing amidst fallen and broken arches. Here, where the *Comitia* were held,—where Cicero harangued,—where the triumphal processions, glittering with almost unearthly splendour, used to pass, is now the *Campo Vaccino*, a cattle market,—a rude desolate common. On one side, we see the Capitoline Hill, no longer crowned with the Temple of Jupiter, the wonder of the world, but with the palace of the solitary senator of Rome. All along the base of the hill are seen the fragments of ruined and entombed temples, whose history the revolution of ages has consigned to oblivion. Turning from the Capitol, we see in another direction the Palatine Hill, which once afforded room for the dwellings of the whole Roman people, but was afterwards found too small for

the site of the palace of a Roman emperor. This hill is now occupied by a few gardens, a convent, and the ruins of Nero's Golden House. On the opposite side of the Forum are seen a range of miserable looking churches constructed from ancient temples. In another direction there is seen in the distance, through the opening branches of a cluster of trees, the dilapidated walls and mouldering arches of the Colosseum. A reflecting mind cannot stand and gaze upon this scene, and not feel that there is read to him a most affecting comment upon human greatness. Here he sees how all the material majesty of mighty Rome has passed away, and been swept by the wing of desolation. What a lesson does such a scene convey; urging us to seek that distinction and honour which are from above, and which will endure for ever!

And yet one cannot well tread amid these ruins, and contemplate these relics of former ages, without feeling some throbs of enthusiasm. In visiting this spot I have at times felt revived all the enthusiastic sentiments that glowed in my young bosom when I studied at school the lore of ancient Rome, and lived amid the bright visions of her former glory. I knew that this grass-grown and desolated spot was the place where Scipio trod—where Cicero thundered—where Cæsar triumphed—where Brutus lifted the crimson steel. Those broken pillars and fallen capitals before me reminded me of the days of Roman pride and Roman patriotism—of the long and desperate struggles that were here made for freedom and for power—of the popular tumults—the loud acclamations—the energetic harangues—the impassioned eloquence, and all the varied events of which the Forum had been the theatre. There I could see the Ionic

portico of what was reputed to be the Temple of Concord, in which, in the days of its splendour, Cicero, with a boldness that could not be intimidated, accused, before the whole assembled senate, the guilty conspirators leagued with Catiline. There on the green turf, in lonely grandeur, stood before me three of the beautiful columns of the Temple of Jupiter Stator, in which the Roman orator had previously accused Catiline in person, and compelled him, by the thunder of his eloquence, to abandon his deep-formed designs, and fly into voluntary exile. And though not a stone remained to mark the spot where the Rostrum stood, the supposed site of it was pointed out between the Capitoline and Palatine hills—the charmed spot where Cicero's eloquence burst forth with such effect and power. Other musings were awakened while gazing upon the fluted columns of Grecian marble, supposed by some to have formed the corner of the magnificent portico of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans, standing at the very base of the Capitoline hill. I could not see this wreck of heathen temples, whose names and identity are now veiled in oblivious uncertainty, without remembering that God has promised to destroy all the altars of idolatry, and set up his kingdom in all the world. May that time speedily arrive.

Yours, &c.

CHAPTER XVII.

GLIMPSES OF ROME.

Capitoline Hill—Bronze statue—Senator's Palace—View from the cupola
—The Viminal Hill—Esquiline Hill—Quirinal Hill—Coelian Hill—
Aventine Hill—Palatine Hill—Nero's Golden House.

Rome, March 7th, 1838.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I must ask you to take another ramble with me through the streets of Rome, till we again reach the Capitoline Hill, which we will now approach on the side directly opposite to that from which we viewed it in my last letter, from the Forum. We shall thus ascend this hill from the ancient *Campus Martius*. We have been accustomed to connect ideas of grandeur with the Capitol through every stage of Roman history. This edifice, or the hill on which it stood, is said to have derived its name from the disinterment in some excavations that were going on there, of a human skull—*caput*—from which the heathen oracle predicted universal empire to the people who inhabited this hill. Its more ancient name was *Saturneius* and *Tarpeius*, and it is now denominated *Campidoglio*—a field of grief—from having been, during many ages of barbarism, the place of execution for malefactors. This, like the other

hills of Rome, was formerly much more steep and precipitous than it now is. The top has been levelled down, and the ground at the bottom considerably raised. The ascent from the spot where we are now viewing the capitol, is by means of an extended inclined plane ; and from this point also there commences another upward path by means of one hundred and twenty-four marble steps, leading to the summit, on which stands the church of Ara Celi. The two summits of this hill are still perceptible, formerly distinguished by the terms of *Arx* and *Capitolium*. The one faces the Tiber, on which stood the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, the other looks towards the Quirinal Hill, and is the present site of the church of Ara Celi. The open space between these two summits is the spot where Romulus opened the Asylum. It is now occupied by the *Piazza del Campadoglio*, a large open space—the buildings surrounding which were erected upon a design of Michael Angelo. These buildings form three sides of a square : in front is the Palazzo Senatorio, or the Senator's Palace—on the right hand of the square, as you face the Senator's Palace, stands the Gallery of Paintings, and on the left the Gallery of Sculpture, which constitute the Capitoline Museum.

The ascent from the plain, and the square above, are full of remains of antiquity. On the balustrade at the bottom are two lionesses, in basalt, of Egyptian workmanship. At the top stand two colossal statues, one representing Castor and the other Pollux, with their respective horses. On a line with these statues, are two large and beautifully executed trophies in marble. Near these are two statues representing the two sons of Constantine—and a little further on, in the same line,

are two Roman milestones, one of which is said to have formerly marked the first mile from Rome, on the Appian Way, upon which the inscription is still perfect. But I fear I linger too long for your taste. We will then at once, now that we have reached the top of this ascent, look boldly round upon the principal objects that are calculated to arrest our attention. The first object which struck me with most power at this point, was the noble form of a bronze equestrian statue, in the middle of the square, facing you as you reach the summit, and so full of life and spirit, that it seems ready by a single plunge to dash off into the plain below. The rider is Marcus Aurelius. This is said to be the only bronze equestrian statue of ancient Rome extant. It was formerly covered with gilt, very few traces of which now remain. It is one of the most happy executions I ever beheld. Both man and horse seem instinct with life, and full of fire, and one is not surprised to learn, that when Michael Angelo first saw this wonderful statue, he cried out, as though the unbreathing bronze was just ready to dash forward like the ancient war-horse, "Go on then!" Before we ascend to the top of the Senator's Palace, we will turn to the right, and going up a flight of stone steps, a few rods will bring us to the famous Tarpeian Rock, from which so many condemned criminals were precipitated and broken in pieces. The height of this precipice, from the accumulation of soil below, does not now appear very terrific, and we hugely suspect that most of our state criminals would run the risk of a plunge off this rock, rather than endure solitary confinement for a year.

Perhaps there are few points in the world that command a nobler or more interesting prospect than that.

which we obtain from the top of the palace of the Roman Senator. But here you may inquire, "Why do you speak of the Roman Senator? Has Rome but one Senator?" The Roman Senate! As we pronounce that proud name, how do the images of Cato, of Cicero, of Brutus, of the Gracchi, and a long train of worthies, the glory of their country, rise up before us! There is now retained in Rome, under the papal government, only a solitary representative of that noble body, and he is utterly without power or influence. He is appointed by the pope. He cannot be a native Roman, but must be a foreigner, an Italian of noble birth; and his only business appears to be to help to fill up the splendid pageant of a procession. A Roman cannot fill this office, lest the remembrance of what a senator once was, should rekindle in his bosom, and spread sympathetically through the down-trodden nation, the smothered and extinguished fires of love for republican freedom and liberty.

But to return from this digression and resume our survey of Rome from the top of the Senator's Palace, which is said to be one of the finest points from which to take a panoramic view, not only of the City of the Seven Hills, but of all the surrounding country. I have already remarked that modern Rome does not occupy exactly the same ground that ancient Rome did, but has, as it were, travelled northward, and planted itself upon the ancient Campus Martius, which in the time of Augustus was an open space. From the point where we now look off, the seven ancient hills are all distinctly discernible. As I have before intimated, the Capitoline, the Cœlian, Viminal, and Quirinal Hills, continue in part to be occupied by the modern city,

while the Palatine, Esquiline, and Aventine, are principally covered with gardens, with here and there a solitary dwelling.

From the top of the cupola of the Senator's Palace, you see the time-stricken Mistress of the World sitting amid the ruined trophies of her fame, and the mouldering monuments of her power now gone for ever. From this point you see the Seven Hills upon which she once sat, either covered with modern edifices, heaped with ruins, or shaded with groves of dark pine and cypress. In the distance the wide Campagna meets your eye—the plain of Latium, bounded by its storied mountains, and intersected by the windings of the yellow Tiber. In one direction you see the classic Soracte; in another, across the Campagna, the green sides of the Sabine Hills; the white houses of Palestrina; the ancient Præneste; and the picturesque Tivoli embosomed in olive groves; and still more remote, in the same direction, the lofty Apennines glittering in all the snows of winter: while in the south, there opens upon you a broad beautiful scenery terminated by Mount Albano—the ancient Alban Mount, rising up as it were, against the clear blue sky. The Campagna is a belt of utter solitude, twelve miles in breadth in the narrowest part, and completely encircles Rome.

It is not to remote objects however, to which I purpose to call your attention. From the top of the Senator's Palace, I wish to have you take a rapid glance at each of the Seven Hills. The one upon which we stand, the Capitoline, we have perhaps already sufficiently described.

1. The *Viminal Hill*, which lies farther to the east than the Quirinal, and north of the Esquiline, is small,

and mostly occupied by gardens. It contains but few relics of antiquity, except the Baths of Diocletian. The edifices denominated baths by the ancients, were magnificent palaces, as is evident from the remains of those of Caracalla, Titus, and Diocletian. The Baths of Diocletian, some fragments of which only now remain, were commenced about the close of the third century, and were seven years in building. That was the period in which the Roman Emperors oppressed the followers of the cross with every species of persecution, and it is said that more than one hundred thousand Christians, by the decree of Maximianus, were forced to engage in the toil of erecting these immense structures. A portion of the buildings which constituted the Baths of Diocletian, have been converted into a magnificent church in the shape of a Greek cross, which is now embellished with paintings and adorned with pillars, that astonish one with their beauty and splendour. This church is called *S. Maria degli Angioli*.

2. The *Esquiline Hill* is less remote, and more on a line with the Palatine. The principal object that meets the eye, as you look towards this hill, is the church of St. Maria Maggiore, which rises up in proud magnificence upon its summit. This hill is said to contain the spot which was the birthplace of Julius Cæsar. It was also ennobled with the house and gardens of Mæcenas, Virgil's admired patron, and also with the dwelling of the younger Pliny. Here also stood the Palace of Servius Tullius, in his flight to which, from the Curia Hostilia, he was murdered by the emissaries of Tarquin, his own son-in-law: and it was on her return to this palace from the door of the Senate House, where she had saluted her husband as King, that the wife of Tarquin,

and daughter of Tullius, commanded her chariot wheels to be driven over the mangled corpse of her murdered father. On this hill are still found a part of the ruins of the Baths, or what might perhaps more properly be called the Palace of Titus. These ruins extend over a great tract of ground, and still give us some idea of the beauty of ancient architecture and of the splendour with which a Roman emperor's palace was fitted up. But I must not linger.

3. The *Quirinal*, the most northern of the Seven Hills, upon which now stands the Pope's summer palace, is known by the name of Monte Cavallo. It has received this name from the two gigantic horses that stand on the top of it on either side of an Egyptian obelisk, which is placed in the centre of a large open square. These statues were found in the Baths of Constantine, and placed in their present position by Sixtus V., who laid the foundation of this papal palace. By the side of each horse stands the colossal figure of a man in marble. There is a current tradition that one of these groups was the work of Phidias and the other of Praxiteles; and that the one was intended to represent Castor, and the other Pollux. It is said that there is no original work of Praxiteles extant unless it be this, although there are ancient copies of several of his works. On this hill anciently stood the house of the Scipios.

4. We turn around and look to the south, and there see, in the most southern of all the Seven Hills, the *Cælian*. It presents a picturesque appearance, being crossed by the lofty arches of Nero's aqueduct, which still remains in majestic masses of ruin, and distinguished by numerous convents and churches, among which appears the

magnificent Basilica of St. John Lateran. Its principal inhabitants are monks belonging to one or other of these various convents. Here may be heard, during the day, the chime of convent bells, reminding these various religious fraternities of the oft-recurring hour of prayer, and, amid the stillness and solitude of night, rousing them to their midnight vigils.

Beneath the dark cypress grove that crowns the brow of the hill, may be occasionally seen the gloomy form of some passing monk clad in sable garments, adding to the effect that the stillness and solitariness of this part of ancient Rome make upon the mind of a stranger.

5. The *Aventine Hill*, which is the largest and highest of the Seven Hills, joins on to the Cœlian, and is principally occupied with fields and gardens. It seems to be a part of an open country deserted by its inhabitants, rather than a tract of ground enclosed within the walls of a populous city. One part of it contains the ruins of Caracalla's baths, of which I may take occasion again to speak. The southern part of the hill, which overlooks the Tiber, was the site of Remus's inauspicious augury, and the fabled scene of Hercules' exploit in slaying the robber Cacus.

6. Still nearer to the Capitol, and almost directly south of it, is the *Palatine Hill*, the most interesting of all the Seven Hills, both from its associations and its present picturesque appearance. We behold it covered with the wide-spread ruins of the palace of the Cæsars. This hill was the scene of Rome's early glory. This was the spot where Rome grew in greatness, and also the spot where it fell into decay. Here stood the straw-roofed cottage of Romulus, and the whole of Rome at

one period was comprised within the boundaries of this hill. Nero, however, found it too small for his single mansion, his *Domus Aurea*. On the *Mons Palatinus*, where Romulus founded Rome, Augustus began—Tiberius and Caligula continued—and Domitian finished the splendid palace of her emperors, which spreading out like a small city, completely covered this hill. This majestic palace, however, was swept away to make room for Nero's golden house. *That* was an edifice such as the world never before saw. Not only was the whole of its interior covered with gold, and gems, and mother-of-pearl in profusion, surpassing the fabulous splendour of Arabian tales, but it was adorned with the finest paintings and statues which the world could furnish—the most exquisite productions of Grecian art. We read too of triple porticoes supported by a thousand columns, a mile in length; of a circular banqueting room that perpetually turned round night and day in imitation of the motion of the sun—of vaulted ceilings of ivory which opened of themselves and scattered flowers upon the guests, and of golden pipes that shed over them showers of soft perfumes. Not content with covering the whole of the Palatine Hill with this golden house, Nero extended its gardens and pleasure grounds over the whole plain south of the Forum, and even upon the Esquiline and Cœlian hills.* Tacitus says, that “on the ruins of his native country, Nero erected a palace, in which the profusion of gold and precious stones did not raise the chief admiration, for these were ornaments which widely-diffused luxury had rendered common—

* Suetonius.

but universal astonishment was excited by its spacious glades and large artificial capes,—by its thick woods and shades, like vast wildernesses—by its ample lawns and avenues, and far extended prospects.”* Destruction has long since smitten this palace with her withering hand, and now all we behold is an unshapely pile of ruins overgrown with weeds and grass, and half buried beneath the soil which two thousand years have accumulated.

7. The *Capitoline Hill*, the place on which stands the Senator’s Palace, from whose lofty tower we have been surveying what constituted in ancient Rome some of the principal points of interest, has only one more object of special interest connected with it, which I need here mention—to wit, the Mamertine Prisons, found just at the base of the hill, beneath the church of *St. Pietro in Carcere*. These are among the most ancient relics of Roman architecture. It was to these dungeons that the accomplices of Catiline were conducted and strangled. Here Jugurtha perished of hunger, and Perseus, the King of Macedonia, was for a long period confined. There was an upper and lower dungeon. Prisoners were let down into the lower apartment by means of a rope, through an aperture just large enough to admit the body of one person. In this deep and lower place of confinement, St. Peter is said to have been imprisoned by the decree of Nero.

In a subsequent letter I may describe a visit which I made to this prison, and the various relics which are there preserved of the great Apostle, whom the Romans

* Ann. Tac. lib. xv. ch. 42.

so much venerate. Having taken this bird's eye view of some of the antiquities of Rome, I will in my next letter glance at some of the churches, which never fail to constitute an object of great interest to the tourist who visits Rome.

Yours, &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GLIMPSES OF ROME.

Church architecture—Impression of the Romish churches upon the external senses—St. Peter's—First impressions from the exterior view—Semicircular colonnade—The covered portico—Interior view—First impressions—Effect of frequent visits—The dome—The piazza in front—Obelisk and fountains—Entrances to St. Peter's—The nave—Bronze statue of the Apostle—Sandal of his foot worn by the kisses of the faithful—Statuary and mosaics—Transfiguration—Communion of St. Jerome—The Archangel—Tribune—Chair of St. Peter—Statue of Death—A Pieta.

Rome, March 10th, 1838.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It is impossible to live in Italy long, without becoming at least a professed amateur in the fine arts. I know very little about painting or architecture, and yet it has become so much my business to visit magnificent churches, and stroll through galleries of sculpture and paintings, that I sometimes find myself growing almost enthusiastic in my admiration of these things. I will therefore in the present letter, endeavour to give you some account of the style of church architecture here, and especially of my impressions in relation to St. Peter's.

What struck me as something singular here, was the

total absence of the Gothic or pointed style of architecture in the Romish churches. You know that we have been accustomed to regard this as the most appropriate style of architecture for sacred edifices, which should never fail to awaken emotions of solemnity and awe in the minds of those who cross their consecrated thresholds. And then all our associations from childhood have led us to connect with the tower and lofty spire pointing to the heavens, a moral significance—a lesson of sweet and heavenly instruction. But here the Gothic and pointed styles of architecture are held in great contempt. The Romans seem to think that no building constructed in this style, can deserve the admiration of a classic eye. The Roman architects have studied the Grecian models, and connected with them inventions of their own. Their attempted improvements, if I might venture an opinion, have in many instances detracted immensely from the beauty and imposing effect of the simple Grecian orders. Their most splendid churches, not excepting even St. Peter's, have not that imposing appearance, and do not awaken those deep and unutterable emotions which such stupendous structures would do, had they the simplicity of the Grecian, or the majesty of the Gothic style of architecture. A traveller in Italy very justly remarks—"the object of the Italian school seems to have been to break the simplicity of the Grecian orders into numerous parts, and to overload them with ornament. The Doric may perhaps be heavy, but the Italian variation of it is florid. The former may present too great a mass of solid masonry, but in the latter the eye finds nothing to dwell upon: all is overloaded and broken into parts: every column must be ornamented: every pediment must be divided, and charged with some device: nor can there

be any space of a few feet in dimensions, which is not filled up with niches, urns, and statues." *

One thing, however, is abundantly certain, that the churches in Rome are calculated to impress the mind with a higher idea of the dignity of the Catholic religion than those in any other part of the world. There are several reasons for this. The churches here, many of them, are of greater antiquity than those of any other country. Several of them, if not originally built for heathen temples, preserve the form of those temples, and contain whole rows of columns taken from the ruins of ancient buildings. Here also are set up, in many instances, the identical statues which have been worshipped as heathen deities, now Christianised, and designed to represent some canonised saint. Then again, pictures and statues from the hands of the greatest masters adorn every part of the interior of these churches—the pavement and pilasters are formed of the finest marble, the altars decked with the most precious stones, and the roofs covered with the most beautiful frescoes. You enter a church here and look around! You see its walls, or the pictures that adorn it, have been painted by a Raphael, a Guido, or a Domenichino! The breathing marble that meets you in the form of a thousand statues, has been moulded into beauty, symmetry, and heavenly expression by the chisel of Michael Angelo, or Canova, or Thorwaldson; and then the gorgeous-clad priest stands before you, ministering amid pompous ceremonies, exquisite music, and clouds of ascending incense—and all these things in connexion present a scene so imposing that the senses

* Burto's Description of Rome, vol. ii. p. 112.

are completely bound up with delight, and the entranced spectator begins to contemplate the papal religion with feelings of mysterious veneration. And after all, the heart, and the conscience, and the understanding have had nothing to do with this. They have all been led captive by this magic impression upon the senses.

I am, however, detaining you too long from a view of some of these magnificent churches. I suppose you will expect me to begin with St. Peter's. And yet I know not how to describe this wonder of the world—this monument of magnificence and splendour, erected in the days of Roman degeneracy, and yet far superior to any thing which republican or imperial Rome has left of all the productions of her best and palmy days ! Not one of the heathen temples which were erected at Rome will bear any sort of comparison with St. Peter's, either in dimensions, elegance of design, or splendour of decoration.

There has been a constant tradition in the Roman church, that St. Peter after his crucifixion was interred on the spot where this immense structure now stands. The cathedral which preceded the present church, was erected by Constantine in the year 327. The present edifice was begun by Pope Nicholas V. in 1450. It required three centuries to finish it ; during which period it fell into the hands of many different Pontiffs, and of various architects, among the most distinguished of whom were Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Bernini. The plan of the building was several times changed, and yet there can no where be detected the smallest evidence of it. It seems the production of one great master mind.

I was at first disappointed with St. Peter's ; it by no

means came up to my expectation. This I believe is very common. I have scarcely met with a single traveller that has not expressed the same sentiment. The approach to it is exceedingly unfavourable for producing effect. After crossing the Tiber by the *Ponte San Angelo*—which looks like a drawbridge to the castle of the same name on the opposite side, and which was formerly the Mausoleum of Adrian,—we turn to the left and pass through a long narrow street till we reach a piazza, or open space, and then for the first time we get a view of St. Peter's, which stands directly before us on the farther side of the piazza. When I reached this point and looked up, what I saw did not appear to me like St. Peter's—the St. Peter's of which I had heard so much, but like a large house or palace, three stories high, with small attic windows at the top. The dome, which is the great beauty of this edifice, from the very nature of the Latin cross in the form of which St. Peter's is built, is placed so far back that in the front view from the piazza its grandeur is wholly lost. There are also defects about the front of the building which detract in no inconsiderable degree, from the overpowering impression it would otherwise make. There is no projecting portico to break the long line of building which this front presents; and the imposing effect which such a prodigious pile ought to produce, is exceedingly impaired by the multiplicity of pilasters, windows, and recesses, which Italian taste has so liberally bestowed. The huge pile of buildings constituting the Vatican, the palace of the Pope, which adheres to one side of St. Peter's, also helps to impair the imposing effect of this magnificent structure.

But I am occupying you with my criticisms, while I

ought to be introducing you into the interior of this majestic temple, where all is overpowering splendour. Before we enter, however, allow me to point out some of the more prominent objects that meet the eye as we move along across the piazza to the steps that lead up to the portals of this majestic structure. From the wide extended front of the church, you see sweeping round on either side a grand semicircular colonnade, composed of four rows of columns, so as almost to enclose the entire area of the piazza, in the centre of which stands an Egyptian obelisk of red oriental granite. This beautiful obelisk is placed between, and on a line with two fountains of peculiar elegance, which send up into the air copious and glittering shows of water. The curved colonnades do not commence immediately at the cathedral, but are rather a continuance of two straight lines of columns of equal breadth, which go off from each extremity of the front, though not at right angles, for a distance of some three hundred feet. On the front of the church is a balustrade upon which are placed thirteen statues, representing Christ and his Apostles. Another balustrade runs along the top of the semicircular colonnade, upon which are stationed two hundred statues of different saints.

Upon reaching St. Peter's, we see before us five open entrances which lead into a covered portico, the interior of which is truly beautiful, being supported by gigantic marble columns. This covered portico extends along the whole front of the church, and is continued beyond it on either end, opening into the colonnades. Here the true magnificence of St. Peter's begins. You see before you a length of portico of nearly five hundred feet, and forty in width. At either end is an

equestrian statue—the one representing Constantine, the founder of the old cathedral, and the other Charlemagne, the great benefactor of the holy see. We have not time now to linger beneath this magnificent porch ; had we, I might point out many objects of thrilling interest in the surrounding pillars, statues, mosaics, and bas-reliefs. There are five doors corresponding with the five open entrances into the covered portico, opening into the body of the church. Let us draw one of the ponderous screens that hang before these doors, and pass into the interior. Now the scene bursts in full-orbed vision upon the dazzled eyes of the stranger. What shall I tell you ? Was I overpowered—enraptured—electrified with transport ? No. I was disappointed. The first glance you have of the interior of St. Peter's does not produce the effect of a more deliberate and protracted survey. I was at first disappointed in not feeling those impressions of vastness and grandeur which I supposed that the merest glance at the interior of this immense temple would produce. But as I slowly walked up its long nave, empanelled with the rarest and richest marbles, and adorned with the finest sculpture—as I here and there caught, through the lofty arches opening from the nave into the aisles, views of chapels and tombs and altars of surpassing splendour ; and especially as I looked up to the gilded roof, and saw around me on every side, mosaic ceilings, and pictures, I felt, if there was not vastness in St. Peter's, there was a degree of splendour and magnificence that I had scarcely conceived as belonging to any earthly temple.

A traveller who visited Rome a few years since, has expressed some views in relation to this sacred structure

that entirely accord with my own impressions. "I expected from the immensity of St. Peter's more of that religious awe, and deep and solemn melancholy, which Gothic cathedrals never fail to inspire; and I was unprepared for its lightness, decoration, and brilliance, and above all for that impression of gaiety which the first sight of its interior produces. * * The windows in this vast structure are mean and poor-looking. Windows do not enter gracefully into the beautiful combinations of Grecian architecture. In Gothic churches, on the contrary, how grand and majestic an object is the arched and shafted window! Grecian architecture, though it possesses a grace, a lightness, an elegance, a gaiety, and a refinement, that harmonize well with the amusements and business of life, does not seem to accord with the solemn purposes of Christian worship, to which the simplicity and grandeur of the Gothic, and its impressive effect upon the mind, are so peculiarly fitted."*

No single visit to St. Peter's—no single superficial view of it, can give you an idea either of its dimensions, or of its surpassing grandeur. To receive an adequate impression of what this temple is, you must walk through the whole extent of its nave again and again, which is *six hundred and fourteen feet* in length, and nearly one hundred in breadth, and which is separated from the side aisles by two rows of pilasters, eighty-three feet in height; in which are placed the statues of the founders of the various religious orders in the Roman Catholic church, many of which have been executed by great masters, and are of singular beauty.

* "Rome in the Nineteenth Century."

And then you must not only traverse again and again the whole extent of this nave, but pass up and down the side aisles, equal in length to the nave, and not less than twenty-five feet in breadth, and observe as you pass the columns of marble—the sculptured tombs and statues—the altars adorned with precious stones—with paintings and mosaics, and every variety of rare and precious marble—taking notice as you proceed, opposite to the five broad splendid arches that open on each side from the nave into these aisles, of the chapels recessed back, and the small cupolas over them, that rise above the roof, and let in light from above—each one adorned with some exquisite figures in mosaics. You must not only traverse the aisles and nave, but pace the whole distance of the Latin cross, which cuts the nave at right angles just beneath the mighty dome of this building, and which is four hundred and forty-five feet in length, and seventy-nine in breadth. Yea, to feel the full power and majesty of this mighty edifice, you must stand beneath that dome, and look up! It spreads above you with dimensions and vastness that fill you with utter astonishment. Its diameter is one hundred and thirty-nine feet, and it is supported by four immense pillars, that are two hundred and six feet in circumference, and one hundred and sixty-six feet in height! Here the proportions are all perfect, and hence these pillars, at first, do not strike you as being very large; although they are stupendous. A single fact will illustrate this. There is a church in Rome called St. Carlo, which is exactly the same size as one of these pillars, and yet no one who enters St. Carlo thinks it particularly small. Stand then with me beneath the dome, supported by these immense pillars, and look up! You can at first

form no conception of the height of this dome. The bronze and gilded *Baldacchino*, or canopy, just by your side, that shrouds the high altar, is nearly one hundred feet in altitude, and yet so lofty is the dome above it, and so admirable are the proportions that prevail in all the parts of the building around it, that you would scarcely suppose it thirty feet in height. We must not yet leave the spot where we stand. The dome of St. Peter's constitutes the glory and principal grandeur of this edifice. Still look up. How this dome grows upon the view! It seems "to rise like heaven itself above your head, around whose golden vault the figures of the Apostles appear enshrined in glory. Lean against the rails of the confessional of St. Peter's," and when you have ceased gazing upward, "look down to that magnificent tomb lighted by a thousand never-dying lamps, and canopied by the wreathed pillars and curtained festoons of the Brazen Tabernacle. The mortal remains of the apostle repose beneath. On every side the Latin cross opens upon you in lengthening beauty, and decked in various splendours, which the labour of ages, the wealth of kingdoms, the spoils of ancient times, and the proudest inventions of modern magnificence, have combined to furnish."

But all this will give you a very inadequate idea of the dimensions of St. Peter's, and especially of its unparalleled dome. We must change our position. We must pass through the door, just beneath the monument of Maria Clementina Sobieski, and go up one hundred and forty-two steps to the roof of St. Peter's, where you seem to have reached a new continent—where the various cupolas, and the different dwellings on this vast roof, tenanted by large families employed in cleaning

and repairing the church, though entirely invisible to the dwellers on the earth, spread around you like a little city. We must ascend to a vast height above this roof, by means of winding staircases, till we reach the first gallery in the dome, and then we can look down one hundred and seventy-four feet to the pavement where we stood below. But we must not stop here ; our course must be still upward till we reach the second gallery, two hundred and forty feet from the floor of the church beneath. Here we begin to look down with amazement. We see men and women moving along through the sacred courts beneath us, dwindled and diminished to the size of pigmies. The lofty *Baldachino* over the high altar now seems to rise only a few feet above the floor. Every thing below reminds us of a world in miniature. But we must go still higher. We must not stop till we pass the lantern, which is three hundred and ninety-three feet above the floor, and enter the brass ball, which looks, as you approach St. Peter's, only about the size of a small globe, twice as large as a man's head ; and yet we shall find it large enough to contain twenty men standing upright. When I visited it there were twelve persons at the same time within the ball with me, and there was abundant room for several others. This ball is placed just below the exterior cross upon St. Peter's, and is four hundred and forty-eight feet from the ground ; and when this point is reached, and you remember all the way you have come, and then look around and beneath you, you will begin to form some conception of the immensity of this edifice ; and even then your understanding will be more convinced than your eye impressed with the vastness of St. Peter's.

But I fear I have given you scarcely a faint idea of what St. Peter's is. I do not know that your conception of it will be any more perfect after reading what I have further to say. But there are some few additional particulars which I wish to state, and which in the rapid movement with which we have approached this wonderful structure, and have passed through it, I have neglected to notice.

I ought to have told you before that St. Peter's is built on a gentle acclivity, to which you ascend from the piazza in front of it. This piazza is of an oval form, and is said to have been once the Circus of Nero. I have already mentioned that near the centre of this open area stands an obelisk of red Egyptian granite, the only one in Rome which has been preserved entire. The ancient columns and obelisks, which stand at the termination of many of the avenues and streets of modern Rome, together with the thousand fountains that adorn almost every piazza, constitute one of its most beautiful and imposing features. The obelisk to which I just adverted, consists of a single piece of red Egyptian granite, about eighty feet in length. It is covered, like all the other obelisks at Rome, with hieroglyphics. It was cut out of the quarries of Syene, and erected at first at Heliopolis; from whence it was brought, by the order of the Emperor Caligula, in a vessel constructed for the purpose.* Here, after the decline of Rome, it lay buried for a long time in ruins. At length pope Sixtus V. raised it by machinery, at an immense expense, and placed it on its present pedestal, supported by four lions. The whole pyramidal shaft

* See Pliny, lib. xvi. c. 40.

is about one hundred and thirty feet in height, with Latin inscriptions on two of the faces. Among these inscriptions are the following: "Jesus conquers"—"Jesus reigns"—"Jesus has dominion"—"Jesus will deliver his people from all evil."

I have already referred to the two copious and exquisitely beautiful fountains in this superb area. The clear water that gushes unceasingly from these sculptured and vase-shaped fountains, resembling in the *jets d'eau* its forms, both in size and shape, large weeping willows, falls into basins of oriental granite, fifty feet in circumference.

The three hundred enormous pillars, forming the colonnades that border the sides of the piazza, which I have already noticed, stand at sufficient distances to leave three avenues between the rows, of which the central one is wide enough for two carriages to pass abreast. The structure forming the canopy of these magnificent avenues, extending on either hand about a thousand feet in length, is faced with pilasters, adorned with balustrades and crowned with colossal statues, as I have before intimated, giving a total elevation to the line of colonnades of upwards of seventy feet. You can well conceive that this exhibits an air of great grandeur.

The multiplicity of windows and recesses in the front of St. Peter's has been regarded as a defect in its architecture. But the architect was perhaps in some degree obliged to construct the building in this way to afford a place for the annual *blessing of the people*, by the Roman pontiff on Easter Sunday. This is pronounced from the balcony by the pope, in Latin. Not a syllable of it is heard by the crowds below. As soon, however, as it is delivered, a cardinal deacon reads two plenary

indulgences, one in Latin, and the other in Italian, and then throws the papers on which they are written, into the midst of the people below, who struggle to grasp them, as though their salvation depended upon getting possession of at least a fragment of one of these papers.

I mentioned that there were five doors leading into the body of the church. The principal one in the centre, composed of bronze, is never used except on very particular occasions, such as the removal of the chair of St. Peter, when the Pope is borne aloft on the shoulders of his attendants, seated in this mysterious chair, shaded by a canopy formed of peacock's feathers, and attended by every circumstance of pomp and splendour. The bas-reliefs on this door represent the martyrdoms of St. Peter and St. Paul. Another of these doors or entrances is called *Porta Santa*, and is blocked up with brick-work, and only opened by the Pope himself in the year of jubilee.

I have already told you something of the *Baldacchino* or canopy, immediately under the dome and over the high altar. It is entirely of bronze, covered with ornaments of gilt. It is said to have cost one hundred thousand dollars, and the gilding not less than forty thousand dollars. The high altar immediately under this canopy is used only upon the most solemn occasions. The mortal remains of St. Peter, which repose beneath it, are supposed to impart peculiar sanctity to this spot. The confessional placed over the tomb of the apostle is encircled by a beautiful balustrade, composed of rich and exquisite marbles, and decorated with an immense number of superb and elegant lamps, which are never permitted to go out. The descent to the shrine is by a double flight of steps. There is here

exhibited a more magnificent display in the walls, of precious stones, than I had ever before seen. Just in front of the magnificent gate of gilded bronze leading to the confessional, is a semi-colossal statue of Pope Pius V. by Canova. The Roman pontiff is represented kneeling, and looking towards the tomb of the apostle.

In passing up the nave, just before you come to the Latin cross, you see on the right, seated under a gilded canopy, a bronze statue of St. Peter, which was cast from the fragments of a demolished statue of Jupiter Capitolinus. It is difficult to say, whether in its original or present use, it has most subserved the purposes of superstition. No Roman Catholic ever walks up the nave of St. Peter's without kissing this statue. The usual mode of doing this is to kiss the foot of the apostle several times, pressing the forehead against it between each salutation. The right foot of the statue projects for this purpose; the sandal of which, and a part of the great toe, having already been actually worn off by this process.

The whole interior of the great dome is covered and beautified with mosaics. Nothing struck me more painfully in Italy, than the visible representation of the Supreme Being. And yet nothing is more common than to find among the productions of the great masters, representations of this sort in painting, statuary, and mosaics. At the very apex in the lantern of the dome of St. Peter's, as we look up, we see a representation of God the Father, in mosaics.

The Romans have long been distinguished for their skill in mosaics. The art has now been brought to wonderful perfection.

There are twenty-nine altars in St. Peter's, over each

one of which there was originally suspended a painting, that had been executed by some one of the great masters of Italy. As the walls of the church, however, were in some degree damp, these paintings after a while began to be impaired in lustre and beauty, and it was very judiciously determined to remove them to a safer place, and to supply their places by copies in mosaics. What we now see in St. Peter's over these altars, are the pictures in mosaics, which are such perfect fac-similes of the original paintings, that it would require the practised and accurate eye of a connoisseur to distinguish at first the difference. At a distance, and in certain lights, even an experienced eye might be deceived.

The finest of these original paintings were *The Transfiguration*, by Raphael, *The Communion of St. Jerome*, by Domenichino, and *The Archangel*, by Guido; and the copies of these in mosaics far excel all the others in point of execution.

In *The Transfiguration*, the heavenly countenance, the whole mien and attitude of the Saviour, are just what you could wish them. As he stands on the Mount between Moses and Elijah, there is such a glorified appearance, such an unearthly dignity about his person, such soft, mellow, transcendent light and lustre diffused around him, that he seems to float in air, and tread on the fleecy and luminous folds of the irradiated cloud. His whole aspect is so noble and Godlike, that it at once fills you with wonder and awe and rapture. The colouring of some of the Redeemer's robes is exquisitely beautiful. The three accompanying disciples, Peter, James, and John, a little further down the mount, lie prostrate on the earth, with their hands placed before

their faces, to shade their sight from the rays of intense glory that beam around them. Still lower down, near the foot of the mount, are the multitude with the remaining disciples, and also the afflicted father with his lunatic son, from whom the disciples had in vain tried to eject the demoniacal possession. The looks of the father express deep sadness and disappointment, while the face of his child, whom he is leading by the hand, exhibits in its pallid, ghastly, distorted, and maniac expression, such an image of human wretchedness as I had never before conceived. The effect of the whole picture is surpassingly fine.

The Communion of St. Jerome has uncommon life and expression about it. The saint, advanced to extreme old age, has reached the last stage of his mortal existence, and now, in the last agonies of death, he rises half-way from his couch, sustained by his attendants, to receive once more the sacred emblems of Christ's dying love, before he goes to sit down at the feast of the Lamb.

The Archangel is very striking. With the face and beauty of a youth, he unites the strength, muscle, and energy of a giant, together with the grace and surpassing loveliness of a seraph. His costume bears all the brilliant colouring peculiar to Guido. There is a peculiar richness in the intense ultramarine blue folds that girdle the middle of his person; while there is almost unearthly dignity in his attitude, as he stands with one foot upon the head of the great adversary, lifting up his sword in awful menace, just ready to sever him in twain.

The upper end of the middle nave constitutes what in the Italian churches is technically called the Tribune.

It is usually behind the high altar, and of a curved form. The Tribune in St. Peter's is decorated according to the designs of Michael Angelo. It contains several objects of interest ; among others, the chair of St. Peter, raised to a considerable height in the midst of a large surrounding glory, above which is a transparent painting representing the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove. The chair is encased in bronze, and is said to be the identical seat which St. Peter and many of his successors used. Bonanni, who has written largely on the subject, asserts this with much zeal and earnestness. His language is, " This is the chair of St. Peter, which he occupied as *universal pastor*, till he suffered death for Christ's sake. This fact has been so fully proved, that the few sectaries who deny it must be most barefaced, or a set of children, and of silly children too, such as Velcinus, whom Roflensis has refuted, Sebastian of France, and some obscure Englishmen, to be found in Saunders."

The chair is supported by two Latin and two Greek fathers, in bronze—Augustin and Ambrose, Chrysostom and Athanasius. On each side of the Tribune is a magnificent monument. One of these was executed by Bernini to the memory of Urban VIII., whose statue is finely executed in bronze. The other was designed by Michael Angelo, in memory of Paul III. Two female figures are placed at his feet, designed to represent Prudence and Justice. Prudence is represented as an old woman of stern appearance ; while Justice is a young beautiful girl, holding a key in her hand, and placed in a recumbent posture. There are also allegorical figures placed around the tomb of Urban on the other side of St. Peter's chair, just at the feet of

Urban's statue. The most striking of these is Charity, ministering to two orphan children. The statue of Death is placed on this tomb, who is represented as inscribing Urban's name in a book, in reference to which Cardinal *Rapacciolo* wrote this epigram :

"Such life, such warmth, Bernini's touch can shed,
So stamp'd in bronze the very soul appears,
That o'er the tomb the grisly tyrant rears
His form, to tell us—that the soul is fled."

It would require a volume to describe the various statues and tombs that adorn this church. The monument of Clement XIII., executed by Canova, is worthy of special notice. Among the striking objects around this tomb, is the Genius or Angel of Death, and the chiselled forms of two recumbent lions at its base. One of these is represented as awake and slightly excited. The lion that sleeps is most exquisitely executed ; indeed both of them are regarded as among the finest specimens of sculpture in Rome.

Where shall I take you next, amid the boundless ornaments and gorgeous decorations of this church ? I feel that I am in a chaos of splendour. All around me are "columns which it took an age to polish and rear—marbles and gems which the wealth of a kingdom could not purchase—walls covered with the most exquisite pictures of the Italian masters—shrines sparkling with jewels, and wreathed with the smoke of incense—colossal statues of monks and saints—tombs of popes and exiled kings and queens."

I will not attempt to give you any further idea of this wonderful temple, except a transient look, as we pass out, at the Chapel of the Crucifix. Here is a statue

of the Virgin in marble supporting a dead Christ, which is called, as such subjects always are, a *Pieta*. This is said to have been one of the early performances of Michael Angelo. The following lines were composed by an Italian, after seeing this representation :

“ She is not stone who bears
Her lifeless Son with icy stiffness cold
In her arms’ tenderest fold :
But thou art stony grown,
Thou, who at grief like this hast shed no tears ;
Nay, thou art more than stone,
For rocks will weep and pour a trickling tide,
And rocks were rent in twain when Jesus died.”

I fear in this rambling sheet I have not furnished you with materials to form the faintest conception of this magnificent structure.

I have been so long occupied with St. Peter’s, and yet have described it so imperfectly, that I have neither time nor disposition to attempt a description of the other churches here at present.

Yours, &c.

CHAPTER XIX.

GLIMPSES OF ROME.

Róman palaces—The Dorian Palace—The Vatican—Statuary—The Laocoon—Galleries of Raphael—Sala Regia—Massacre of St. Bartholomew's—Sistine chapel—Michael Angelo—The Last Judgment—Aretino—Amusing anecdote.

Rome, March 17th, 1838.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am now going to direct your attention to another class of buildings. The residence of every nobleman in Italy, whether the structure be mean or magnificent, is called a palace. These residences in Rome are very abundant. Many of them which have a splendid exterior, display a lamentable want of comfort and cleanliness within. They are usually built in the form of a quadrangle around an ornamented court, from which there opens a vestibule and large staircase leading into the building. The rooms frequently communicate with each other around the whole quadrangle, and constitute a suite of apartments on each floor, quite sufficient for the occupancy of one family. As far as I had an opportunity of visiting these palaces, I was led to think that the Italians in general had singular ideas of comfort. The floors are mostly composed of brick, without the

shred of a carpet to cover them. It is said many of the Roman nobles have fallen into a state of comparative poverty, and this, probably, is one reason why so many of the palaces at Rome are so entirely destitute of any thing like splendour. A few of these palaces, however, appear very brilliant in the arrangements of the interior. Among these are the Dorian and Borghese, which I visited. There is scarcely a palace in Rome, however, destitute of a picture and sculpture gallery. However poor the Roman nobleman may be, he thinks he must keep some dozen or twenty rooms fitted up for the exhibition of the fine paintings and specimens of sculpture that have come down for generations, as precious "heirlooms" in the family.

The *Palazzo Doria* furnishes an agreeable place for a morning stroll. The rooms round the whole quadrangle communicate with each other, and are hung with paintings by the first masters. The walls are adorned with splendid mirrors, and the ceilings with beautiful frescoes, and each apartment contains the most exquisitely gilded furniture. As you pass on from room to room, there opens upon the dazzled eye, one scene of splendour after another, till at length you are led to feel as though the apartments before you were interminable, and as though you were treading through some magic scene which the wand of enchantment had called into existence.

The papal palace that stands on the Quirinal Hill, and is at present the pope's summer residence, is fitted up with great elegance, but the Vatican is the most stupendous of all the palaces in Rome, in its dimensions. There is nothing remarkable in its external appearance, but when you have once entered it, it spreads out immeasurably before you. The whole pile of buildings.

composing the Vatican, together with its gardens, is said to extend some miles in circumference. Some make the number of apartments upward of *four thousand*, and others *thirteen thousand*. The Vatican was not all built at once, but is made up of a series of buildings, erected by different popes. For more than a thousand years the Roman pontiffs lived in the Lateran palace. During their residence at Avignon, however, this palace fell into decay, and when Gregory XI. brought back the holy see, he took up his residence in the Vatican. The paintings and statues that are collected and preserved here, together with the immense library which it contains, has imparted to this edifice a fame above that of any other palace in the world. Here are collected the choicest productions in painting and statuary to be found in the whole world. Here you pass through an almost "interminable succession of lengthening galleries and marble halls, whose pictured roofs, mosaic pavements, majestic columns, and running fountains, far surpass even the gorgeous dreams of eastern magnificence, and are peopled with the breathing forms of beauty and of grace." Here you see not only ceilings richly painted in fresco, pavements covered with ancient mosaics, magnificent gates of bronze, and polished columns of ancient porphyry, but an almost endless display of Grecian marbles, Egyptian granites, oriental alabasters, and amazing treasures of sculpture. Here is the famous *Meleager*, the *Apollo Belvidere*, and the *Laocoon*. The story of the Laocoon is familiar to every one. This marble group speaks to the heart with a power that is resistless. The following language, though from a writer that embellishes highly, is not in this instance too strong. "In the Laocoon we

behold a being of our own nature struggling before us in the heart-rending anguish of parental affection, and the convulsive agonies of an instantaneously impending unnatural death. The blood curdles at that dreadful tragedy. On the hoary head sits horror in her deepest, darkest, deadliest sublimity. We behold the father in that last, bitterest moment of high-wrought agony, when he hears the faint cry of his helpless offspring, who vainly cling to him for protection; sees them entwined with himself in the inextricable rings of those horrid reptiles, from whose touch nature recoils, and shrinks in agony of spirit from their opening fangs,—terror and corporeal anguish mingling with the pangs of parental love and the torture of despair. The distorted face, the rolling eye, the ghastly countenance, the bristling hair, the racked and working muscles, the starting sinews and distended limbs of Laocoon, give us the picture of human nature in its last stage of horror and of suffering; and that it is human nature, our deep and shuddering sympathy makes us feel too well. Can it be marble that thus expresses the deep and complicated passions of the soul, and harrows up all the feelings of our nature?"*

In the Vatican are the famed Galleries of Raphael, embellished with arabesques, and interspersed with Scripture histories, executed by that great artist and his scholars, the Hall of Constantine, and innumerable cabinets containing the most exquisite specimens of all that is rare and precious in the fine arts. Crossing from the porch of St. Peter's, we enter the Vatican, and ascend the *scala regia*, or great staircase, of most mag-

* "Rome in the Nineteenth Century."

nificent construction, at the foot of which stands the statue of Constantine. This leads directly to the *Sala Regia*, containing rich frescoes with Latin inscriptions. These paintings almost all relate to some circumstance which tended to exalt the holy see. It is surprising, however, that any pope, though in his feelings never so bitter or bigoted, should have desired to perpetuate the remembrance of the disgraceful and bloody scenes of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day. But as we pass through the *Sala Regia*, we see the representation of that scene depicted on the wall. One of the chief instigators of this horrid slaughter of the Huguenots in France under the reign of Charles IX., 1572, was Catharine di Medicis. This frightful assassination was in violation of the most solemn compact. Admiral Coligny, the great friend of the Huguenots, was invited to the court by the king himself, under the most solemn assurances of protection. And yet he had been there but a short time, before Catharine persuaded the king to let loose the sword of destruction upon him and all the Protestants in France. A company of these assassins on the night of the 24th of August, broke into the room of the aged and venerable Coligny, with drawn swords. The old man, sitting in an easy chair, said with a calm mien to their leader, "Young man, my grey hairs ought to command thy respect; but do as thou pleasest; thou canst shorten my life but a few days;" upon which the wretch pierced him with several stabs, and threw the body out of the window into the court-yard. The corpse was given up for three days to the fury of the people, and finally hung up by the feet on a gibbet. This was done in Paris; and no sooner had this act of assassination occurred, than,

according to a preconcerted plan, a bell from the tower of the royal palace, at midnight gave to the assembled companies of burghers the signal for the general massacre of the Huguenots. By a royal command this massacre was extended through the whole kingdom, and continued for a month through the various provinces of France, until *thirty thousand Protestants* were slaughtered. When this news reached Rome, it produced a thrill of joy; the pope instantly ordered a jubilee, and a procession to the church of St. Louis, and caused *Te Deum* to be chanted; and even now, these scenes of assassination and butchery are paraded up in pictorial triumph upon the walls of the Vatican. What a spirit of demoniac cruelty characterises popery!

The *Sala Regia* is a sort of splendid antechamber to the Pauline and Sistine chapels. The Sistine chapel derives its name from Sixtus IV., who employed *Baccio Pintelli* to build it in the fifteenth century, and several Florentine artists to paint its side walls. This is a large and lofty oblong room, used on few occasions except on Ash Wednesday, and during the holy week. Here also, the cardinals meet in conclave, after the death of a pope, to elect a successor. The right of election was vested in the cardinals in the eleventh century. At one time, the power of election was in the emperor. Previous to that, the clergy and people had a voice in choosing the man who should be their pope. The cardinals now have the whole arrangement of this matter. They are locked up while in conclave, and cannot come forth until some one is elected as pope. This arrangement was made at the Council of Lyons, held by Gregory X., in 1274.

The Sistine chapel contains a monument of the genius

of Michael Angelo. He had already acquired no small celebrity by his skill in sculpture, and had occasionally painted some pieces which showed that he had power over the pencil as well as the chisel. Pope Julius II. constrained this great artist, even against his will, to paint the ceiling of this chapel. The subjects are generally selected from the Old Testament. Over the windows are painted several prophets and sibyls. Can any thing be more preposterous than the introduction of the figure of a sibyl into a Christian temple? But the Romish taste required this. I have already in a former letter, adverted to the story of the sibylline books. Nearly thirty years after painting the ceiling of this chapel, M. Angelo was induced to commence his famous painting of the Last Judgment. He was very averse to undertake this great work, and did not consent to do it, till pope Paul III. waited upon him in person, accompanied by ten cardinals, and earnestly entreated him to engage in it. The painting occupies the whole wall behind the altar, and is not seen at present to very good advantage, though critics pronounce it a surpassing production. It is now about three centuries since it was completed, and the action of damp, united with the smoke from the incense and the candles, has thrown a great obscurity over the whole. The Last Judgment is a most sublime theme for a painter to attempt to handle. This scene, as portrayed on the walls of the Sistine chapel, was, in relation to its design, entirely original with Michael Angelo. After he had the whole plan formed he received a letter from his friend Aretino the poet, which contains so sublime a description, that instead of attempting to portray the scene of the painter, I will insert the letter of the poet ;

though it does not appear that M. Angelo at all modified his plan from the suggestions of his friend.

“ Who would not be dismayed in applying his pencil to such a terrific subject ? I see Antichrist in the middle of the crowd, with a semblance which none but you could conceive. I see the terror in the countenances of the living : I see the symptoms of extinction in the sun, the moon, and the stars. I see Fire, and Air, and Earth, and Water, as it were, yielding up their spirit. I see Nature at a distance confounded, concentrating her barrenness in the decrepitude of age. I see Time dried up and trembling, who being come to his utmost limit, is seated on a withered trunk. And while I perceive the hearts in every breast agitated by the trumpets of the Angels, I see Life and Death overwhelmed by the horrible confusion ; for the former is labouring to resuscitate the dead, the latter is preparing to overthrow the living. I see Hope and Despair conducting the ranks of the good and the crowds of the wicked. I see the theatre of clouds coloured by the rays proceeding from the pure fires of heaven, upon which Christ is seated among his hosts, surrounded by splendour and by terrors. I see his face glitter, and darting out fiery sparks of a light delightful and terrible, he fills the righteous with joy, the wicked with alarm. Meanwhile I see the ministers of the abyss, who with horrid look, with the glory of the saints and martyrs make game of the Cæsars and the Alexanders, telling them how conquest over self differs from conquest of the world. I see Fame with her crowns and her palms under foot, tossed aside amidst the wheels of her chariots. Finally, I see the great sentence issuing from the mouth of the Son of God. I see it in the form of

two rays, one of salvation and the other of damnation ; and as I trace them flying downward, I perceive their fury impinge upon the elemental frame, and with tremendous thunderings dissipate and dissolve it. I see the lights of paradise and the furnaces of the abyss dividing the darkness which has fallen upon the face of the air ; so that the thought which represents to my imagination the destruction of the Last Day says to me : If we tremble and are afraid in contemplating the work of Buonarrotti, how shall we tremble and be afraid when we shall behold ourselves judged by Him who ought to judge us !”

There is no doubt but that Michael Angelo's *Last Judgment* is a surprising monument of genius and imagination. Still it has many glaring defects. There are figures and caricatures in it that are perfectly ludicrous. Sacred and profane history are mixed up in a way utterly incompatible with the idea of a scene intended to represent the Great Day of Account on the walls of a Christian temple.

There is an amusing anecdote told in relation to one of the figures in this painting. A certain master of ceremonies, connected with the Pope's household, complained to his Holiness in reference to the indelicacy of some part of this painting. His name was Biagio. The painting was not quite finished when he made this complaint. M. Angelo therefore having heard of what Biagio had done, introduced his portrait as a Demon with ass's ears, encircled with a large serpent, and placed him in hell. Biagio again complained, and the Pope in compassion requested the painter to release him. M. Angelo replied, that had he been only in pur-

gatory, it might have been possible, but from hell there was no redemption.

The first grand religious ceremony that I witnessed in Rome, in which the Pope officiated, occurred in this chapel.

Having now given you a hasty glance of some of the antiquities, churches, and palaces at Rome, I will in my next go back and attempt to describe the scene I witnessed the day following Carnival—to which allusion was made at the close of my letter bearing date of February 27th. In the mean time I desire to subscribe myself

Your most attached friend, &c.

CHAPTER XX.

GLIMPSES OF ROME.

Church of St. Gregory—An accidental interview with the Pope—The pomp and brilliancy of his private equipage—Ash Wednesday in the Sistine Chapel—The entrance of the Cardinals—The entrance of the Pope—The ceremony of Salutation—The change of Robes—The Mass—Elevation of the Host—The Pope in the Church of *Santa Maria Sopra Minerva*—Military Parade—Reception of the Pope by the Cardinals—Entrance into the Church—Mass—Procession of twelve girls.

Rome, March 17th, 1838.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

At the conclusion of my letter of the 27th ultimo, I adverted to the ceremony that was to occur on Ash Wednesday in the Sistine Chapel, in which the Pope was to officiate; and also to a previous accidental interview that we had had with his Holiness. The circumstances under which this interview occurred were the following:

It was on the 20th of February. The day was raw and unpleasant. We had been wandering about over the Palatine Hill, to obtain some distinct views of its antiquities and ruins. We concluded, as it was quite in our way, to stop a few moments, and pay a visit to the Church of St. Gregory, situated on the side of the Cœlian Mount. We found the location of this sacred edifice very pleasing, commanding a fine view of the

Colosseum, of the Arch of Constantine, and of the Palatine Hill, with all the vast ruins of the once splendid Palace of the Cæsars. The interior of this church, though beautiful and magnificent, was so like dozens of others that we had seen, in its frescoes, marbles, statuary and paintings, that had not our guide-books told us of three chapels in the adjoining garden, in one of which were two celebrated frescoes, the one painted by Domenichino, and the other by Guido, in order to prove which was the better artist, we should at once have turned our back upon St. Gregory's and hastened to our lodgings. While we were lingering to find a guide to conduct us to this chapel, we observed a monk of the order of St. Gregory pass through a door on the right side of the high altar. Thinking that this might be the way to the chapel we were desirous to find, we immediately followed him. As soon as we had passed the door, we found ourselves in a long hall or entrance which led into the church from a back street. From the preparations that were here going forward, we at once saw that some unusual event was on the eve of transpiring. A group of monks with their cowls thrown back, and with the intensest interest depicted upon their countenances, stood near the outer door in apparent anxious waiting. They did not however wait long. A venerable old man, clothed in scarlet, attended by a large retinue, almost immediately entered, at whose approach the monks fell back, with most respectful deference. He had scarcely trod upon the threshold, before a dozen of his attendants gathered around him; some in scarlet livery, others in rich canonicals, and others in military equipage, all of whom seemed contending to show him most respect—two or three taking

his hat, as many more his cloak, and a dozen others laying hold of the train of his robes to bear them behind him.

My first impression was, that this was some distinguished cardinal, holding some high official station. He passed immediately by us, and entered the church by the door through which we had come into this entrance, with thirty or forty persons in attendance upon him. These were generally clad in monastic, military, and clerical dress; though some of the attendants appeared to combine both the military and clerical character—wearing both the sword and the gown. We, of course, followed them, as we were determined to see all we could of this distinguished unknown visitant. No sooner had he entered the church, than he passed along before one of the altars, and dropped upon his knees upon a crimson velvet cushion, which had previously been placed upon the stone pavement for this purpose. All his attendants, bishops, priests, monks, and clerical *esquires*, instantly placed themselves two and two upon their knees behind him, holding their hats to their faces. They formed quite a long procession, and though their attitude was very devout, most of them were laughing and talking to each other, as though they enjoyed the whole thing very much.

I now had an opportunity of making some observations upon the individual to whom such marked deference was paid, as I stood only a few feet from the spot where he knelt. His appearance indicated a person who had passed full threescore and ten years. His hair was snowy white, though cut rather short, and the crown of his head, like most of the Romish priests, was shaven, and covered, except while in prayer, with a

little scull-cap. There was a marked decision and sternness in his countenance ; although his face was not destitute of an expression of kindliness. His silent prayer was soon finished, and he then arose, and passing the high altar, before which he reverently bowed, he went to an altar on the other side of the church, corresponding to the one before which he had previously kneeled, where was another crimson cushion upon which he knelt, and passed through a ceremony similar to the one I have already described. He then tripped off with an air of great indifference through a side-door into the vestry, followed by all his attendants. We had become so anxious to find out who this distinguished personage was, that we mingled in his train, and followed on to see the end of the matter. The room into which we entered was very spacious, and surrounded with beautiful paintings. The person who had so much attracted our attention, flung himself very carelessly into a splendid chair or throne placed in the centre of the room, when the whole attending crowd of monks instantly gathered around him, and falling upon their knees, eagerly bent forward to kiss the cross upon the toe of his slipper. The secret was now developed ! This was the Pope. The ceremony of kissing the toe being ended, His Holiness sprung up, and with great elasticity of step, passed into the sacristy, whither the company, and ourselves with them, followed him. Here he seemed to throw off all restraint—took out his glass and began to look at a picture that hung up by the wall, and freely to discuss its merits. Every tongue at once seemed to be unloosed, and a brisk conversation commenced, in which the whole company participated. Most of the persons in attendance, as we afterwards

learned, were either of the Pope's own immediate household, or monks from the convent attached to the church of St. Gregory. The special object of his visit was to see this painting, which had been recently put up. The pope originally was a monk of this order, and he is in the habit of visiting this church frequently, to manifest his continued attachment to the order. This, therefore, was intended as a private visit to gratify the fraternity attached to this convent. He remained in the sacristy only some ten or twelve minutes. This, however, was time sufficient to make us feel the awkwardness of our position, as intruders into his presence. No notice, however, was taken of this intrusion, except one of his attendants, perceiving that we were foreigners, very politely asked if we would like to be introduced to His Holiness; remarking if we were Catholics, he would introduce us with great pleasure. We thanked him for his kindness, and assured him it would afford us great pleasure to be introduced to the Pope, but at the same time told him that we were Protestants. This was a serious barrier, and we, of course, were not presented to His Holiness. As he left the room, he passed directly by where we stood; we bowed as he passed, which mark of respect he very condescendingly returned. We followed on in the train to the door where we first saw him enter. Here he was again invested with his riding dress, which was scarlet even to the hat. As he left the church, the report having already spread of the visit of His Holiness, a great crowd had collected, who prostrated themselves before him, as though eager to kiss the ground upon which he trod. An elegant chariot with six horses was in waiting to receive him, surrounded by servants in livery, and a troop of mounted

soldiers in full military dress, glittering in rich armour. Behind his chariot stood the carriages of five or six cardinals with their attendants in splendid livery. The Pope did not linger to receive the adoration of the crowd, but springing into his carriage almost by a single bound, and the attending cardinals into theirs, the whole train, preceded by the troop of cavalry, hastily drove off. The whole street for a moment seemed to glitter with arms, and splendour, and gay equipage. The prancing and richly-caparisoned steeds, however, quickly bore away this princely band from our sight, and the splendid pageant vanished like a dream. We now saw nothing around us, where but a moment before all was glitter and gaiety, save a crowd of filthy, ragged beggars ! This is just what popery leaves every where behind it. Every where in papal countries, while a few are elevated to great eminence and splendour, we see the mass of the people in poverty and wretchedness. As this splendid pageant passed away, I could not but think how unlike the meek and lowly Jesus, was this haughty, kingly Roman pontiff—who professes to be the vicegerent of the Son of God.

But I have related all this as preliminary to some account of His Holiness as he appeared in the Sistine Chapel on Ash Wednesday, February 28th.

It was the custom among the early Christians, while undergoing penance, to put on sackcloth, and sprinkle ashes upon their heads, as expressive of grief, humility, and sorrow. Lent having been set apart in the church as an especial season for humiliation, fasting, and prayer, penitents were usually admitted to do public penance during this season ; and as one of the ceremonies by which they were admitted to penance was by putting

ashes upon their heads, the day commencing Lent, upon which this ceremony was more frequently performed, was called Ash Wednesday. There is no evidence, however, that Ash Wednesday was observed or regarded as a part of Lent, till the beginning of the seventh century. The early Christians began their Lent on Monday, and kept thirty-six instead of forty days. This whole ceremony as connected with Ash Wednesday appears therefore to be wholly of popish origin. It is still employed by the Pope for the benefit of the church, who endeavours to make it a grand and imposing spectacle. After having given themselves up to every species of gaiety during the Carnival, even up to twelve o'clock Tuesday night, the next morning all the members of the Romish church go to church to confess; and the officiating priest puts ashes on their heads as a symbol of humble repentance for sin. This was the ceremony that we were going to witness in the Sistine Chapel. Though we started at an early hour, we found it difficult to obtain a carriage to convey us to the Vatican, so great was the rush there to witness this grand ceremony. We no sooner had reached the colonnade, than we found the way to the Sistine Chapel completely lined with Swiss guard in full papal uniform. The appearance of these guards is rather finical and grotesque. They wear not only coats, but small-clothes and hose, "of many colours," and those of a very brilliant kind, which contrast powerfully with each other. The stripes of their long hose remind you of the rainbow, while their hats are black, filled with long crimson waving plumes, and they carry as their armour a huge glittering spear or halberd. A large body of these guards were stationed at the door of the Sistine Chapel,

through which none were allowed to pass who were not arrayed in *court dress*. How unlike the meek and lowly Jesus in his arrangements, is the Roman pontiff! Christ made no distinction between the high and the low. He came to be the Saviour of all. He therefore received "publicans and sinners." The poor and the wretched pressed forward to gain admittance to his presence, and were never refused. But here his professed representative, when about to perform an edifying ceremony, by which men are to be reminded of their lowly origin, their deep corruption, and their need of humility and repentance, gives orders to the armed band that guard the door of his splendid palace, to exclude all who do not come in rich and gay attire.

I have before mentioned that the Sistine chapel is a large lofty oblong room, whose walls and ceilings were adorned with frescoes, executed by the most distinguished masters of Italy. The chapel is divided into two apartments, although the partition wall consists of such a light open frame or wicker-work, that those who are permitted to proceed no farther than the first or outer apartment, have an opportunity of seeing almost all that passes in the other division of the chapel. In the second apartment, at the remote or farther end, is the high altar. The papal throne stands on the right, near the wall. In the centre of this part of the chapel is an open unoccupied area, in the form of a parallelogram, terminating at one end with the high altar; around the three other sides of which are arranged the seats of the cardinals. This parallelogram, or open area, does not extend entirely back to the partition wall, there being a small platform or gallery on either side of the aisle leading to it, separated from the cardi-

nals' seats by a sort of breast-work about four feet high. To this platform, gentlemen coming early, dressed in military costume, or a suit of black, can gain admittance, and be permitted to stand during the religious ceremonies. No lady is permitted to pass beyond the first apartment. I was so fortunate as to obtain a standing-place on this platform immediately behind the seats of the cardinals, where I could see every thing that went forward. On the left side of the chapel, back of the cardinals, were several ranges of seats, filled with bishops, prelates, military officers of high rank, foreign ambassadors, and persons of great distinction. These were all dressed in the particular costume of their order or rank. Those parts of the chapel to be occupied by spectators, were filled at an early hour. At length the cardinals, one after another, began to make their entrance. They came in through the same entrance that the people did, passing up the aisle into the second apartment of the chapel until they reached the open area of which I just spoke. Here each one proceeded nearly to the high altar, where he bowed, being followed by two priestly attendants, or *clerical esquires*, carrying his train, and afterwards escorting him to his particular seat. These attendants then sat down at his feet. Each cardinal came in, in the same way, and only one at a time. This occupied full half an hour; for there were more than thirty present.

The cardinals are the great princes in the Roman states. All the high civil offices are held by them. The whole number of the sacred college consists of seventy—although it is not necessary that this number should be always full. About thirty reside in Rome, and the others are scattered through the different papal

countries. They are divided into three ranks—*cardinal deacons*, *cardinal priests*, and *cardinal bishops*. The appointment of the cardinals depends solely on the pope. When a Romish priest has once reached this high elevation, he stands a chance one day to come to the papal throne, as the Roman pontiff is always chosen from this body. The appearance of the sacred college, as they sat upon their seats in the Sistine Chapel at this time, was greatly in their favour. They were generally old men, or those who had passed the meridian of life; and I have seldom seen so fine a group of heads. Such a sight would have been a perfect feast for a thorough-going phrenologist! They were generally remarkably fine-looking and intelligent men. The appearance of many of them was devout, and during the services they wore a very heavenly aspect. Some of them, however, not remarkably attached to fasting and self-maceration, if one might judge from their rotund persons and rubicund faces, evidently regarded this service as a penance, which they were disposed to get through the easiest way possible.

After the last cardinal had entered, and been conducted by his train-bearers to his seat, a short silence ensued, and then a procession began to move slowly into the chapel from a small door on the left-hand side of the high altar. This procession consisted of priors, prelates, bishops, canons, and ecclesiastics of various orders, followed by a golden cross borne aloft, the bearer of which immediately preceded the Roman pontiff, surrounded by his immediate attendants, himself distinguished from them all, not only by his crown, but by the shining golden robe in which he was clad. A crowd of military and priestly attendants conducted his Holiness in great

pomp to the papal throne. No sooner had he reached his seat, than one of the cardinal bishops next in rank to the Pope, whose seat was just at his right hand, arose, and moved down to the bottom of the open area with his attendants, who had previously sat at his feet, where they spread out his train at full length. He then walked slowly up towards the other end of the chapel, his train dragging some twelve or fifteen feet behind him, till he reached the steps that led up to the papal throne, where bowing, he reverently ascended, and knelt at the feet of the pontiff, affectionately kissing his hand. He then arose, and with the aid of his train-bearers, made his way back to his appropriate seat. He was immediately followed by the cardinal next to him in rank, who went through the same ceremony. The others followed each in their order, till the whole thirty had thus paid their personal salutations to his holiness. Then a gilded and beautifully illuminated book, borne by some half-dozen silver-headed and most venerable-looking priests, clad in full robes, was brought to the Pope, together with one or two magnificent and brilliant lamps. These all knelt around him, some holding the book, some the lamps, others pointing to the place where he was to read. He began and read a few words in Latin. Then the choir, composed of men prepared for this service from childhood, in the same way that the personal attendants upon the king and queen of Persia were prepared for their station, struck up, and poured forth enchanting strains of music. Almost the entire service was chanted; the book and lamps being occasionally brought to the Pope, as before described, out of which at each time he read a few words in Latin. At length a pause occurred. The attendants that sat at the feet of the cardinals immediately

addressed themselves to effecting a change in the robes of their princely masters. Their ermined mantles were laid aside, and these lordly priests soon appeared clad in a burnished shining dress, that made the persons of the whole sacred college glitter, as though their garments had been of wrought gold. How unlike clothing themselves with sackcloth all this appeared ! And now the grand ceremony was to commence. One of the cardinal bishops who was officiating at the altar, and who wore upon his head a richly bespangled silk mitre, drew near, and ascended the steps of the papal throne. The Pope's mitre and cap were then removed by his attendants. The cardinal bishop then dipped his finger into a golden basin, containing a small quantity of ashes, and with it made a cross on the crown of the Pope's uncovered head. The cap and mitre were then returned to his holiness, and the cardinal's cap and mitre being removed, he bowed down at the Pope's feet, and, as he knelt, kissed a cross on the lower part of the Pope's robe, who, dipping his finger into the basin of ashes, made a cross upon the crown of the cardinal's head. Then each cardinal, according to his rank, came forward in order, and in like manner knelt, kissed the cross on the Pope's robe, and had his head crossed with the ashes from the golden basin. After these the bishops, prelates, priors, and priests, together with the Roman Senator, the civil and military officers, the cardinal's attendants, the mace-bearers, and others, according to their rank, drew near and enjoyed the high honour of having their heads sprinkled with ashes by the hand of his holiness. Then grand mass was celebrated. During the consecration service the Pope came down from his throne, and knelt before the altar at six different times,

being attended by about thirty most venerable-looking ecclesiastics, who each time knelt in pairs of two and two behind him, and then conducted him back to his throne. During all this time magnificent torches were continually borne about, clouds of incense were ascending around the altar, and not less than a dozen times the censer of incense was brought to the feet of his holiness, where its wreathed clouds were made to ascend and envelope his person. The ringing of bells, the bowings and genuflexions, were endless. At length the host was to be elevated. All fell down upon their knees. The bread was now lifted up, which according to the popish belief had become the Son of God. How strikingly was I reminded of that description of Isaiah, where he tells us that "they made a god, and fell down and worshipped it."* Although the mass was celebrated with such great pomp, it seemed to be made to be adored, for none, unless it was the officiating priest, partook of it. After the mass, a priest, who had been appointed to that duty, delivered an Italian oration or address, about ten minutes long; immediately after which the services concluded. I was not at all sorry when they closed, for I had become both fatigued and disgusted with this protracted mummery.

Before I close this letter I may as well give you a brief sketch of another ceremony I witnessed, in which the Pope acted a conspicuous part. It occurred on the Festival of the Annunciation. We were assured that the ceremony on this occasion would be very solemn and edifying. It was to take place in the church of *Santa Maria Sopra Minerva*. The church

* Isaiah xliv. 17.

is so called from having been built upon the ruins of the Temple of Minerva, which Pompey erected after his conquests in Asia. You know that the papists make the Virgin about as much of a goddess as the ancient Romans did Minerva. In front of this church is a piazza, or open area, in the centre of which stands an obelisk, inscribed with hieroglyphics, resting upon the back of an elephant. The interior of the church is spacious and handsome. The most celebrated of its ornaments is the statue of our Saviour holding his cross, which was executed by Michael Angelo. Here also behind the great altar is the tomb of Leo the Tenth. Connected with this church is a large and wealthy convent, belonging to the Dominican order. They are in the habit of educating a certain number of poor female children, who, when they have arrived at a certain age, enter some convent as nuns, or go out into the world to support themselves by their industry. Each year of course there is a graduating class of these young girls. Out of this class twelve are selected, upon whom is conferred a very peculiar honour. The Pope and Cardinals always celebrate the feast of the Annunciation in the church of *Santa Maria Sopra Minerva*, and these twelve girls who have made the greatest proficiency, are permitted to walk in procession on this occasion, and to receive a certain donation from the Cardinals as their dower.

The feast of the Annunciation occurred on Sunday, and we hoped that the ceremonies of the day would be in accordance with the duties of the season. We went at an early hour, and found the church fitted up for the occasion; the farther end, near the high altar, being arranged very much as I have described the Sistine

chapel. Again I was permitted to occupy a spot just behind the seats of the Cardinals.

The approach of the Pope, as described by one of our company who remained without to witness the spectacle, was very imposing. The whole open area was filled with crowds of people. All the windows and balconies around the piazza were hung with crimson and occupied by spectators. It had more of the appearance of a fête day than of the Sabbath. Here also were assembled several companies of troops, in martial array, with noise of drums to receive his Holiness. On this occasion thirty-five Cardinals were present; each of their carriages was decked with princely splendour, attended by four servants in beautiful livery, while the gay spirited animals that drew them, covered with rich trappings, might have stood for the picture of Job's war horse. The Cardinals, one after another, all arrived before the Pope, but did not leave their carriages until his appearance. At length his train appeared. He rode in a chariot drawn by six horses, which was literally so entirely made of burnished brass, silver, and gold, that it seemed like the chariot of the sun. The moment his train reached the crowded area, the people gave way, the Cardinals sprang from their carriages, the multitude fell upon their knees, the drums beat, and the soldiers presented their arms in sign of military reverence.

The scene within I witnessed myself. Almost immediately after I arrived, the church became thronged with spectators. Very soon the Swiss guard, with their broad red plumes, their black and yellow striped hose, their singular breeches, and many-coloured coats belted with a girdle of yellow, each bearing a long glittering

spear or halberd, arrived. Soon one and another company of troops, in full military dress, marched into the church with their brightly burnished arms, and arrayed themselves in two lines down the nave of the church, quite to the door at which the procession was to enter. Directly a portion of the Pope's body guards, who form the mounted cavalcade that always attend his person when he rides out, made their entrance, clothed in elegant military costume, and equipped with boot, and sword, and spur. With a swaggering military air they stalked through the church, and planted themselves directly around the point of entrance to the seats of the Cardinals. This all occurred before the pope reached the neighbourhood of the church. At length the organ struck up a march. The drums were heard beating without. The guns of the soldiers rung on the stone pavement of the house of God, as, at the bidding of their officer, they grounded, shouldered, and presented arms. How unlike the Sabbath—how unlike religion—how unlike the suitable preparation to receive a minister of the meek and lowly Jesus! Now moving slowly up, between the two armed lines of soldiers, appeared a long procession of ecclesiastics, bishops, canons, and cardinals, preceding the Roman pontiff, who was borne on a gilded chair, clad in vestments resplendent as the sun. His bearers were twelve men clad in crimson, being immediately preceded by several persons carrying a cross, his mitre, his triple crown, and other insignia of office. As he was thus borne along on the shoulders of men, amid the gaping crowds, his head was shaded or canopied by two immense fans made of peacocks' feathers, which were borne by two attendants. He at length was set down in the midst of the Cardinals, near

their seats, and conducted with great state to his throne. Then each Cardinal, with his crimson train spread at full length, approached his throne, and went through the ceremony of salutation which I have before described. Then followed, precisely as in the Sistine Chapel, the mass, with all its usual chanting, music, kneeling, bowing, crossing, carrying of candles, burning of incense, ringing of bells, and elevation of the host. After all this was finished, the twelve girls attended by some dozen officers, were brought in, walking up between the two lines of soldiers. They were dressed in white. Over their dress was drawn a singular outer garment coming down to the waist, the top of which formed a hood or cap, which also had connected with it a case or covering for the lower part of the face, by which the mouth was completely barricaded. Poor girls! they had frequently to pull down this mouth-covering in order to breathe.

The cap or hood was surmounted with a tinsel crown, ornamented with artificial flowers. They each bore a lighted taper, and came up along by the seats of the Cardinals—went up the steps that led to the papal throne, and there bowing down before his holiness they reverently kissed his foot. A collection was then taken up among the Cardinals for their benefit, and the whole ceremony was thus ended. The Pope was again put into his chair, and borne on the shoulders of his attendants to his carriage. The streets were filled with carriages and soldiers and merry crowds: the air rung with noise and the sound of martial music—every window and balcony was crowded with idle spectators. This is the way in which the Pope keeps the Sabbath; these are the means he takes to save the thousands that

people his territory. Oh what a religion Popery is ! I went home sick and sorrowful. I felt as though, in being present at such a scene, I had helped to desecrate the sabbath. I can never feel thankful enough that I was born in a Protestant land. Our countrymen do not appreciate the religious privileges they enjoy.

Yours, &c.

CHAPTER XXI.

GLIMPSES OF ROME.

The Protestant Chapel at Rome—The Church of St. John Lateran—Baptistery—*Scala Santa*—The Church of the Holy Cross—Popish relics—Scene in St. Peter's—Church of the Capuchins—The *Palazzo Barberini*—Raphael's Fornarina—Indelicacy connected with the exhibition of picture galleries—Voluptuous character of Raphael—Pontifical palace—St. Peter's of the Golden Hill—The *Cloaca Maxima*—Baths of Titus—Church of S. Maria Maggiore—Policy of the Roman pontiffs—Borghese Palace—Beggars at Rome—Popery the court religion—Devotion to the Catholic faith the way to political power.

Rome, March 22nd, 1838.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I shall in this and my next letter give you some miscellaneous notices of various objects of interest which I saw in and about Rome: and I will present them to you just as I set them down in my journal, beginning with the first Sunday I spent in this famed city of the Seven Hills.

February 18th, 1838. I sought at an early hour this morning, the place of the English Protestant Chapel, where I hoped to unite in the prayers and praises of a Christian congregation that had some sympathies in common with my own. This I found just without the walls of Rome, near the gate that opens into the Piazza Del Popolo. As a great favour, and after a long negotiation conducted by the English Ambassador, the Pope

has permitted divine worship to be celebrated without the walls of Rome according to the order of the Church of England. The chapel stands in the neighbourhood of the *Villa Borghese*, which possesses a beautiful park, full three miles in circumference. As I found I was nearly an hour too early for service, I walked along through the park of the villa, meditating much upon the brevity of human life, of which the present state of my own health was calculated to remind me. I found myself quite alone in this beautiful and shaded promenade, where the luxuriant vegetation that covered the ground, and the rich foliage hung on the trees, carried my thoughts back to the vernal morn of my own short existence, and to those eternal ages of blessedness which will dawn on those whose hopes are garnered up in Christ. Returning I found a body of armed troops at the entrance of the chapel, whom, I am told, the Pope orders regularly there when divine service is celebrated, for the ostensible reason of guarding the worshippers against any disturbance. The room occupied for a chapel was in the third story. It will contain three or four hundred persons, and was in the morning well filled. Almost all the English and Americans, resident or visiting here, attend this place of worship. The service appeared exceedingly interesting, although the sermon, which was delivered by an English clergyman, who is on a visit here, was a very jejune and indifferent affair. The regular chaplain, the Rev. Mr. H—, officiated in the afternoon, and gave us a sound and truly evangelical discourse. It is a source of happiness to reflect, that here, where so much darkness covers the people, there is one voice lifted up to proclaim in distinct accents, the truth as it is in Jesus.

February 19th. This day has proved to be very pleasant. We went in the morning to view the Church of St. John Lateran. This is one of the churches denominated Basilicæ—being a sort of metropolitan churches, having other parishes subordinate to them. The term *Basilica* was applied among the ancient Romans to the place where causes were heard, ambassadors received, and public business of various sorts transacted. It is supposed that several of the principal churches in Rome acquired this name from being constructed very much in the same form with the Basilicæ. There are now seven churches that are thus denominated—St. Peter's, St. John's, St. Maria Maggiore, St. Croce, St. Paul's, St. Lorenzo's, and St. Sebastian's. Four of these are within and three without the walls of Rome.

St. John's, which stands within the city, not far from the Neapolitan gate, is one of the most distinguished churches in Rome, and holds rank as a Basilica only second to St. Peter's. It is denominated St. John *Lateran*, from its having been built on the site of the palace of Plautius Lateranus. This Basilica was originally built by Constantine. There are several objects around it of considerable interest—the adjoining palace, the Baptistery, and the *Scala Santa*. This church was once regarded as entirely superior to St. Peter's, and the palace annexed to it was the residence of the reigning Pontiff. And even now, when a new Pope is elected, one of the first ceremonies is for him to take possession of the Lateran Basilica, which is done in great state and with solemn procession. In the open square on the side of the church towards the city stands a remarkable obelisk covered with hieroglyphics,

which is said to be the largest in Rome. It was originally placed in the Temple of the Sun at Thebes, by Ramises, King of Egypt. It was brought to Rome by the son of Constantine the Great, and set up in its present place by Pope Sixtus V. The front of the Basilica looks towards the south, and appears to great advantage in approaching the city as you come from Naples; its battlements being surmounted by colossal statues of the Saviour and twelve Apostles. On this side, there is an entrance through a magnificent door of bronze, ornamented with bas-reliefs. This door is said to have been taken from the Temple of the Sun.

The interior is divided by four rows of pillars or pilasters into five aisles; the centre aisle constitutes the nave of the church, and in its pillars are placed colossal statues of the twelve apostles. The ceiling appears exceedingly rich with figures in gilt. Every part of the church is made attractive by the splendour which wealth and art have lavished upon it. A series of splendid chapels line the outermost aisles, which are adorned by all the varieties of precious marble, exquisite statuary, elegant frescoes, and splendid paintings.

The *custode* appeared exceedingly anxious to show us some of the precious relics preserved in this ancient church, governed more by the expectation of the forthcoming *buono mano*, I presume, than any zeal to bring us over to the Catholic faith, even if he suspected that we were protestants. Among other things, he showed the *very stone*, a slab of alabaster,—upon which the soldiers cast lots for the seamless robe of the Saviour. He had also here the *very rock* which was burst in sunder at the crucifixion, which was a beautiful marble column split open in the centre. Here also was the

very *table* on which our Lord ate the Passover, and first instituted the holy Supper. Moreover, he showed us an ancient altar-piece, or communion table, through which was perforated a hole several inches in diameter, made, according to his account, in the following way: A priest was once officiating at the altar, who had some doubts in reference to transubstantiation. He could not fully believe that the wafer was converted into the real body of Christ. However, after the act of consecration, in giving the mass to those who had come to receive it, he accidentally dropped a wafer, which falling upon the marble altar, instantly produced the aperture which we beheld. He was, of course, no longer sceptical. Another relic was a stone *well-curb*, which originally stood over the well where the woman of Samaria came to draw water, and held the long discourse recorded in the gospel of St. John, with the Saviour. There was a singleness and simplicity of manner in relating these legends, that clearly showed that this ignorant ecclesiastic fully believed them. The adjoining palace was originally built by Constantine, and was the residence of the pope for more than a thousand years. It was rebuilt in its present magnificent form by pope Sixtus V., and is now turned into a hospital for the poor.

The Baptistery is a small building standing near the church, and said to have been erected by Constantine, in order that he might himself here receive the holy rite of initiation into the church. It is octangular, and ornamented with several ancient columns. The font is evidently intended for immersion, and occupies a considerable proportion of the building. Among the paintings which adorn the walls, is one representing the

vision of Constantine and his battle with Maxentius. It is said that this baptistry now is used only on the Saturday before Easter, for baptizing Jews or other infidels who have been converted to Christianity. The custom of having a baptistry distinct from the church, is said to be found in many Italian towns.

On the other side of the Basilica, towards Naples, is the *Scala Santa*, or Holy Stairs. These are contained in an edifice of some size, the only design of which is to shelter these sacred steps. The Holy Stairs consist of about thirty white marble steps, which are said to have belonged to the palace of Pontius Pilate at Jerusalem, and to have been hallowed by the footsteps of the Saviour, when he was arraigned there upon his trial. These steps are covered with thick plank, which has to be renewed frequently, as it is worn out by the knees and kisses of the devout. None are allowed to ascend these stairs, except upon their knees. It was while slowly climbing these steps, that the great Luther, then a Saxon monk, and still thinking it necessary to submit to all the vain practices enjoined by the church for the remission of sins, thought he heard a voice like thunder, speaking from the depth of his heart, "The just shall live by faith." These words, which already on two previous occasions, had struck upon his ear as the voice of an angel of God, resounded instantaneously and powerfully within him. He started up in terror on the steps up which he had been crawling; he was now horrified at himself; and struck with shame for the degradation to which superstition had delivered him, he fled from the scene of his folly.*

* D'Aubigné's History of the Great Reformation.

As we approached the stairs we found about twenty persons in the act of ascending; some had nearly reached the top, and others were just starting. They kissed each stair as they ascended, repeating a short prayer on each. The ascent occupied full half an hour, and is very laborious. Among those who were pressing their way up, we saw several well-dressed ladies crowded in between beggars, priests, and soldiers. Taking it all in all, this is the most disgusting piece of superstition that I have seen in Italy. Great merit is supposed to be attached to an ascent made in this way. The individual's sins are all blotted out, and peculiar audience in heaven will be given to his prayers.

In the same neighbourhood is the church of *Santa Croce in Gerusalemme*, or the church of the Holy Cross in Jerusalem. This is another of the Basilicæ, founded either by Constantine, or his mother St. Helen, who brought and deposited here a third part of the holy cross; hence its name, "Church of the Holy Cross." Some soil from the Holy Land was also brought, a part of which was placed underneath the church, and a part over the roof; hence its further designation "in Gerusalemme." It is believed that a large fragment of the true cross is still preserved here, as well as two of the thorns that formed the Saviour's crown, also one of the thirty pieces of silver for which Judas betrayed him, and also a part of the cross of the converted thief. These relics are never exhibited except on Good Friday. There are said to be here other relics of a very singular character. I note them down, merely to illustrate the credulity of Roman Catholics. Here are preserved the finger which Thomas thrust into the Saviour's side—part of the sponge on which the vinegar

was put when handed to our Saviour on the cross—part of the vest without seam—part of the veil and hair of the Virgin Mary—some earth from Mount Calvary stained with Christ's blood—a piece of the stone on which the Angel stood when he saluted Mary—a tooth of St. Peter, and sundry other articles quite as marvellous.

The front and vestibule of this church are very fine, and present an imposing appearance in approaching it from St. John's. The nave is supported by eight fine columns of Egyptian granite, and the ceiling adorned with beautiful frescoes. This church stands quite alone, removed some distance from any human habitation, and like many of the other churches in Rome seems of no manner of use, only for purposes of show and superstition.

February 21st. I was again to-day at St. Peter's. I was particularly struck with a scene which I witnessed around the bronze statue of the Apostle, which the people seem so much to adore. In the course of ten or fifteen minutes I saw more than twenty persons approach and kiss the brazen toe of the statue. The filthy-looking Lazaroni came up, and smacking the foot with their lips, turned and rubbed the back of their head against the projecting bronze. Immediately followed a well-dressed Roman gentleman, and a blooming young girl. The gentleman took out a white pocket handkerchief and having rubbed the toe, devoutly kissed it, in which act of religious reverence he was immediately followed by the fair young damsel at his side. A mother, who had an infant in her arms, and two little ones at her side, lifted each child up to kiss the venerated toe, and then forced the lips of the little thing

she held in her arms to do the same. But the most affecting thing which I saw, was a well-dressed and respectable-looking man, with locks that were white and venerable with age, approaching this statue. He was entirely blind, and led by the hand of an attendant. Having reached the spot, he sought with his hand the projecting foot, and then reverently bowed and kissed the sandalled toe.

February 24th. We went to-day to visit the church of the Capuchins. The arrangements for the living and the dead, are very similar to those described on the island of Malta. The cemetery occupies the lower part of the church, where the bones and skulls of the members of this order for the last five hundred years lie, either piled up in the form of arches and columns, or arranged along the ceiling in some fantastic shape, as though designed for architectural ornament. Some of the skulls appear to have been manufactured into lamps, which swung, suspended with ghastly aspect, to light up the dusky apartment. Here, also, the skeletons of a number of the deceased of the fraternity are made to preserve their natural shape, and being clad in the habit of their order, and placed in a sitting or reposing posture, they present a most appalling spectacle. There appeared to be some dozen recesses or chambers, filled with these piles of bones. The dormitories of the Capuchins in the convent did not appear so neat or comfortable as those we saw in Malta. The upper story of the convent seemed appropriated to the aged. There was a chapel for them on the same floor. We saw a number of these old decrepit men, tottering with age, and with hair white as the driven snow. Alas! that they should have wasted the precious season of life

mewed up in cloisters, when there is so much to be done in the world! We also to-day visited the *Palazzo Barberini*, which possesses few external attractions. There are, however, in this palace, some fine paintings. I suppose that Raphael's *Fornarina* and *Joseph's Temptation* would be classed among these. But I must protest against the indelicacy which shocks me more and more every time I pass through a picture or sculpture gallery. It is the custom in Italy to exhibit the human form, in statues and often in paintings, in a state of perfect nudity. It is said that no indelicate or improper feelings are awakened by this practice in those who are accustomed to visit these galleries. On the other hand, our ideas as a nation on this subject, are regarded as affectation. The state of morals, however, in Italy, is a sufficient commentary on this practice. Better, far better will it be for our country to be without the fine arts, than to receive them along with the voluptuous habits and extreme moral degradation of those countries where they most flourish.

I am really pained to find that Raphael, the divine and inimitable Raphael, was a degraded sensualist, and died in consequence of a debauch, which bringing on a fever, under improper medical treatment brought him down to the grave at the early age of thirty-seven. There is something so soft, and chaste, and pure, and heavenly in all the touches of Raphael's pencil, that one in gazing upon his pictures is led to imagine that his thoughts must always have been in heaven. He furnishes another and a striking instance that the highest and most cultivated taste cannot change the corrupt heart, or control the maddened passions of depraved human nature. Nothing can do this but the grace of

God. Raphael was unquestionably a man of incomparable genius, and like his great cotemporary Michael Angelo, excelled not only in painting but architecture. He enjoyed great popularity, and was courted even by popes and princes, who were alike ambitious that the walls of their palaces should exhibit some traces of his pencil. All the history of his times seems to concur in bearing testimony to his sweet and amiable temper; but if tradition be not utterly false, he did not escape the contamination of the prevailing vices of his voluptuous country, and his *Fornarina* was not a *beau ideal* of female loveliness, but the guilty associate of his voluptuous hours, and the barrier in the way of his union with the accomplished Italian lady to whom he was long betrothed, and whose remains now repose beside his in the Pantheon.

Our walk this morning also extended to the Pontifical Palace on the Quirinal Hill. It is said to have been built on the ruins of the Baths of Constantine. The rooms generally in this palace are less spacious and less elegant than those of the Palace at Caserta. The Pope usually resides here in the summer. We were shown the room where the French soldiers, on the 6th of July 1809, seized Pius VII., when Napoleon attempted to force that pontiff to approve of his measures and submit to his dictation. He was conducted by a military escort to Florence and thence to Savona, and finally to Fontainebleau, where he remained in durance till 1814.

There are some beautiful frescoes and a particularly fine painting of the Annunciation in the small chapel in this palace—all of which were executed by Guido. There is a life, a feminine softness, and a chastened radiance in the countenance of Mary as she appears in

this group, that I do not recollect to have observed in any of the innumerable representations of the Virgin that I have seen.

February 26th. We this morning took a carriage and rode to pay a visit to *S. Pietro in Montorio*, or to St. Peter's of the Golden Hill. The principal object of interest here is, that tradition fixes upon this hill as the place where Peter was crucified. The church stands near the supposed place of execution. Over the precise spot has been erected a beautiful little temple, in the centre of whose pavement there is a square place left open quite down to the earth, where the custode told us his cross actually stood. By many it has been doubted whether St. Peter ever visited Rome. There is, however, I think, satisfactory evidence that he went there near the close of his life, in the reign of Nero, by whose order both he and St. Paul were put to death.

Our ride also took us to the *Arch of Septimus Severus in Velabrum*,* the *Arch of Janus Quadrifrons*, and the *Cloaca Maxima*, the great subterranean aqueduct or sewer, constructed by Tarquinius Priscus, only one hundred and fifty years from the foundation of the city. In the time of Pliny he thought it wonderful that this sewer had stood so long—seven hundred years; and now nearly two thousand years have since rolled away and the *Cloaca Maxima* still remains—though we were able to see but a small part of it.

The *Temple of Vesta*, and the *Temple of Fortuna Virile* we also found in the same neighbourhood. From thence we went to the *Baths of Titus*, which are immense. They have been almost entombed by the

* The name of a certain district in Rome.

shock of earthquakes and lapse of time—but now, when laid open, their walls exhibit beautiful frescoes, whose colours seem fresh and bright as when first laid on by the artist's pencil two thousand years ago. It was near this, in what is called the Palace of Titus, that the *Laocoon* and the *Belvidere Meleager* were found. In this part of the city stood the houses of Horace and Virgil. We were also particularly interested in a visit to the church of St. Martin on the mountain, that is built over a portion of the ruins of the Baths of Titus. This edifice is adorned with twenty-four magnificent columns, brought from Adrian's villa at Tivoli. The great altar is peculiarly rich in precious marbles, and is said to have cost at least forty thousand dollars. The side aisles are embellished with landscape paintings, some of which are exquisitely fine. The whole church is calculated to dazzle one by its richness and splendour. The skeleton frame of a distinguished Cardinal, covered with leather to represent skin, is here preserved, laid in a glass case under one of the altars. He appears clad in the robes of his office, holding a cross in one hand, and the Virgin and Jesus in the other. These are the things which amuse and fascinate the superstitious.

We did not return without paying another visit to Santa Maria Maggiore. By some this is regarded as superior to all other churches in Rome or Italy in the elegance of its form, the richness of its materials, and the splendour of its ornaments. It is situated upon the summit of the Esquiline Hill, and covers the ground once occupied by a temple of Juno. The Romans preserve a wonderful identity of character in their religious attachments. Mary is now substituted for Juno, and receives very much the same worship that

the heathen goddess did. This church is one of the Basilicæ, and is called *Maria Maggiore*, from its being the largest church in Rome dedicated to the Virgin Mary. As you approach it, the external appearance impresses you with the idea of grandeur: and yet such is the character of this structure, from the multitude of parts into which it is divided, and the variety of ornaments that adorn it, that while it awakens admiration, it distracts the attention, and leaves a very confused and indistinct idea of its outlines upon the mind. The first view I had of this temple made an impression upon my mind, which I cannot better describe than in the language which has since fallen in my way of one who visited it some ten years since. Speaking of the interior, he remarks: "The brilliancy of its decorations is better suited to a theatre, a pavilion, or a ball-room, than to the character of that religion which in its origin is associated with a manger, and the prevailing spirit of which is lowliness of heart. * * * * Nothing can exceed in richness and elegance the view from the front door, towards the high altar and tribune. Forty beautiful antique pillars, of the Ionic order, line the nave and support galleries which are divided into compartments filled with paintings. The glories of the ceiling vie with the mosaics of the pavement. Between the nave and the choir rises a canopy, supported by four porphyry pillars wreathed with gold, and only surpassed in splendour by the profusion of lapis lazuli, agate, and jasper, which glitter on the altars around. Two magnificent chapels open on either hand, and are filled with piles of monumental marble of the most exquisite workmanship. Among these are the tombs of four popes. In one of the chapels is a beautiful tabernacle, supported by angels of bronze gilt."

The Borghese Chapel is peculiarly rich in marble, painting, and sculpture. The paintings here are many of them executed by Guido, and other distinguished masters. How much better than all this external splendour would be the life and spirit of true devotion !

March 1st, 1838. To-day I passed through the galleries of sculpture in the Vatican. The rooms are fitted up in a princely and incomparable style. The finest specimens of ancient and modern sculpture extant are here collected, and displayed in galleries, to construct, beautify, and adorn which, millions have been expended. This has not been done blindly, nor for a mere love of the fine arts. The Roman pontiffs are not men to squander their treasures without looking to consequences. They have long known and understood that the vast sculpture and picture galleries in the Vatican, would gain them more power and influence than all the papal bulls that they could issue. Popery seems to be invested with new attractions to the man who walks through the magnificent chambers of the Vatican, where he beholds one lengthened scene of enchantment—one bright vision of glory succeeding another, in the endless suite of rooms filled with sculpture and painting. These rooms are thrown open two or three times every week, and all strangers in Rome are invited to pass through and behold all their wonders, free of any charge. The group of Laocoon—the Apollo Belvidere—the statue of Meleager—the hall of animals—the sculptured car of marble with two horses—the endless forms of sculpture full of breathing life, among which I have spent the day, will long dwell upon my memory.

March 5th. I have again spent the day in wandering through the galleries of the Vatican. The frescoes of Raphael, in the Porches and the Hall of Constantine,

are admirable, but nothing comes up to his Transfiguration! How could the man who could form such divine, and pure, and holy conceptions, wallow in the kennel of this world's pollution! Poor Raphael, with all his seraphic conceptions, needed the transforming and controlling influence of divine grace.

March 6th. This day has been principally occupied in a visit to the Borghese palace, which is a splendid edifice, and particularly rich in pictures. The furniture of the splendid suite of rooms is exceedingly beautiful. We were shown a table composed of all the different precious stones and the different coloured marbles known in the world. It was one of the most exquisite productions I ever beheld.

March 7th. We are still extending our observation upon Roman palaces. We passed through the galleries of the Farnese palace to-day. The frescoes of several of the rooms are among the most admired in Rome, having been executed by *Annibale Caracci*, and other great masters. But I must continue to protest against the exhibition of naked human forms in these paintings, which are to be viewed by crowds of promiscuous spectators. In many of these paintings the artist has exhibited the heathen gods and goddesses as patrons, by their example, of indelicacy and lasciviousness, as though this were a warrant for the scenes depicted on the walls of these palaces. How utterly opposed is all this in its tendency and influence to the purity and holiness of the gospel!

The crowds of beggars, in Rome and every part of Italy, whenever we go into the streets, fall upon us like voracious harpies. Some of them have their particular stands, where they expect the largest number of

strangers will be likely to pass each day, and here they watch with all the perseverance and adroitness for passers by, with which the orange women or newspaper venders look for customers at the starting of a steam-boat from one of the wharfs of the Delaware or Hudson. Several constantly keep their station on the magnificent flight of stone steps that lead up from the *Piazza di Spagna* to the open space before the church *Trinita de Monti*, which is our usual route to the Pincian Hill, the loveliest promenade in Rome. One stations himself, for instance, at the foot of the stairs, another at the first landing, and a third at the top. One walks on all-fours—another shoves himself along on his back by means of his hands, and the third is professedly blind. Three or four other stations are occupied by this fraternity before we reach the Pincian Hill. So on the road to St. Peter's, to the Colosseum, to the Capitoline Hill, and every place of resort in Rome, are regularly stationed beggars, who go there as regularly as the labourer to his day's work. There is no conceivable form of decrepitude which you do not find among these beggars. I have sometimes been led to think that they cultivate distortion of form and limb in order to appeal more effectually to the sympathy of travellers. Though very persevering, the beggars in Rome are not so impudent and determinedly importunate as at Malta and Naples. To-day I saw one of this profession under quite novel circumstances. It was an old man with a long beard and squalid dress, apparently labouring under great decrepitude. He sat in a little waggon, about the size of a hand-cart, which was neatly covered with oil-cloth, and drawn by a little old skeleton of a donkey, not much exceeding a calf in size. In the

front part of his waggon was a pan of coals burning, by which he could warm his hands. From the roof of his little covered vehicle was suspended an image of the Virgin, and before it hung a burning lamp. It seemed to me that he must have been thriving in his profession, as he was thus able to keep his carriage. He seemed to understand the art of appealing to the sympathies by all the tender and moving tones of which the human voice is susceptible. It is painful to see so much splendour and poverty in such close juxta-position as we find them every where at this renowned seat of papal influence.

It must be obvious to the most casual visitor of Rome, that the great aim of those in power here is to exalt and aggrandize the Romish church. All the splendid collections and rich specimens of the fine arts in the Vatican are designed to adorn, beautify, and encircle with a halo of glory the skeleton of popery. There is another consideration which makes the papal religion assume an air and attitude of importance and dignity here—it is the court religion. No one can expect any civil honours or offices, or any favour from the crown, who is not a zealous adherent to popery. The Romish church is the very prop and pillar of the civil government of the papal states. The Pope is their civil as well as ecclesiastical sovereign by virtue of the peculiar relation he holds to the Romish church. He is the king of the land through all the papal states, as well as the head of the church. The road to power and political influence is through the church—and the favour of those who guide its affairs and guard its interest. The same motives which lead men in our country to resort to popular arts to please the people and gain political

influence, lead them at Rome to become zealous Catholics. If the truth were known, I expect it would be found that the Pope himself values his *civil* quite as much as his spiritual sceptre. Of course the church is the pillar of his hopes—the great apparatus by which he gulls and hoodwinks the people—and as long as he loves temporal power he will hold on to his professed priestly supremacy, and seek to perpetuate the reign of superstition and darkness. Every one who has at all examined the subject will see that there are prodigious incitements in the papal church to unsanctified ambition. The most obscure monk, clad in the coarsest robe, girded with a flaxen rope, and shod with wooden sandals, may by tact, and cunning, and a certain course of management, attain a cardinal's hat, ride in a princely chariot, roll in splendour, and ultimately sit in the papal chair. The now reigning Pope rose to his present station from an obscure monk of the order of St. Gregory.

Sixtus V. also, who filled the papal see the latter part of the sixteenth century, might be referred to, as another instance illustrative of the preceding remarks. He was born near Montalto, of very indigent parents, and spent his early years in the most humble labours to procure his daily bread. His proper name was *Felix Peretti*. He had an uncle that was a Franciscan monk, through whose influence he obtained admittance into one of the schools of this religious order. Evincing brilliancy of intellect, he ingratiated himself so far into the favour of his instructors that he was continued in school till he had received a thorough education. He particularly distinguished himself in scholastic philosophy and theology, and in Roman literature. He now rose rapidly, and obtained not only

holy orders but the title of Doctor of Divinity. His celebrity, as an acute logician and eloquent preacher, soon became widely diffused. His learning and talents, and increasing distinction, awakened the jealousy of not a few of the great men in the Catholic church, whose fame he threatened to eclipse. They engaged in controversy with him, and tried to crush him. For a while they partially succeeded. But at length he obtained a cardinal's hat, and took the name of Montalto. Well acquainted with the policy of his colleagues, he believed the surest way to gain the triple crown—the great object of his ambition—was to pursue a course of conduct which should not awaken the jealousy of the other cardinals. Up to this period he had been distinguished as an intolerant, violent, and most ambitious man. His habits also were very active. No labour or toils would prevent him from carrying into execution any plan he had formed. The vigour and strength of his body appeared every way equal to the activity and restlessness of his mind. But all these qualities seemed now suddenly annihilated. He would not connect himself with either party in the conclave after the death of Pius V. He withdrew almost wholly from the court, and very reluctantly took any part in political affairs under Gregory XIII. He treated every one with kindness and affability—and suffered injuries without seeking revenge. He expended his income in acts of benevolence and literary enterprise—erecting monuments to forgotten saints and ministering to the poor. His whole bodily appearance was changed. Instead of a stout, vigorous frame, he had become greatly emaciated, and presented the appearance of a sick and broken down old man, who loved, above all

things else, tranquillity and devotion, Under the mask of pious simplicity and feeble old age, he gained much information from the licentious nobles, who confided to him their secrets, while he acted as their confessor. He thus deceived all about him as to his true character. Upon the death of Gregory XIII. the majority of cardinals were of the opinion, that a pope like Montalto would be most easily managed, and probably would soon by his demise leave the see vacant for another election. In the midst of the conclave, convened in the electoral chapel, stood Montalto, leaning with bent form and tremulous limbs upon a staff, to all appearance on the verge of the grave—when his election to fill the pontifical chair was announced. Instantly he threw down as with scorn the staff on which he had leaned, and stood forth erect in form, and with an elasticity of step that perfectly astonished and electrified the whole college of cardinals. He was no longer the feeble, decrepid, simple old man, but the firm, vigorous, shrewd, ambitious Pope Sixtus V., who showed that he could grasp and wield the sceptre of the world. His object was now attained. He had been acting a part fifteen years—and now, having obtained the object of his wishes, the mask was thrown off.

The possibility of attaining this high eminence is more clearly illustrated by the fact, that the occupants of the papal chair are generally selected, as in the instance just related, from those whose prospects of continued life are not the most encouraging. To show the truth of this remark, it will be enough to state that since the death of Pius VII. in July, 1823, a period less than fifteen years, there have been three Popes—

Leo XII., Pius VIII., and Gregory XVI., the present Roman pontiff. In a body composed of about fifty, never exceeding seventy persons, there is held out the strong probability that at least three of this number every fifteen years may occupy a throne. Are there no stimulants to unsanctified ambition here? And then the Pope is not a tool, subject to the dictation of his ministers. He is an absolute monarch. No government can be more despotic than that established over the papal states. I might refer to the case of Torlonia, a distinguished banker in Rome, in illustration of the position that the Romish church is upheld and strengthened in these states from worldly and political considerations. Torlonia was the son of a poor pedlar, but by his tact and industry he accumulated a large fortune. He desired to ennoble his family, and therefore purchased a dukedom, and acquired the title belonging to it. He must of course live in a style which comports with his acquired nobility. He has therefore purchased one of the old palaces on the *Corso*, and is fitting it up with an elegance that will throw the mansions of the wealthiest princes of Rome into the shade. But observe, no one can lift up his head here among the magnates of the land, upon whom the Pope and Church do not smile; and, therefore, Torlonia has purchased for the sum of eighteen thousand dollars, the privilege of putting up and adorning a chapel in one of the unoccupied recesses of the Church of St. John Lateran. It is said that already contracts have been made for sculpture and paintings, for the adornment of this chapel, to the amount of more than a hundred thousand dollars. What political men in our country are willing to scatter among

the people to buy golden opinions, Torlonia is willing to lavish on the church, to obtain the good opinion of him whose thunders issue from the Vatican.

I have still several notices of things in and about Rome, with some reflections suggested by the striking analogies between the customs and attachments of pagan and papal Rome, which I will reserve for my next letter.

Yours, &c.

CHAPTER XXII.

GLIMPSES OF ROME.

The Pantheon—Museum on the Capitoline Hill—Dorian Palace—Tomb of Caius Cestius—St. Paul's Church—Conflagration—Excursion to Tivoli—Church of St. Lorenzo—Adventure at Adrian's villa—Picturesque falls of Tivoli—Return to Rome—Church of Ara Celi—Baths of Caracalla—The Circus Maximus—A scene in the Colosseum—Strong analogy between pagan and papal Rome.

Rome, March 25th, 1838.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I shall occupy this sheet principally with extracts from my journal.

Saturday, March 10th, 1838. I succeeded to-day in obtaining a view of the Pantheon. I have several times been to view this ancient structure, but found all access to it barred from the overflowings of the Tiber. At such times we could have reached it in no way but in a boat, though it stands almost in the midst of the city. Many of the streets, since we have been here, have been rendered quite impassable by the freshets that have prevailed.

The Pantheon is situated in a low and disagreeable part of the city, and is now closely surrounded with houses, so that it does not appear to the advantage it otherwise would. It fronts one of the public areas, in which stand an Egyptian obelisk and a sparkling foun-

tain. This structure is one of the most entire specimens that remain in Rome of heathen temples. It was at its original erection, considered as a fine specimen of Roman architectural taste—having been built for a repository of the statues of all the gods, as its name imports. In front there is a magnificent porch seventy feet in length, and forty in width, supported by sixteen Corinthian pillars, whose shafts are of red oriental granite, with capitals of white marble. The bronze doors that once hung here, were carried off as trophies by Genseric, and are buried in the depths of the Mediterranean. The body of the temple is a magnificent rotunda, a hundred and fifty feet in diameter, and nearly the same in height, with a wide aperture at the top, through which the bright skies of Italy shed a cheerful light, and give to the whole interior, an imposing appearance. The inner walls are incrustured with the richest marble, and the pavement is of porphyry. Two ranges of niches extend quite round the temple—the upper one for the celestial, the lower for the terrestrial, and the floor for the infernal deities. Jove, with his group of greater gods, occupied the tribune or alcove opposite the door. The Pantheon, by the papists, has been converted into a Christian temple. Many shrines, more splendid than those that adorned the heathen temple, are now placed around the wall, enriched with statues and pictures; and even some of the very statues that were in the heathen temple, are still here, having been christened by a new name. When we visited the Pantheon, we found the pavement still wet from the inundation that had filled it with its waters. A priest had, however, gained possession, and was beginning to consecrate the mass, being attended by a

couple of little boys to ring the bell, bow the knee, and shake the incense-box. The whole appearance of this place, with the association it called up, was to me peculiarly interesting. I was aware, also, that the mortal remains of Raphael slept beneath the pavement. This increased the mournful interest that I felt in this magnificent structure. We were here again reminded how exactly papal Rome has followed her pagan ancestor. This temple, as its name indicates, was dedicated to *all the gods*—it is now dedicated to *all the saints*,* the Virgin being prominent.

I begin to grow almost weary of sight-seeing. I did not find that exquisite enjoyment, two days since, in a visit to the museum on the Capitoline hili, that the first sight of the halls of the Vatican imparted, though I saw there some magnificent productions both of the pencil and chisel. "The Dying Gladiator"—"The Faun," and "Antinous," are pieces of sculpture that I can never forget. After visiting the Pantheon, we took a stroll through the magnificent apartments of the Dorian palace, which are adorned with pictures of rare excellence, and with some of the finest landscape paintings in Rome. Here we saw exquisite productions from the pencil of Raphael, Claude, Guido, Titian, Rubens, Vandyke, Domenichino, Salvator Rosa, Annibale Caracci, and many others. The suites of rooms in which this immense collection of paintings are contained, are beautiful and almost endless. The broad mirrors, multiplying by reflection these thousand pictures—the frescoed ceilings, and gilded furniture, all conspiring to impress the mind with one lengthened vision of beauty and

* Burton, vol. i. p. 206.

brightness, made us feel as we passed along, as though we were treading amid the fabled scenes of the Arabian Nights.

March 13th. I made an excursion beyond the walls of Rome to-day, passing in my way, the tomb of *Caius Cestius*. This is a striking pyramid, one hundred and twenty feet in height. It is principally interesting as giving one an idea of the pyramids in Egypt. This has stood, however, only about two thousand years.

We continued our ride on to St. Paul's without the city. This was a temple which in dimensions, magnificence, and splendour, almost vied with St. Peter's. It has been a measure full of political wisdom, for the Roman pontiff to place some of his most magnificent churches under the especial patronage of some one of the great sovereigns of Europe. For instance, the Emperor of Austria is the avowed protector of St. Peter's—the King of France, of St. John Lateran—the Sovereign of Spain, of St. Maria Maggiore—and, previous to the Reformation, the King of England was the protector of St. Paul's. This church, which is one of the Seven Basilicæ, is said to have been erected by Constantine over the grave of St. Paul. It must have been a magnificent building. Not less than one hundred and twenty massive and beautiful columns of the Corinthian order, rose along the nave and aisles of this proud temple, forming colonnades and vistas of unequalled splendour. But this temple is now a mass of ruins. On the 16th of July, 1824, the whole roof was discovered to be in flames, and very soon after it fell down into the aisle. The fire continued to rage with such fury as to demolish all the interior of this structure, shivering into fragments, or calcining by its heat its

magnificent columns of Parian marble and Egyptian granite. No scheme could be more wild than an attempt to rebuild this church ; for not only does it stand far away from any human habitation, but in a region so pestilential that for a considerable part of the year it would be death to approach it. Even the monks who have a convent here, are obliged to flee from this place, and seek refuge within the walls of Rome, during the sickly months ; and yet after this conflagration, an appeal was made to all the Catholic sovereigns for funds to rebuild this church. Several millions were collected, and the work is now going on slowly. The current report in Rome is, that the reason this structure does not advance more rapidly is, that the pope having needed the money contributed for this object, applied it to his own private purposes, and now finds it difficult to refund it ; nobody blames him for it, however, as he being infallible cannot do wrong.

March 15th. We started this morning on an excursion to Tivoli, which is about eighteen miles from Rome. On our way we passed out by the gate of St. Lorenzo, about two miles beyond which we came to the church dedicated to the same saint. This is another of the Basilicæ erected by Constantine. The portico consists of six antique Ionic pillars, four of which are twisted. The interior of this building appears very ancient and singular. The Tribune is raised considerably higher than the rest of the church. It contains twelve pillars, which have been buried in the earth for a considerable height above their bases, but are now so disinterred as to show the length of the whole column. There are two rows of large pillars running through the whole extent of the church, dividing it into three aisles. In

the nave are two marble pulpits ; from the one placed on the south side, it is said, the epistle was anciently read, and from that on the north, the gospel. From this custom, which was very general, it is said, the practice that now prevails in the church of England took its rise, that of reading the epistle at the south, and the gospel at the north end of the communion table, when two clergymen officiate. It is pretended that the body of St. Stephen, as well as that of St. Lorenzo or St. Lawrence, reposes beneath the high altar of this church ; and among the relics which they profess to have here, are one of the stones with which the proto-martyr was slain. Both Ambrose and Augustine speak of St. Lorenzo. He was a native of Osca in Arragon. He went, while very young, to Rome, and was subsequently made archdeacon, by Sixtus II. It is said, when the bishop of Rome was led to martyrdom, he committed his worldly possessions to Lorenzo, that they might be distributed among the Christians. Being required to give up these treasures to the civil authority, he resolutely refused, and consequently was condemned to suffer death. He was buried on a lot of ground belonging to Cyriaca, a widow, the very place where this church now stands. The tomb of Cyriaca is erected in this church. A flight of stairs leads down to it from the north aisle. Over her grave is an altar, and above the altar is the following inscription in Latin : "This is the tomb celebrated throughout the whole world, in the Cemetery of the matron St. Cyriaca, where if any one performs sacred rites for the dead, he will recall their spirits from purgatorial punishment by the merits of St. Lorenzo."

This church, like many around Rome, and even not a few within the walls, stands in the midst of desolation

and solitude. It is not needed, nor used to accommodate worshippers who live in the neighbourhood, but kept up as an abode where superstition can be nourished, and the arm of papacy strengthened. Annexed to this church is a small convent, containing a handful of monks, who daily celebrate mass within the walls of this old deserted temple.

After leaving this Basilica, we came in a little while into the neighbourhood of the *Lago de' Tartari*. The water of this lake, it is said, tartarises every vegetable substance with which it comes in contact, and is curiously edged around with petrifications. We also passed in our course the canal of the *Solfatara*, a sulphureous stream, which smells offensively, and is of a whitish blue colour.

Adrian's famed villa, from which so many objects of interest have been gathered for the museums of Italy, is on our way to Tivoli. We of course designed to visit these interesting grounds. We were not aware that a *permit* was requisite to gain us admission here, our guide having told us that there would be no obstacle in the way. When we reached the gate, a lad of true Italian cast, about seventeen years old, answered our knock, but refused to admit us, as we had no *permit*. The guide, who in this case was also our driver, said it was a piece of impertinence on the part of the boy, and encouraged us to persevere in trying to gain admission. There were no great apparent physical barriers to keep us off from these grounds. The hedge very near the gate, was broken down, affording us a very convenient entrance to the classic, but now neglected and weed-covered grounds of this ancient villa. We passed through this breach in the hedge, but had not advanced far upon

these grounds, before we were met by the same lad who had refused us admission, rushing forward toward us with great fury, with a gun in his hand, followed by a man who seemed in a much calmer mood. To this man we explained our mistake, who with much ado kept the youngster from firing upon us. As we did not like to gratify our curiosity at the risk of our lives, we of course retreated, and again took our carriage to go on to Tivoli. We took a route through a long grove of olives, in the neighbourhood of this villa, so that we had upon the whole, a very good view of its grounds. Our path led us up by the side of a mountain or lofty range of hills, upon the summit of which Tivoli is situated. When we had nearly reached the top, we had a splendid view of the whole country over which we had passed. We could distinctly see Rome in the distance, with the dome of St. Peter's peering in solemn majesty above the whole city.

Tivoli is an ancient town formerly denominated Tibur, and is said to have been founded previous to the Trojan war. It is planted upon the summit of a lofty ledge of rocks, and presents to the approaching traveller a very picturesque appearance. The river Ario passes through the town, and falls down a rocky precipice, forming several large and beautiful cascades. On the brow of the precipice, beetling over the immense gulf into which the Ario here plunges, stand the remains of the *Temple of the Tiburtine Sibyl*, now converted into a church; and also of the *Temple of Vesta*, a beautiful specimen of ancient architecture, surrounded by an open portico of fluted Composite columns, whose capitals are adorned with lilies, and support an entablature decorated with heads of oxen, and festoons of fruits and flowers. The

views from different sides of the banks, and at different points from the ravine below, are varied and beautiful. The Ario, in its wild course amid the broken fragments of the mountain, has formed several grottoes through which it pours its leaping waters. The grotto of Neptune, and of the Sibyl, we thought particularly picturesque. Some of this wild and beautiful scenery has been sketched by the pencil of Salvator Rosa. It is just the kind of scenery which we should think would have attracted his attention, and kindled his wild fancy. His pencil seemed to have no power, except amid the wild, the dark, and the terrible. In the neighbourhood of Tivoli, Mécænas, Sallust, and Horace, had their respective villas, the ruins of which are still visible. Following our guide, we wound our way by a zig-zag path terraced along the side of the precipice down to the foot of the cascade, where the water, descending a hundred and eighty feet, falls into a foaming basin. Sometimes in our course, we were shaded by the damp projecting rock, and at others we basked in the genial rays of the warm sun: sometimes we saw before us the waters leaping with sprightly gaiety, and at others rolling in dark headlong fury over the steep ledges of rock; and then perhaps we caught a view of the entire cascade, which revealed the beautiful white spray dancing in the sunbeams, and heaven's own beauteous bow of hope reposing on it in all the radiance of light. Thus we urged our way on till we had reached a point where we saw, far down the stream, the waters seeking their wonted repose in a smooth, unbroken channel. Invalid as I was, the thought strikingly pressed upon my mind, that it was just in this way that one kind of disease or another was leading the whole human race down to the cold stream

of death. We valetudinarians sometimes feel better, and have our days of brightness and of hope as well as of depression and of gloom ; but this is only the zigzag path by which we are unerringly conducted by every winding nearer to the grave. May this fact be written with a diamond's point upon my memory, and make me ready, when the divine summons comes, to plunge into the stream of death.

Were it not for extending this letter to an unreasonable length, I would here introduce some account of my visit to some twenty churches in and about Rome, which I have not named—to the ruins of baths, of heathen temples, of mausoleums, and sepulchres, and of various other antiquities. I will just, in passing, glance at some of those which dwell with most vividness upon my recollection.

The church of *Ara Celi*, on the Capitoline Hill, the ascent to which is by a flight of one hundred and twenty-four marble steps, is an object of some interest. The Temple of Jupiter, built by Romulus, is supposed to have occupied the site of this church. It was here that the *Spolia Opima* among the Romans were deposited. This church, designated *Ara Celi*—the altar of heaven—has many superstitious legends connected with its origin and history. Twenty-two ancient columns of Egyptian granite separate its nave from the aisles. The floor is one mass of mosaic of the rarest antique stones, which have become uneven beneath the ten thousand footsteps that have trodden upon them. Persons frequently ascend the steps that lead to this church on their knees, as at the *Scala Santa*. It is remarkable that Cæsar and Claudius are recorded to have ascended

this very hill to the Capitol on their knees when going to return thanks in the Temple of Jupiter.

The Baths of Caracalla are a stupendous pile of ruins, situated on the plain below the Aventine and opposite to the Cœlian Hill. It was amid these ruins that the celebrated *Belvedere Torso*, the *Hercules of Glycon*, and the group of the Farnese Bull, were all found. These baths, besides sixteen hundred bathing-places, and an immense number of bathing-tubs of granite and porphyry, contained places for recreation; covered porticoes for walking; courts and theatres for active sports; libraries for study, and an apartment for lounging. They appear now an immense mass of frowning and roofless ruins. Their almost immeasurable extent; the tremendous fragments of broken wall that fill them; the wild weeds and brambles that shade them; their solitude and silence; the magnificence they once displayed, and the scene of desolation they now exhibit, are powerfully calculated to impress the imagination. As we pass through these ruins, we find a long succession of immense halls open to the sky, whose pavements of costly marbles and rich mosaics are torn away and supplied by a carpet of soft green turf. Trees have grown up here, and spread their branches around. We occasionally see the bird of prey bursting through the trailing ivy that covers the broken wall far above us, and mounting up into the heavens from his shelter. This is a place well suited to melancholy musings on the past.

Time would fail me to tell of the Tombs of the Scipios, through whose damp subterranean chambers we wandered; of the Sepulchre of the Augustan family, filled with cinerary urns, heaped up with the ashes and bones

of those who died eighteen hundred years ago ; of the Catacombs beneath the Basilica of St. Sebastian, situated without the walls of Rome, where it is said the primitive Christians for a time performed their religious services, and where repose the bones of unnumbered martyrs ; of the Fountain of Egeria ; the temple of Bacchus ; of the Mamertine Prisons, or the Sepulchre of Metella.

I was particularly interested in looking at the site of the *Circus Maximus*, now overgrown with grass, and occupied as a vegetable garden. It is situated between the Palatine and Aventine Hills, and was the scene of Roman sports. The ages of eternity can alone disclose the vastness of that tide of human feeling and human passion, that was here roused and directed to evil. Here were held the chariot and foot races ; the gladiatorial fights, and the mortal combats of contending wild beasts. These beasts were imported for this purpose from all parts of the world. Elephants, lions, panthers, tigers, bears, stags, wild horses, elks, bulls, ostriches, wild asses, wild boars, ibices, deer, and the boa-constrictor, were made to meet and mingle in this horrible fray of blood and death. Every means was employed to excite the fury of these wild animals that were to be turned into the circus—applying fire to them ; lashing them with whips ; intoxicating them with strong drinks, and irritating them with the display of colours to which they had a particular aversion. Thus maddened, they were let loose to fight with each other, or with men. Criminals were frequently condemned to die by wild beasts in the circus. Caligula is said to have fed his wild beasts on human victims or criminals, when butcher's meat was dear.

Some have thought that St. Paul in saying that he "had fought with beasts at Ephesus,"* alludes to the literal fact of his having been thrown into the amphitheatre to contend with wild beasts, and therefore that on that occasion he was literally delivered from the mouth of the lion.† There was a tradition to this effect, in which Tertullian, Origen, and Cyprian, all seem to concur. Beside the battles in which wild beasts were engaged, there were other sanguinary spectacles in which gladiators contended either in single combat, or large bodies of horse and foot fought with each other. Not only gladiators, but senators, and even women were sometimes compelled to appear in the Circus Maximus by the order of the Emperor, and butcher each other for the amusement of the Roman people. Also naval engagements were sometimes exhibited in the Circus Maximus, which could be easily filled with water. The circus would contain nearly three hundred thousand spectators. It was often filled to overflowing, and its sanguinary spectacles became the all-absorbing theme of conversation and interest throughout Rome. A writer‡ in the fourth century, speaking of this place of amusement says, "The people spend all their earnings in drinking and gaming, in spectacles, amusements, and shows. The Circus Maximus is their temple—their dwelling house—their public meeting—and all their hopes. In the *Fora*, the streets, and squares, multitudes assemble together and dispute, some defending one thing and some another. The oldest take the privilege of their age, and cry out in the temples and *Fora*, that the republic must fall if in the approaching games the person whom they support

* 1 Cor. xv. 32.

† 2 Tim. iv. 17.

‡ Ammianus—See Tertull. de Spectac. 16.

does not win the prize, and first pass the goal. When the wished for day of the equestrian games arrives, before sunrise all run headlong to the spot, passing in swiftmess the chariots that are to run, upon the success of which their wishes are so divided, that many pass the night without sleep."

The extent of the demoralising effect of such scenes can hardly be estimated. As I stood and gazed upon this grass-grown and deserted Circus, and thought of the scenes that had been acted, and of the perished millions that had been assembled here, now in eternity, it seemed to me that this spot, like Ezekiel's roll, was written all over with "lamentations, and mourning, and woe."

A few days ago while I was lingering near the Forum, amid the ruins of temples that lie scattered there, I was struck with the singular appearance of a procession of Franciscan monks, each one being clothed with a close lead-coloured garment, covering his face and entire person, a small hole being left for the mouth and eyes. The procession appeared to be moving towards the Colosseum. They carried three large crosses borne aloft, and were repeating or chanting a responsive service as they proceeded. There were about thirty women in the procession, one of whom, dressed in deep black, also carried a cross. I fell into the train, and followed on to see what should be the end of this matter. They went on till they reached the dilapidated walls of the Colosseum, and then passed in beneath a mouldering arch till they came to the large cross that stands in the centre of the arena; then the whole procession formed a circle around it, fell on their knees, and were apparently engaged in earnest prayer.

They then each went up to the cross and devoutly kissed it. There is an inscription on this cross promising a hundred days or more indulgence to any one who shall kiss this sacred wood. I have before noticed the fourteen stations placed around the arena; this company proceeded to the first of these, and there took their stand. There then left the procession one whom I had not before noticed, a young Franciscan, bareheaded and barefooted, clad in a coarse brown robe, girded with a flaxen rope—a plain rosary hanging from his girdle. He stood on the little stone platform before the altar which was behind him, where hung in pictured representation, the Saviour in the act of being condemned. He then from that spot, with the ruins of the Colosseum for the walls of his church, and the heavens for his covering, delivered a very animated and impressive sermon upon the passion of Christ. The whole spectacle was truly imposing. Around us were the mighty ruins and dilapidated walls of this ancient structure, from whose grey and grass-covered top the last rays of the setting sun were reflected. By his side knelt another monk, holding up a cross, on which was suspended an image of the Saviour. Before him was the extended arena, which had witnessed the death and drank the blood of a thousand martyrs. Around him was a vast crowd, unexpectedly brought together, made up of men and women, of beggars and princes, natives and foreigners, of priests and laymen. He was speaking to them of the sufferings of the Man of sorrows, who died for our sins. Though he spoke in Italian, the meaning gleamed forth sufficiently to move our deepest sympathies.

I have now finished all that I shall write to you

particularly about Rome, as I am on the eve of leaving this city for Florence. All that I would add is the single remark, which might be illustrated at great length, that the result of my residence in this city has deeply impressed my mind with the conviction that most of the errors of the papal church have originated from accommodating Christianity to the peculiarities of the Roman people. Christianity ought to be the mould in which all people and nations are cast, and from which they receive their entire shape and form. But it appears to me that in this instance the Roman people, with their fixed national peculiarities, was the mould into which Christianity was cast, and from which it received a peculiar configuration and form. This was done gradually and imperceptibly; and papacy is now nothing but Christianity moulded and formed into a peculiar shape, by incorporating with it, as integral parts, some of the most prominent peculiarities of the Roman people. I have already intimated that this idea might be illustrated by facts at great length. I will only advert to a very few which now occur to me. Every one acquainted with Roman history is familiar with the fact, that from the earliest period of this nation's existence, there was a strong propensity to combine the kingly and priestly office in the same individual. The sovereign wished to strengthen his kingly power by being the *Pontifex Maximus* of the whole nation. In the character of the Pope we see this idea carried out. He is the king of the nation, and the head of the church. The Christian churches in Rome come in exactly in the place of the ancient temples. Many of them are built upon the same spot, and constructed in the same form, and dedicated on the same principles, that the heathen

temples were. The heathen temples were often dedicated to deified heroes—and the papal churches are dedicated to canonized saints. On the same spot where Minerva had her temple stands one erected to holy Mary: in the same spot where the statue of Minerva stood is hung the picture of the Virgin. The same offerings and vows that were made to the one are now made to the other: the same prayers that were addressed to the heathen goddess are now addressed to Mary, the mother of God. The heathen worshippers used to express their reverence for the statues of their gods by kissing them. Cicero mentions a bronze statue at Agrigentum, that had been very much worn by the kisses of the devout. The disposition of the present people of Rome to kiss the sandal of the statue of St. Peter I have already noticed. Remember, also, that that very statue was cast from metal that once formed a statue of Jupiter. The same mode of showing reverence to the visible forms of the objects of worship is practised in another church in Rome, where a statue of the Virgin receives the kisses of the devout just as that of St. Peter's, in the church of that name. In some instances, the very same statue that received divine honours from the heathen worshippers is retained to receive like honours as the representative of some canonized saint. Another custom among the ancient Romans was, when they desired to show peculiar honour to any one of their gods, they would ascend the steps that led to his temple on their knees. It is recorded, that several distinguished Romans went up to the temple of Jupiter, that occupied the present site of the *Ara Celi*, on their knees: and to the church that now stands there, penitents often ascend the long flight of stone

steps on their knees ; so they do also the *Scala Santa*, which I have before mentioned.

The ancient Romans had a great passion for sports, shows, public processions, and festivals. Just look at the church of Rome, and you see this desire fully met. In her countless festivals—endless ceremonies—magnificent processions—the pomp, parade, and pageant, gathered around her religious rites, you see an exact bodying forth of the peculiarities of the Roman people. Recollect how gorgeously the pagan priests of Rome were attired, and the incense that they burned before their gods, and then look at the popish priest, clad in his glittering sacerdotal robes, and surrounded with clouds of burning incense, and you will see what has been the source which has given to the Romish church its peculiar cast and modification. I presume there is scarcely an error in the papal church whose counterpart cannot be found in the peculiar habits, customs, or strong attachments of papal Rome.

I have no doubt that there is a great deal of sincerity among many of the members of the Romish church. They really think that in their endless round of forms and ceremonies they are doing God service—they are ready to make sacrifices for their religion. Had they enlightened piety they would be among the most devoted Christians in the world. A night of fearful darkness still reigns in the papal church. May God speed that day when the morning shall dawn, and that portion of the Christian church shall come back to the simplicity and purity of the gospel !

Yours, &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PASTORAL LETTER FROM ROME.

Desire to preach the gospel of Christ—Intelligence from home—Religious state of Rome—Incentives to increased piety and increased Missionary efforts among Protestants—Exhortation to fidelity.

THE third letter sent by the author to his people, during his absence, was written at Rome, and is here inserted.

Rome, March 24th, 1838.

MY DEAR PEOPLE,

My last letter to you was from Naples, in which I intimated that in a few days I should start for Rome, where I should probably remain several weeks, and from whence I would endeavour to write you again. In compliance with this promise I now address you: and allow me to say, that to write in this way to you is one of the highest luxuries I enjoy, since I am deprived of the unspeakable pleasure of preaching the gospel of Christ to you from week to week. Never since I first entered upon the ministerial office have my lips so long been sealed in silence, and never till now have I so fully known the greatness of the privilege of being permitted to preach the gospel, of being permitted to hold up the banner of the cross, and to invite perishing sinners to the feet of Jesus! And if I am no more

to enjoy this exalted privilege, still shall I never cease to thank God that for more than eleven years I was permitted to preach the reconciling word, and publish to my dying fellow-men "the unsearchable riches of Christ."

I am happy to have it in my power to say, that as far as I can judge, there has taken place a decided improvement in my health since I last wrote to you; and if this, through the mercy of the Lord, continues to go on, I hope in due time I shall be permitted to return, and stand where I have so often stood, and again speak to you of Christ, and salvation, and eternal life.

I am happy to learn from letters that I have received, that you have the ministerial services, in my absence, of a young brother in whom I have all confidence, and whom I entreat you to receive as a "messenger of Christ," "esteeming him very highly in the Lord for his work's sake." He is, as you know, comparatively young and inexperienced in the ministry, and will, on this very account, the more need your kind co-operation, and your united and fervent prayers. I beg of you, bear him up continually on your hearts before the mercy-seat; and then his ministry will be neither barren nor profitless. I am sure, however, that you will do all this, and would have done it though I had not made the request. I have had in my own personal experience too many proofs of your kindness to those who minister to you in holy things, to suppose for a moment that there will be any lack of effort on your part to make the situation of my substitute every way agreeable. And may the Lord abundantly bless his labours.

My letters from Philadelphia inform me that death

has been in your midst since my departure, and that some whom I left in the bloom of health and vigour of life are now tenants of the grave! May the Lord sanctify these bereavements to the spiritual good of the living, and pour the balm of heavenly consolation into the wounded bosoms of those who mourn over departed friends.

I also learn from the letters I have received, that the influences of the blessed Spirit still hover over our favoured temple, and that several individuals have given up their names recently as the professed followers of Christ. This intelligence has been truly delightful to me. If there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth, surely the pastor to whose care the soul of that sinner has been committed, may be permitted and expected to rejoice in view of such an event.

I have been in Rome about five weeks, and have found much to interest me, not only in the ruins scattered over the seven hills of this famed city, once the seat of universal empire, the mistress of the world, that for ages held the earth in awe, and made all nations bow to her sceptre, but in the magnificent churches and cathedrals, in the splendid and almost endless sculpture and picture galleries which here crowd upon my view. All that I see in nature and art, in mind and manners, convinces me more and more of the worth of the Bible, and of the superlative value of divine things. In the scenes and objects around me, I often discover material for new arguments to address to my people, to choose that better part which shall not be taken from them. How many of you, my dear people, are still putting off the great work of salvation, and giving all your thoughts

and affections to the world ! Some of you are seeking wealth, and others pleasures, and all, something out of which to construct an earthly paradise, in which you may find satisfying felicity. And because you are thus employed, and your thoughts are so absorbed with this object, you have no time nor taste for religion. My thoughts often go across the wide ocean and dwell on you. The other day, as I stood looking at the shapeless mass of ruins that lie piled up on the Palatine Hill, covered with grass and mouldering into decay, I thought of you. I thought how all your hopes would perish, and your earthly paradise be swept with the withering wing of destruction. The ruins upon which I was then looking were the remains of Nero's Golden House. In its day it was a palace such as the world never before saw, either in extent or splendour. It had a triple portico extending a mile in length, and supported by more than a thousand marble columns. Its interior was not only covered with gold and gems in the greatest profusion, surpassing the fabulous splendour of Arabian tales, but was adorned with the finest paintings and statues the world could furnish, the most exquisite productions of Grecian art. It is said this palace had a circular banqueting room turning perpetually around, night and day, in imitation of the motion of the sun, whose beautiful ceilings of ivory opened of themselves, and scattered flowers upon the guests, and also shed from golden pipes on every side showers of soft perfume. But its splendour has passed away. Its gilded saloons have been for ages crushed beneath the accumulating soil. Shapeless masses of bricks and stone, a few broken and time-mouldered arches covered with grass, are all that remain of this splendid structure !

And will it fare any better with your earthly paradise, which you are neglecting heaven to build, and which, if you are ever so successful, will be inferior to this bright creation of the Roman emperor? While I was looking at those ruins, I felt that if you could stand along with me and gaze upon them, you would see vanity and emptiness written in such characters upon luxury, splendour, and all earthly possessions, that you would begin at once to lay up your treasures in heaven.

Some of my people are seeking distinction in the world, and are so bent upon that honour which cometh of men, that they have entirely lost sight of the things of eternity. My thoughts frequently turn to them. There was pointed out to me the other day the remains of the Mausoleum of Augustus, where the ashes of Julius Cæsar, and of several of the Roman emperors, were deposited. Strabo speaks of this structure, and describes it as "built upon immense foundations of white marble, shaded with evergreens, and surmounted with a statue of Augustus in bronze." This magnificent tomb, built to brave eternity—to secure posthumous fame—to draw the venerating eyes of future millions to an edifice that contained the mortal remains of the Cæsars, that held the ashes of the mighty master of mankind, is now in a most obscure part of the present city, surrounded by filth and miserable buildings, and has actually become converted into a sort of amphitheatre for bull-fights. Is not here a lesson to those who are living to gain earthly honours?

I might go on gathering fresh materials to enforce the claims of the gospel, from every broken column and fallen arch among the mighty ruins of ancient Rome. But I must forbear. I wish to draw one.

argument from facts connected with the living world around me, to urge upon you the proper appreciation of the privileges you enjoy. You, every one of you, have the word of God in your houses, and can read in your own mother tongue his wonderful works—those lessons of sacred truth that will make you wise unto salvation. It is not so here. The Bible in Rome is a strange and rare book. The only edition of it authorised to be sold here is in fifteen large volumes, which are filled with popish commentaries. Of course none but the rich can purchase a copy of the sacred Scriptures. Indeed, very few of the common people here know what we mean by the Bible. The question was proposed the other day by one of my fellow-lodgers, to the lady from whom our lodgings are obtained, and who may be considered as a fair representative in point of intelligence and religious information of the middle class of society in Rome :—"If the people here generally had a copy of the Bible in their houses?"

The reply was, "O yes, all the religious people have." She also added that she had a very fine copy of the Bible, and immediately went to get it. When produced it proved to be a mass-book, with here and there a passage of Scripture, accompanied with Romish glosses. When it was more fully explained to her what we meant by **THE BIBLE**, she replied :—"O yes, I know what you mean: that book is in several of the libraries in Rome, and some persons who are very religious also have a copy of it." My dear people, what would you think if such a dearth of the word were to exist among us? A copy of the sacred Scriptures to be found in several libraries in a city containing one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants! Let me beg

of you to love your Bibles more, to read them more, and to be more zealous in distributing the word of God.

Arrangements were made previous to my departure for the administration of the rite of confirmation on the 8th of April. I could wish that this letter might arrive before that date, but I have no reason to expect it will. I should like to make an appeal to that portion of the congregation who have never yet taken upon them any covenant vows—have never yet confessed Christ, or cast themselves at the feet of Him who died for them. Oh, my dear friends, how you will mourn over your neglect of the Saviour when you come to die and to stand before him in judgment! I would beseech you with tears not to put off your repentance any longer. Perhaps some of you were almost persuaded to give up your names as followers of the Lamb; but you delayed and wavered, and finally the day of confirmation arrived, and you were still undecided, and the precious opportunity passed away. It is not too late now to confess Christ, if your heart is only given up to him and your resolution fixed. O that you might be decided before you rise from your seat! You recollect last season we had two confirmations. Why may we not this? Let the welcome intelligence come to me that there has been such a flocking to the cross of Christ in St. Andrew's that a second confirmation was called for.

And you, my friends, who have stood up before high heaven, and vowed by the assumption of your baptismal engagements eternal allegiance to the King of kings, let me warn and entreat you to put on the whole armour of God—to walk worthy of your high calling, and to seek to make your calling and election sure. Remember you are called to holiness—to self-denial—

to the practice of all the Christian virtues; and O strive, continually strive to enter in at the strait gate. Strive to adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour in all things.

Was not this communication already extended to an unreasonable length, I would here add a few words of exhortation to those who have received the rite of confirmation in former years. The sum of what I would say may be comprised, however, in two words: **BE FAITHFUL! BE FAITHFUL!** Dear friends, the Master is at the door. We shall soon be in our graves! We shall soon be before the judgment bar! Never has the subject of death been brought home so impressively to my mind as since I started on this journey, and never have I felt such a strong desire to urge Christians to be sober and vigilant, and to seek to live in such nearness to God that death will *be to them*, and be regarded *by them* as the smooth and gilded entrance-way into the palace of the King of kings. To have such views of death we must have the love of God abiding in our hearts—the animating and controlling principle of all our actions. O let us seek for that love of God which so sweetly assimilates us with his nature and fits us for heaven.

In bringing this letter to a close, I would affectionately urge you all to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and my prayer is that his rich and everlasting blessing may abide with you.

It is my present purpose to leave Rome in a few days, and I hope to reach London early in May, from which place, Divine Providence permitting, I will again write to you.

Your absent, but most affectionate pastor, &c.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GLIMPSES OF FLORENCE.

Journey to Florence from Rome—Baccano—Ronciglione—Monte Cimino—Viterbo—Montefiascone—An Italian sky—Bolsena—Pass of the Apennines—Siena—Scenery around Florence—Sunday morning in Florence—Country girl with her wild flowers—Protestant Chapel—Gardens of the Ducal Palace—The Grand Duke—the *Duomo*—Dante—Statue of God—Church of *St. Croce*—Michael Angelo—Pitti Palace—Museum of Natural History—Venus de Medicis.

Florence, April 3rd, 1838.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

We bade adieu to Rome on the morning of the 27th of March. The Rev. Mr. S—— and myself were the only occupants of the diligence, or *vettura*, which was drawn by four mules. We passed the *Porta del Popolo* at early dawn, and soon found ourselves traversing the wide and desolate campagna northward. About two miles from the city we crossed the *Ponte Molle*, the ancient *Pons Milvius*, the bridge celebrated for having been the scene of Constantine's Vision, and of that memorable battle in which he gained a complete victory over the tyrant Maxentius, who was drowned near this spot. The muddy waters of the Tiber rolled carelessly along as though indifferent to all the scenes that had been acted over or amid the waves which two thousand years

ago it had sent to the ocean. Our first stopping-place was Baccano, situated in the centre of an amphitheatre of hills. This, like all the places around Rome, is said to feel the withering influence of the malaria, that wide-spreading and incomprehensible pest that pervades this whole region, and has converted many a fruitful field into a wilderness. As we were bound to Florence by the Siena route, our road took us through Ronciglione, which stands at the head of a picturesque glen, perched upon the summit of a ledge of bare and precipitous rocks, that beetle over the deep ravine beneath, through which pours a little rill of water. This seems to be a decayed town. There are several antique-looking churches and convents here in a dilapidated and ruinous state. We found far better quarters for the night at our inn, than we anticipated from the first appearance of things. As soon as we arrived at Ronciglione, I ran out to take a walk through the town, as the shades of evening were fast gathering, and I feared we should be off at too early an hour in the morning to allow us to make any observations at that time. After having got quite at the outskirts of the town, in a very lonely place, where the rocks hung over the deep ravine below, I saw at a little distance from me, a child entirely alone, knocking at the closed door of a little cottage that seemed deserted, and crying most piteously. The hour and place seemed so solitary, and the distress of this little fellow so moving, that I could not resist the impulse to go and try to render him some assistance. He was a boy about three years old, and was knocking at the door of what was evidently his home. There, however, appeared to be no one in the house to let him in, and this was the cause of his distress. His cries went directly to my heart,

and carried my thoughts home to my own dear children, separated from me by the wide-stretching ocean. I tried to offer him some assistance : he, however, understood not my language, but seemed scared by its strange sounds. I was therefore obliged to leave him, to hush his fears.

The next morning we commenced the ascent of *Monte Cimino*. We saw on our left, at the base of the mountain near Ronciglione, the lake of Vico, the ancient *Lacus Ciminus*,* a beautiful little sheet of water, encircled by imperfectly-wooded hills. The region over which we now passed, was the ancient site of the Ciminian forest, described by early writers, as being so dense as to be almost impenetrable. No signs of that mighty forest now remain, save here and there a solitary oak or chestnut, and the thin girdle of trees that encircled the lake. We passed in the course of the day the neighbourhood of the ruins of several Etruscan towns, where are still to be seen the remains of many Etruscan antiquities. Viterbo was one of our stopping-places, which is a singular and most ancient looking walled town, situated at the base of the mountain we had just crossed. This is said to be the site of the ancient *Fanum Voltumnæ*, which figured in Etruscan history. *Montefiascone* is another town we passed, picturesquely located upon a rocky summit, and looking off upon lake Bolsena, the ancient *Lacus Volsiniensis*, spoken of by Pliny in reference to the two islands that floated upon its bosom. These islands now have become firmly anchored. There appear to be a few inhabitants living upon them, although judging from their rocky, sterile appearance, we should think that the soil could not be

* See Virgil, *Æneid*, b. 7.

very valuable. The lake is about thirty-five miles in circumference. We passed along on its eastern bank quite around it, and were presented with several very beautiful views.

Just before we reached Bolsena, our stopping-place for the night, we were favoured with one of the most beautiful and glorious sun-sets I ever witnessed. The wind was high, and the waters of the lake were thrown into dark rough billows. Dense clouds canopied the western heavens, and concealed, almost the whole afternoon, the sun from our view. Just before it sunk, however, behind the western mountains, the curtained clouds were drawn aside, and its broad disk displayed fully to view. As we turned to gaze, we saw directly before us the dark and agitated waters of the lake—beyond, the brown dusky hills, above which hung the glorious sun, full of golden splendour—while a little to the right rose the gigantic Apennines, covered with eternal snow. No sooner had the bright disk of the king of day sunk below the horizon, than we were favoured with a view of what may emphatically be called an Italian sky. Previous to this I had almost concluded that we were to see no such thing in Italy. There was a peculiarity in the heavens which I had never before seen, except west of the Mississippi. There were spots of straw-coloured clearness in the sky, which seemed to carry the eye back to unfathomable depths in the heavens. And then the gorgeous richness of the clouds that hung like drapery over the night-circled west—their ten thousand variegated dyes—the deep amber—the rich purple—the golden orange—the ultramarine blue, mingling together with hues so rich, and tints so bright, as no pencil can spread over the canvass—and the scene varying every

moment like the changing kaleidoscope, presented a view perfectly enchanting. This bright vision, however, like all earthly enjoyments, was soon gone, and darkness settled down upon us before we reached our stopping-place. We were weary and cold. A fire was made up in our apartments, which smoked so intolerably, that we were glad to have it extinguished, and to seek warmth and repose in our beds.

Bolsena occupies the site of the ancient *Volsinium*, one of the principal cities of *Etruria*, and where the Etruscan goddess Nortia was worshipped—the remains of a temple once dedicated to her, are still pointed out.

We rose the next morning after our night's sojourn at Bolsena, to pass the Apennines. When we left Rome, we thought that spring and almost summer, had taken possession of all the plains and valleys of Italy, but in passing over the wild and desolate region of *Radicoferi*, we encountered the frozen atmosphere and fierce storms of winter. This part of the Apennines, which is between two and three thousand feet above the level of the sea, we found completely covered with snow. The wind blew fiercely, and we suffered more from the cold than we had during the whole previous winter, amid the sunny and verdant vales of Italy. At the summit of the mountain, we left the Pope's dominions, and entered Tuscany.

We passed another night at a miserable, smoky Italian inn. The basement story of the house was used as a stable, and our apartments were above. We found the sheets of our bed so wet, that we took them off, and mustering all the flannel we could collect from our trunks, endeavoured to protect ourselves against the humidity, which we in vain tried to expel by a smoky

fire from our room. We were glad to find ourselves, at early dawn, again on our way. We passed, during the morning, a rough, rugged, sterile, mountainous country, of a decided volcanic soil. It was a gloomy ride. But as we advanced, we saw small patches of soil adorned with verdure, and bearing signs of cultivation, till, as we drew near San Quirico, the aspect of things at length brightened into a picturesque landscape. This village stands embosomed amid a grove of silvery olives and luxuriant vineyards; with its Tuscan Gothic church, its ancient square tower of Roman origin, and its beautiful cluster of houses perched upon the summit of a little mount covered with verdure, and encircled with olives and vines, it appears in striking contrast with the bare and verdureless region all around it. Our way from this point to Siena, began to become more interesting. We stopped at noon at *Buonconvento*, situated on the Ombrone, in the midst of a fertile vale. Here we procured an excellent meal. A Tuscan maid, with dark auburn locks, wearing a head-dress resembling a black velvet jockey, the costume in which all the females appear in this part of Tuscany, acted as our *trateur*. It is very customary throughout Tuscany, as I am told it is also in France, for females to control all the operations of the inn.

This place acquired considerable celebrity in the long struggle between the Guelphs and Ghibelines. These names were originally derived from two noble families in Germany, Welfen and Waiblingen. The Italians changed the word Welf or Wolf, into Guelphi, and that of Waiblingen into Ghibellini. The Guelph family were originally from Italy; from which, having been transplanted to Germany, they became there the ruling

race of several countries. The contest in the beginning was merely between these two families. It, however, at length spread more and more widely, till it became an obstinate struggle between two political parties. It was not a mere family quarrel, but a strife of opinions, involving important interests. It was in short a struggle between the spiritual and secular power, through which western Europe passed in shaking off the dominion of the Popes, which was then on the point of crushing all national independence. The popes and their adherents, who endeavoured to make the German emperors and the cities of Italy, struggling for independence and deliverance from the papal yoke, bow to their supremacy, formed the party of the Guelphs; while those who favoured the emperors, and the friends of civil liberty, formed the party of the Ghibelines. This struggle lasted for three hundred years, during which period immense treasures of gold and rivers of blood were expended. The Popes, in their thirst for kingly power, have never hesitated to wade through seas of blood to the attainment of their object.

Our ride from Buonconvento to Siena was over a fine road, and through a picturesque and well-cultivated upland country. Siena, with its lofty towers, appears truly striking in the distance. It is situated on an eminence, and thus appears to great advantage. It was an ancient town of Etruria, where Julius Cæsar founded a colony. It once contained a hundred thousand inhabitants. Its present population, however, does not probably exceed one-fifth of that number. It presents a far more neat and agreeable aspect than most of the Italian cities. Its buildings in general are handsome—its streets airy and well paved, and every part of the

city appears to be abundantly supplied with delightful water. We entered by the Roman gate, which is a splendid piece of workmanship. Siena has several magnificent churches, adorned with elegant paintings and sculpture. We had time, however, barely to pay a visit to the cathedral church, standing on the site of an ancient temple of Minerva. This church is a splendid specimen of Tuscan Gothic architecture, being incrustated without and within with black and white marble. This gives it a singular checker-board appearance. The stained windows in the front and rear—the dome swelling aloft into the very heavens—the massive Gothic columns running through the whole extent of the edifice, three hundred and thirty feet, to support the nave—the beautiful frescoes on the ceiling above, and the splendid marble mosaics on the pavement below, present to the eye a very grand and imposing spectacle. The pavement is regarded as one of the most curious works of art in Italy, consisting of scriptural histories, and the emblems of cities once in alliance with Siena, wrought in mosaics. The art of paving in this beautiful way, or of representing figures exquisitely wrought in black and white marble, is said now to be entirely lost. In the sacristy we saw the celebrated antique group of the *Three Graces* in marble. This sculptured group is said to have been found near the site of this church.

Our next day's ride brought us to Florence. The weather was most delightful—the roads good, and the country through which we passed beautiful. As we drew near the termination of our journey, the hills covered with vines and olives, and deep verdure, and surmounted here and there by castles and elegant country-seats, presented a most enchanting appearance.

We had observed, all along from Rome, that the principal towns and villages were built either upon some mountain peak, or near the base of some prodigious rock or lofty eminence upon which was perched a tower or military fortification, into which the inhabitants in case of danger could retire. This feature which I have now noticed, imparts a very peculiar and striking aspect to the Apennine scenery.

Just at the going down of the sun we caught the first view of the palace-covered hills that encircle Florence. But before our weary mules could wind their way around the base of the mountain precipices that still stood between us and this Athens of Italy—this *La Bella*—darkness had fallen, with its dim and shadowy veil, over the valley of the Arno, on whose banks it is situated. The moon, however, soon rose, and we caught a glimpse of Florence beneath her pale rays. We remembered, as we rode forward, that this place had produced a Dante, a Galileo, a Machiavelli, a Michael Angelo, and a host of other renowned men: that it was once the residence of the distinguished and princely house of the Medici, who did so much to revive and encourage literature and the fine arts: that it was the spot where Milton felt his lofty imagination expand and prepared by the exquisite surrounding scenery to write *Paradise Lost*; and that this was also the birth-place of Americo Vespucci, whose voyage to, and discoveries in our continent, secured to him the honour of having that continent called by his name!

The first view by daylight that we had of Florence, was on Sunday morning, as it was on Saturday evening that we arrived. We stopped at the Hotel de Europe, near the bridge *Santa Trinita*, which spans with graceful

arches the Arno at this point. The city is built on either side of the river, and is connected by four stately bridges. We sought at the hour of divine service the little English Chapel on the Lung' Arno. We were refreshed not only by the devotional strains of the liturgy, but also by the faithful and evangelical discourse of a gifted preacher from England, who occupied the pulpit that morning. It was indeed reviving to hear again in a distant and darkened land those precious truths which were all our hope and joy. We were sorry to observe the sabbath so widely desecrated in Florence. Here, as in all Catholic countries through which we passed, the sabbath is regarded as a *Festa* or holiday. Business is generally suspended, and all classes give up the day to relaxation and amusement. Some go to mass in the morning, and then spend the rest of the day in pleasure. Sunday is a great day for the country people to flock to the city. They come in in crowds, dressed in their best apparel, and wander around the city in quest of pleasure. The Tuscan peasantry in general appear more virtuous and industrious than those that we have seen in other parts of Italy. One custom struck us as very strange: as we passed out of our hotel on our way to church on Sunday morning, we were met by a well-dressed country-girl, with a wreath of wild flowers on her head, and a basket of flowers in her hand, who put a little bouquet into the hands of each one who passed by, and insisted upon their taking it. Nothing was demanded for this bunch of flowers, but the passers-by generally threw a trifle into her basket. We saw these peasant girls thus employed all over the city.

The gardens connected with the Ducal Palace, which afford a beautiful and extended promenade, are thrown

open on Sunday, and thronged with multitudes. These public promenades presented in the assembled crowds an air of gaiety that seemed in ill keeping with the day of sacred rest. The grounds of the villa, or gardens to which I have adverted, are broken, rural, and picturesque. The avenues and gravelled walks winding in every direction through groves of pine and laurel—the marble statues, sparkling fountains, and artificial ponds that meet you at every turn—the verdant little areas encompassed with trees, and the whole grounds sweeping off into plains and hills, filled with a thousand smiling faces of men, women, and children—of peasantry, princes, and polished citizens, presented a novel and imposing spectacle. As we walked along across one end of the gardens, we saw the Grand Duke and his family. There were two carriages in attendance, each drawn by six splendid horses, accompanied by outriders, and men in livery. The Grand Duke is remarkably plain in his appearance, and in his dress so exceedingly devoid of all decoration, that if he had not, after a turn or two through the gardens, mounted the royal carriage, I should have mistaken him for a New England farmer.

On Monday we commenced our exploring tour through Florence. We had determined to make our stay short in Florence, and therefore had much to accomplish in a short space.

Our course was first naturally directed to the great Duomo or cathedral, an object most conspicuous in every part of the city. On our way, however, and in the immediate vicinity of the Duomo, we encountered the baptistry, an octagonal edifice, with a roof somewhat like the Pantheon at Rome, encrusted with black and white

marble. We found the interior extremity extremely rich, the pavement consisting of beautiful mosaics, and the shrines glittering with precious stones. It has three immense bronze doors, which were formerly covered with gilt, and were so beautiful, that Michael Angelo used to say that "they deserved to have been the gates of paradise." These gates are enriched with bas-relief of exquisite workmanship, representing the principal events in the life of St. John the Baptist. On the side of the principal entrance to this beautiful temple, stand two porphyry columns, presented by the Pisans to the Florentines, in consequence of the latter having guarded Pisa while its inhabitants were engaged in subduing Majorca and Minorca. Here also we saw two large chains pendent from these antique pillars, which are said to be trophies won by the Florentines when they conquered the ancient *Porto Pisano*.

The cathedral, called the Duomo, or Santa Maria del Fiore, is a Tuscan Gothic edifice, built in the thirteenth century. It is a huge pile, striking the spectator with astonishment at its size, rather than with the grandeur or harmony of its proportions. It is nearly as large as St. Peter's at Rome. The exterior is encrusted with black and white marble; the windows are of stained glass. The interior of the church is dark and gloomy. It is admirably calculated to produce upon a sensitive mind a deep and superstitious effect. A long line of immense pillars separate the aisles from the nave; and directly under the centre of the dome is the choir. The tribune is surrounded with a balustrade and pillars designed by Michael Angelo. Near this, upon a throne, is a statue that filled me with horror. It is a representation of the Eternal God! I had frequently

before seen paintings, intended to represent each of the Persons in the sacred Trinity ; but this was the first instance in which I had seen in a Christian temple an attempt to carve the image of the Supreme Being in stone. The view of it struck me with horror. A plainer violation of the second command could not occur. I do not wonder that the Romanists leave out the second commandment in many of their printed copies of the decalogue. The degree of religious adoration paid to any divinity in Italy, appears to be in proportion to the number of its images or statues set up in the churches ; and hence it is evident that there are none who receive so many divine honours as the virgin Mary, the apostles, and certain favourite saints. The common people are evidently impressed with the idea that it is much easier to interest the virgin or some of the saints in their behalf, than Deity. They regard these saints as persons in favour at the heavenly court, and think that if they can only interest them in their behalf, they will in the end be safe. All of these saints to whom they pray, are regarded as mediators. They seem to think it safer to go to creatures of like passions with themselves, than directly to the One Mediator. Christ is to be interested through the saints ; and then, remotely, God, through Christ. How unlike the gospel is all this !

This church contains an antique portrait of Dante, the father of Italian poetry. His tomb is at Ravenna, where he died in exile. This eminent man was born in Florence, and served his country in a most devoted manner, for which he received ingratitude and banishment. The Florentines now mourn over their unkindness, and are so desirous to honour his memory, that the place where he often sat in the Piazza del Duomo is

regarded as a sacred spot, and carefully distinguished by a white stone.

The *Campanile*, or Quadrangular tower, which here and in many places in Italy, is detached from the church, stands near one corner of the cathedral, and is one of the most beautiful edifices of its kind in Europe. This is also encrusted with black, white, and red polished marble. Its appearance at a little distance is so beautiful and delicate, that one feels as though it ought to be encased in a glass box. It is nearly three hundred feet in height, and is ascended by four hundred and twenty-five steps. From the summit we had a beautiful panoramic view, not only of the city, but of the whole valley of the Arno, with its numerous windings and the circling amphitheatre of the Apennines, in which it is embosomed. It was a goodly sight to stand on the top of this pinnacle and look off upon the villas, palaces, and country-seats situated on the surrounding hills, clad with olives and vines—upon the Fiesole, perched with its white cottages upon the summit of the Apennines; and upon the still more distant country leading to Vallombrosa's shady groves, immortalized by Milton's verse.

The Church of St. Croce, or the Holy Cross, is a large edifice of a very plain appearance, but well adapted, from its construction and arrangement, to awaken serious and devotional feeling. As you enter the church, you look up and see the rafters and beams in the roof, left in their bare and naked state. Over the doors, on the pavement, around every altar, and upon every seat and kneeling bench, you see inscribed, *ora—ora, pray—pray*. There was something in this simple inscription that deeply touched my heart. How much

we need, when we tread the sacred courts of the Lord's house, to have this voice coming to us from every wall and pillar—pray, pray. Neither the sculpture nor painting with which this church is embellished interested me half so much as the simple fact, that here rested the mortal remains of many who had largely figured on the theatre of this world's glory.

Here Michael Angelo sleeps. Though he died at Rome, in 1563, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, unwilling that any other state but that which gave him birth should have the honour of providing a grave for this great and gifted genius, ordered his body to be removed thence, and interred in this place.

Michael Angelo belonged to a noble family, who were exceedingly averse to his becoming an artist, as they thought it would be derogatory to their rank. By his continued importunity, however, he prevailed upon them to allow him to follow the bent of his genius. Sculpture, painting, and architecture, are here represented as sitting full of sorrow beneath the tomb of their favourite.

I was also struck, particularly, with the tomb of Galileo, who suffered so much on account of his philosophical discoveries, having thereby fallen under suspicion of heresy.

We also visited several other churches, with which we were deeply interested, and especially those of St. Mark's, St. Lorenzo's, and the Annunciation.

But we did not confine our visit simply to the *churches* of Florence. We were desirous to see some of those rare specimens of the fine arts with which this modern Athens was reported to abound. Our steps were therefore first directed to the Pitti palace, the present residence

of the Grand Duke. This palace derives its designation from its having been commenced by a Florentine by the name of *Luca Pitti*. It is a massive pile, and appears more lofty from its position on an acclivity. The exterior presents an air of rude and gloomy grandeur. The dark complexion of the stone of which it is composed contributes to its heavy and sombre appearance. The only entrance is by lofty arched portals, leading into a spacious court, which is ornamented with a fountain. After ascending several stately flights of marble steps, we were shown into the long suites of apartments which contain the paintings usually exhibited to strangers. The collection of paintings here, upon the whole, appeared far superior to any thing we had before seen. The gems of all the distinguished masters seem to have been gathered here. As I passed from room to room, frescoed above with the most exquisite pictures, and saw the floors covered with mosaics, or the richest marbles—the tables with which each apartment was furnished, composed of precious stones, most curiously wrought into flowers, and the walls hung with the rarest productions of the pencil—the whole seemed to me like a bright and unearthly vision, which too soon passed away. I could have staid hours gazing upon the bright creations of Raphael, Guido, Salvator Rosa, Rubens, Vandyck, Caracci, and Michael Angelo, where I was obliged to bestow a hasty and momentary glance.

From the Pitti palace we went to the Museum of Natural History, which is distinguished for its very extensive and superior anatomical preparations in wax and wood, and its collections of petrifications and minerals. There are about twenty rooms filled with the anatomical preparations. The suite of apartments filled with birds,

fishes, reptiles, insects, shells, fossils, minerals, and botanical specimens in wax, seemed endless. There is here one room which contains the famous representation of the plague, which, although presenting a vivid picture of Death's doings, did not come up to my expectation from what I had previously heard of it.

We did not fail to pay a visit to the royal gallery connected with the old ducal palace. The endless corridors, cabinets, halls, and apartments through which we passed, viewing the choicest productions of the chisel and the pencil, almost bewildered me. Though in its collections of sculpture Florence is behind Rome, it certainly rivals the mistress of the world in its galleries of paintings. The very rarest works of the great masters of Italy and Europe are found here. The more I studied the chaste sketches of Raphael's pencil, the more I became enraptured with them. He imparts such a soft, heavenly, seraphic aspect, to every face he touches, that it seems as though there was something unearthly in his pencil: and yet Raphael, so heavenly-looking himself, and so seraphic in his conceptions, was the slave of sensual passion, and bound by its iron chain.

Among the sculpture in this palace we saw the Venus de Medicis, which seemed to me inferior to the Apollo Belvidere at Rome, but is still a wonderful production of the chisel, as are also the dancing Faun, Apollino, and the Scythian slave.

The same remarks that I have before made in reference to the indelicacy of the exhibitions in the sculpture and picture galleries at Rome, apply with equal if not greater truth to many of the rooms of the old ducal palace at Florence.

In the very short stay that we made in this city we saw much in its inhabitants that strongly attracted us towards them. In most parts of Italy every man you speak to, if it is only to inquire the direction of a street, holds out his hand with the expectation of receiving a *buono mano* for the intelligence he communicates. At Florence, however, we found all classes of people not only exceedingly courteous and obliging in giving us information, but ready and most prompt to extend favours of this sort, without any idea of receiving compensation for it.

Yours, &c.

CHAPTER XXV.

GLIMPSES OF PISA, GENOA, AND NICE.

Journey to Pisa—Valley of the Arno—Appearance of Pisa—Its history—The Cathedral—Leaning tower—Baptistry—Campo Santo—Journey to Genoa—Lucca—Sarzana—La Spezzia—Passage over the Apennines—Approach to Genoa—Description of the place—Palaces—Churches—Sardinian government—Excursion to Nice—The maritime Alps—Nice.

Marseilles, April 14th, 1838.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

We left Florence on Wednesday, the 4th of April, bound for Genoa by the way of Pisa. We had made a written contract with a vetturino to take us this distance before Sunday. To our great surprise, when we were about to start, we found our carriage was to be drawn by a span of ponies about the size of donkeys. We protested against this arrangement, but were assured that they would perform the journey without the slightest difficulty. As there were only two of us with our baggage, and the carriage seemed very light, we concluded to submit—hoping that the mettle and strength of our little ponies would prove adequate to the journey. The morning in which we started was rather wet and cloudy. Still we had a pleasant ride along the valley of the Arno, which we found embellished with vine-

yards, and olive groves, and rich fields of grass and grain. The mountains that shut in the Arno—the wide-spreading luxuriant valley between—the winding river with its numerous tributaries—the towers perched here and there upon some lofty eminence—and the villages, walled towns, villas, and farm houses, scattered along over the country, presented a scene full of interest. We, however, could not but remark upon the wide difference between a New England cottage and a New England village, and those we every where met in Italy. The Italian village or farm house looks very well at a distance, but the moment you approach it you are painfully struck with the visible want of neatness, and of every idea of domestic comfort.

We entered Pisa just before the going down of the sun. As in Florence, so here, the Arno divides the town, sweeping through it with a beautiful curve. This crescent form of the river, together with the handsome bridges that are thrown over it, adds not a little to the beauty of the place.

Pisa dates its history back to a period as early as the close of the Trojan war. But without adverting to its history while under Pelasgian or Roman domination, you know it has been, in comparatively modern times, the capital of a flourishing republic, whose victorious fleet were a terror to the Saracens, a scourge to the African corsairs, and a check to the ambition of Genoa. I need not tell you, however, that Pisa, like the other European republics, has long since been trodden down under the iron feet of despotism. This town is situated about six miles from the Mediterranean, and is surrounded by walls that extend five miles in circumference. In its halcyon days, Pisa counted a population

of one hundred and fifty thousand, but now its inhabitants do not exceed twenty thousand.

The most interesting objects here are the Leaning Tower, the Cathedral, and the Campo Santo. The next morning after our arrival we were up with the earliest dawn, on our way to visit these several objects of attraction. They all stand in the vicinity of each other.

The *Duomo*, or Cathedral, is a huge Saracenic Gothic structure, in the shape of a Latin cross, with a large dome at the point of intersection. Its sides are three stories, retreating inward, embellished with a profusion of pillars and arches, and the whole surmounted by pinnacles and statues. The ends are five stories, or rather consist of five ranges of pillars and arches, finished in the same style. Many of the columns are of oriental granite and porphyry—the spoils brought from the temples of other lands. The massive doors of this church are of bronze beautifully wrought, representing in bas-relief sacred scenes from the Scriptures. The interior is adorned with seventy-four lofty columns, sixty-two of which are of oriental granite, and the others of rare marble. There are twelve altars in this church—the high altar being magnificently decorated with lapis lazuli and precious stones of all descriptions.

The Baptistry to the Cathedral is a separate building, standing on one side of it. It is a small Gothic structure, an octagon in shape, built of white marble, enriched with pillars and arches, rising range above range in the same style of architecture with the Cathedral. The interior is very beautiful. A circle of eight massive columns of Sardinian granite hewn from single blocks, rise from the mosaic pavement to the height of thirty or forty feet. Above these, sixteen

marble pillars, disposed in double ranges, support the dome springing from their capitals. The font is elevated several feet above the pavement, and is approached by a flight of steps. It is octagonal in shape, and divided into five compartments; those on the margin being designed for infants, and the central basin for adult immersion.

The Leaning Tower, which stands on the other side of the Cathedral, and a few yards from it, is an object of great interest. Like the Campanile of the Duomo at Florence, it is the belfry of the Cathedral. Its form is circular, slightly tapering towards the top, eight stories high, and built of white marble. This remarkable structure, which is one hundred and ninety feet in height, and adorned with upwards of two hundred columns, disposed in eight successive ranges above each other, declines from its perpendicular about fourteen feet. It strikes one as though it was just in the act of falling, and you cannot suppress the instinctive disposition to start back from the impending mass which seems just ready to be precipitated upon you. There is a diversity of opinion as to the point whether it was originally constructed in this leaning position, or has been thrown into it by some accidental cause.

The *Campo Santo*, or Cemetery, is another object of interest in this celebrated group of edifices. It is a long parallelogram, situated a few yards in the rear of the Cathedral, Baptistry, and Leaning Tower. The history of this cemetery is as follows. In one of the crusades to the Holy Land, the Pisan galleys brought home, under the direction of Archbishop *Ubaldo Lanfranci*, a cotemporary of Richard *Cœur de Lion*, a large quantity of earth from Mount Calvary, and strewed it on this

spot to the depth of ten feet. Around this deposit of holy earth, marble cloisters or arcades were built, and here persons of great sanctity and distinction were buried. The cloisters are paved entirely with tomb stones, consisting of white marble slabs, inscribed as one has remarked, "with roods of epitaphs." Six hundred families of the Pisan nobility sleep here. The stuccoed walls are divided into compartments, and covered with fresco paintings.

After surveying this interesting group of buildings, we were conducted through the town by a fidgety old *valet-de-place*, that we picked up at our inn, who seemed well nigh daft with self-gratulation, that he could instruct us in all the wonders of the town.

It did not require much time to see Pisa, and we were soon again on our way. We passed through the territory of Lucca, but saw the town only at a distance. Lucca, which up to the French Revolution maintained its own laws and some degree of liberty, bearing upon one of its gates the proud inscription *Libertas*, is now a petty dukedom, and will soon lose its separate existence and be attached to Tuscany. We stopped at night at Massa, situated in a pleasant valley near the sea, and surrounded by picturesque mountain scenery. We reached Sarzana about twelve o'clock the next day, where our ponies quite gave out. Their exceeding diminutive size did not fail to move the risibles of men, women, and children, all along our journey. We were sure to draw towards us smiling looks from every town and hamlet by which we passed. Even the beggars, which abound here as well as in every other part of Italy, could not retain their lugubrious looks. In spite of themselves, as they drew near our carriage to ask

alms, their *miserabile* aspect relaxed, and finally brightened into a broad grin, in view of our Lilliputian team. Although they travelled very well the first day, they afterwards began to flag, till on Friday noon they gave indubitable evidence they could proceed no farther. We therefore took leave of our comfortable little carriage and transferred ourselves and baggage to the *Malle Post*, with the prospect of reaching Genoa the next morning. The day was fine, the air bland, and the scenery through which we passed proved to be among the most magnificent I had ever witnessed. Having crossed the Magra in a ferry boat, we ascended through a luxuriant country to a lofty eminence, which exhibited the beautiful gulf of Spezzia stretching between two ranges of hills, that were clothed to their summits with the richest verdure. As we looked back and saw the rich vale we had left, traversed by various streams, and then saw the ascending mountains rising behind each other, till in the distance, the lofty pinnacles of the Apennines, peering above the clouds, stood forth white and glistening with their snowy covering, resplendent as a vision of light, we felt there was indeed a power in Italian scenery to touch the deep sensibilities of the heart.

We then descended to La Spezzia, a little town which appears like a gem of beauty amid this wild mountain scenery. Having passed Borghetto, we commenced ascending the Bracco, one of the loftiest summits of the Apennines. We found that we were to make the pass of this mountain by means of galleries hewn out of the side of vast mountainous ledges of slate and marble rock, like those of the Simplon. While ascending this mountain the sun left us, cutting us off from one half of

the beauty of this sublime mountain scenery. The moon, however, soon rose bright and cloudless, and threw a double enchantment over the scene. During the night we passed three grottoes cut through the solid rock, and, before the dawn, commenced the ascent of another branch of the Apennines. Our course seemed wonderful. At one time we were climbing up the steep sides of a towering mountain; then hanging over a vast immeasurable precipice with the sea directly beneath us, the sound of whose waves, as at measured intervals they dashed against the base of the mountain below, came up a thousand feet upon our ear. At another time we found ourselves descending down—down—down with the speed of the wind, to the very bottom of the mountain. Daylight at length dawned upon us, and we were within ten miles of Genoa. As we approached the city the scene became beautiful, yea almost magical. On our left there spread before us the broad Mediterranean, and on our right there arose at a little distance, the lofty battlements of the Apennines—the sides of the hills being covered to their very summits with olive groves and vineyards, while along the line of the road were scattered a thousand gardens and villas, and magnificent country-seats. As we approached still nearer Genoa, we found the road which winds beautifully along the indented coast, reminding one of the waving line of beauty, filled with market waggons, carriages, and Genoese peasantry, pressing their way toward the city. The peasantry, both men and women, were generally on foot. Most the women were without hats or bonnets, having a white worked mantilla thrown over their head, which hung down upon their shoulders.

At length, after measuring a few more curvatures in our road, we found ourselves gliding within the enchanted environs of Genoa, of whose beauty and magnificence we had heard so much. I was not disappointed. Genoa is a princely place. Seated on the encircling shore of the Mediterranean, its numerous and stately edifices, rising as they recede from the water, one above another, resemble the seats of a vast amphitheatre. The higher parts of the town being planted upon the ascending acclivity, overlook the whole city and bay, and command most beautiful views; while back of these, the hills rise to still greater heights, till they taper off into mountain peaks.

It was a most interesting ramble that we had through the streets and amid the environs of Genoa. This is truly a city of palaces. There is one whole street almost entirely filled with these princely mansions. We found our American consul, a most polite and gentlemanly man, residing in one of these. The narrowness of the streets struck me as a marked feature in this city. Although all the European cities abound with dark narrow streets, and scarcely any of them have a single side-walk, yet with the exception of two or three broad avenues through Genoa, its streets are an inextricable labyrinth of dark dirty lanes lined with gloomy buildings, four, five, or six stories high, often nearly meeting at the tops, utterly excluding the rays of the sun, and almost the light of day. The streets on which stand those magnificent palaces to which I have alluded, are, on the other hand, wide and spacious. We passed through a number of these princely mansions, whose floors are paved with the richest marbles, whose ceilings are adorned with the most costly gilding and

exquisite frescoes, and whose walls are hung with the choicest productions of Guido, Rubens, Vandyck, and Domenichino. A hundred thousand dollars were expended in ornamenting a single hall in one of these palaces. The luxury of the East cannot surpass this apartment in splendour. "Between the fluted Corinthian pillars of Parian marble, embossed with massive gold, are placed sheets of mirror, forming the entire walls, and multiplying the splendid objects in the room a thousand times. On whichever side the spectator turns, his eye is absolutely dazzled and bewildered by the painful brilliancy of the spectacle." No use whatever is made of this hall, except as a show-box to exhibit to strangers to awaken their wonder. How many millions, in nominally Christian lands, are thus expended—lying entirely useless—while thousands of our race are perishing for lack of knowledge! Will not the Judge of all the earth visit for these things?

The churches in Genoa are not equal, in point of beauty or grandeur, with those in some other cities of Italy. We were frequently at the cathedral church, which is a Gothic structure, covered on the outside with black and white marble in wide alternate stripes, giving it a fantastical appearance. This church lays peculiar claims to veneration, on account of its containing under one of its altars the ashes of St. John the Baptist, besides various other relics to cause the ignorant to wonder.

We passed Palm Sunday in Genoa. This place is under the peculiar sway of Catholic priests. Here is the stronghold of the Jesuits, who have just obtained possession of one of the palaces to be used as a convent. We saw at an early hour the procession of the

Host in the street. The ceremonies at the cathedral were the most imposing. The procession there consisted of more than one hundred ecclesiastics, in the various dresses of their order, each bearing a bundle of palm-leaves, and the whole procession chanting, as they passed through the street, a responsive service.

At half-past eleven in the morning, we found, after some difficulty, the little Protestant chapel, where we were permitted to unite in the simple and pious strains of the English church, which, after the mummary we had witnessed at the cathedral, appeared uncommonly sweet and delightful. There are quite a number of English families residing at Genoa. But the chapel was most miserably attended, although the sermon was excellent and the day beautiful. I suppose the whole congregation could not have exceeded thirty persons. The Rev. Mr. H—— told us that the English residents here were very much given to pleasure, and manifested very little concern for their spiritual and immortal interests.

Genoa, once a most flourishing republic, and especially endeared to Americans from its having been the birthplace of Christopher Columbus, was at an early period distinguished for its commercial character and advantages. It has a very fine harbour, formed by ranges of the Apennines sweeping round it, and terminating in two high capes. To these natural defences against winds and waves have been added gigantic works of art. Besides the moles and colossal barriers alluded to, a rampart of solid masonry, thirty or forty feet high, pierced at the bottom with large arches, communicating with the town, and wide enough for two or three persons to walk abreast, sweeps more than half way round the port. This forms a principal promenade

for the citizens. In a walk along upon this rampart, we met, besides many gay and fashionable people, an unusual number of beggars. The trickery resorted to, to awaken sympathy, is astonishing. As we passed along, we found two little girls, one about eight, and the other five years old, at a short distance from each other, lame in their ancles, so that they could not walk at all. Hundreds were passing them, to whom they were appealing for alms, pointing to their twisted and contorted ancles. They seemed admirably skilled in the duties of their vocation, and few strangers passed without throwing them a penny. About twenty rods distant from the youngest lay stretched out, flat on the walls, with his face downward, and completely covered, the most wretched, loathsome-looking object I ever saw, extending his hand in the most beseeching manner for alms. I was so struck with his appearance, I determined to watch his movements. In a short time it commenced raining. The people generally began to leave the promenade, when this worthless, hypocritical wretch sprang up, and moved off, perfectly sound in limb and stout in health. He proved to be the father of those crippled children, whom he took up in his arms and bore off to their home. I suppose he considers them worth a fortune to him, on account of their deformity. How depraved and utterly lost to all kind and generous feeling unrenewed man may become !

As the royal residence is at Turin, we did not see the King of Sardinia. He is said to be an uncommonly tall man—full six feet and seven inches. He is also said to be remarkably fond of display, and when he appears in public, he usually wears a lofty military plume—surrounded by a large cavalcade, in very rich dress,

mounted upon fiery steeds. From what I could gather, I should not think that he was remarkably popular at Genoa. This state was ceded to him against the wishes of the Genoese, and the express stipulation of the European powers. But as Genoa was a republic, it would have been suicidal in the view of all the crowned heads of Europe, not to have extinguished it. It was therefore given to the King of Sardinia, as Venice was to the Emperor of Austria. As the Duke of Savoy, the Prince of Piedmont, and the King of the Island of Sardinia, he before possessed those respective countries, and with the addition of the Genoese states, his kingdom has become one of considerable importance, and destined to exert no small influence in regulating the balance of power in Europe: for Italy can never be fully conquered from the north without making a descent upon his territory. His country must be the theatre of all the great battles that are fought for the conquest of Italy, lying as it does, at the foot of the Alps. The plain of Marengo, where Napoleon gained his decisive victory over the Austrians, is a part of his domain.

We started from Genoa on the 9th of April, in a *diligence*, for Nice. Although we might have accomplished our journey in a shorter period by steamer, we had found our previous land excursion along the Mediterranean coast so full of interest, from the rich and variegated scenery that every hour opened upon us, we determined to pursue our course to Nice by land. The day upon which we set out in our journey proved unpropitious. Torrents of rain had just fallen and swollen the mountain streams to a fearful size, and the weather still continued very boisterous. In the early part of our course, as we attempted to climb one rugged moun-

tain pass after another, the wind blew like a tempest, and we feared our carriage might be upset. The road we travelled brought within our view a succession of most picturesque scenery. This road had been constructed on the very brow of the coast, and often cut out of the solid rock that hung perpendicularly over the waters of the Mediterranean.

It was begun under the auspices of Napoleon, who seems to have left permanent marks of improvement in every part of Europe which he visited. I scarcely saw any where in Italy a modern improvement of any sort, that did not claim Napoleon as its author. The road to which I just referred was completed by the present Sardinian government, although it can hardly be said to be completed. Many of its turns on the sides of the mountains are by so short angles, and, where it runs along on the brink of the precipice beetling over the sea, there are so seldom any parapet walls, or a defence of any sort, that the slightest casualty might lead to the most fatal consequences.

We passed through a number of towns of considerable size, among which were Savona, Albenga, and Vintimiglia. On our way to Nice, upon one of the summits of the maritime Alps, we reached a little village called *La Turbia*, where we saw the remains of an ancient tower, or trophy, said to have been erected by Augustus, on which he inscribed the names of all the Alpine tribes he had subdued between the Mediterranean and Adriatic seas. Near this point the scenery became increasingly interesting. The mountains around us, rising up in awful majesty, presented sides and summits entirely bare and verdureless, while those more lofty and remote appeared clad in snow and ice, which glittered like robes of light; and contrasted beautifully with the

vales beneath, which bloomed in all the luxuriance and verdure of spring.

Just before we reached Nice we were favoured with some exquisite scenery—made up of ice-clad, shining Alpine ridges, the broad blue expanse of the Mediterranean, and rich, smiling valleys, filled with orange groves, and olives, and vineyards. Here and there, in the back ground, we saw the peak of an Alp, resembling a brilliant obelisk of snow, resting on the shining clouds. As we were descending the mountain, which on one side shuts in Nice from the bleak winds that sweep with dreadful force over this region, we saw, several hundred feet below us, the broad, sandy ravine through which the Paglion traces its sinuous course, and over the whole breadth of which we presume it rolls its impetuous waters, when the descending rains gathered from a thousand rivulets from the mountain, have swollen it into a torrent.

Nice is situated on the sea in a small valley amid the maritime Alps. The principal part of the town is in the rear of a rocky prominence, that looks off boldly into the sea, upon which is erected a citadel that overhangs the water. This is a pleasant town. It contains about thirty thousand inhabitants, and is known to us more particularly as the place where it has been customary to send consumptive patients to pass their winters. It is now, however, very little visited for this object. We presume that the climate just within this little sheltered nook, during the cold months, is very mild; but it will not do to wander even a few miles from this spot, otherwise we pass not only into the regions of frost and ice, but where the mountain winds sweep with desolating fury.

Yours, &c.

CHAPTER XXVI.

GLIMPSES OF MARSEILLES AND LYONS.

Journey from Nice to Marseilles—Antibes—Aix—Appearance of Marseilles—Fort Notre Dame—Cemetery—Good Friday—Cathedral church—A singular decretal—A scene in the street on Sunday—Journey to Lyons—Avignon—Popes—Laura's grave—Petrarch—Vienne—Pontius Pilate—Banks of the Rhone—Frenchwomen—Snow storm—Appearance of Lyons and its environs—Journey to Paris—An agreeable fellow-traveller—Evangelical Societies—The converted minister—Persecution—Christian soldier—M. De Felice—Fontainebleau.

Paris, April 25th, 1838.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It was past mid-day on Wednesday the 11th of April, when we left Nice. We had no sooner crossed the Var, a little stream that separates the plain of Nice from the dominions of Louis Philippe, than we were reminded, by a crowd of officials from the custom-house, that we had entered France. Our luggage having been examined and plumbed, and our passports arranged, we were soon on our way, passing through a country in several of its features quite distinct from that which we had left. We now saw increased indications of thrift, and of varied agricultural operations. The verdant fields of grass, and the flourishing crops of wheat here and there visible, helped to give variety to a land covered with vineyards and olive groves. The streams,

which almost every where in Italy appeared so turbid, began to flow clear and limpid as we advanced on our way. As the day declined, the scene around us appeared full of quiet and loveliness. The air was soft and bland as on a summer's eve. The voice of children, and various rural sounds, came at intervals upon the ear—the sky was full of rich, soft colouring—the Mediterranean lay waveless before us, tinged with a soft, light blue appearance—while the peasantry were just quitting their toil, and wending their way to their several homes.

One thing, which all along on the continent reminded me that I was in a foreign land, was the absence of many of those domestic animals, that never fail in our own country to appear in the adjoining field near every farm-house—the cow, and sheep, and noble horse. Here the most common objects around the peasant's cot, are the donkey and a flock of goats.

Another feature in the aspect of rural scenery on the continent quite different from our own, is the appearance of females, in large numbers, participating in the toils of the field. This we see more or less throughout the continent: but I have no where seen woman so much degraded by all sorts of menial labour as in Italy. In one place on the road, we saw at least one hundred young girls, mixed up with as many rough, coarse men, carrying baskets of earth some fifty rods upon their heads, for the purpose of filling up an embankment or road. The service which our dirt-carts and Irish ditchers perform in this country, is in many instances done by females. I have often seen women by scores in the fields using the hoe, or fixing up the vines. They are frequently employed as drivers of donkeys

and mules, in transferring burdens from one place to another. It is no uncommon occurrence to see them driving those animals, laden with panniers filled with manure. Heathenism and paganized Christianity degrade woman to a level with the slave. Genuine Christianity alone assigns to her the sphere for which she was intended by her Creator, and elevates her to her proper station in society.

We stopped over night at Antibes, a small but strongly fortified town. I walked out on the margin of the sea to behold the sun make a glorious set. The air seemed full of balm. The sky was for a while decked in bright and gorgeous colours, which, as twilight advanced, faded away. A soft blue haze stole over the summit of the Alps that lay near us, while those more remote, which rose up beyond them to a still loftier height, were clad with clear bright snow, being girdled around midway by a few light clouds, that reflected in a thousand glowing tints the few rays of the sun that still lingered above the horizon. It was an hour to lift the mind up in divine contemplation, to Him who sitteth above the water-flood, and garnisheth the heavens with light. I hope the effect of the scene was not altogether lost as I and my travelling companion walked silent along the shore of the Mediterranean.

We went back to our inn, where we found most uncomfortable quarters, and were glad when the morning dawned, and we could once more get forth from the confinement of damp walls, and inhale the pure fresh air. The day proved like the one that preceded it—most lovely; and we enjoyed our ride greatly through this part of France. Most of the towns through which we passed had an old and decayed appearance,

and were sadly deficient in those marks of neatness and enterprise which distinguish the same class of towns in America.

The next morning, after having rode through the night, we found ourselves at Aix, the capital of Provence, a city containing about twenty thousand inhabitants. It stands in a spacious plain, watered by the Arc. It is built very much in the Italian style, though some of its streets are very wide and airy. The mineral waters and hot baths of Aix have been long celebrated, but we had no time to visit them, as we were anxious to be on our way towards Marseilles. The road between Aix and Marseilles was covered with a light dust of white appearance, which a strong wind had put in motion, and we were well nigh suffocated before we reached the place of our destination. Scarcely any of the time could we see more than a few rods before us, so enveloped were we in dense clouds of this pulverised soil. It reminded me of a New England snow storm among the mountains. I am told that there are times when it does not rain for months here, and then when the wind blows—and the mountain blasts do not slumber long at any one period—the roads at times are almost impassable.

We have all heard of Marseilles, ever since we knew there were towns beyond the Atlantic waters, to which our ships went on errands of commerce. This is an old town, said to have been established at a period when Rome was in her glory. Its present population is about one hundred thousand. I confess I was not a little disappointed in the business aspect of this place. There are no stores or warehouses on the magnificent scale I had expected. There was not that show of shipping, nor that decided commercial aspect, that I

had connected in my imagination with this port. A very intelligent American whom we met here, and who has resided in Marseilles for many years, remarked, "If there were only a thousand New Englanders here, this city would soon monopolize the whole trade of the Mediterranean. But the Marseillaise have no enterprise. They will talk fifteen years about a canal, that would be of incalculable value to the city, and at last do nothing; while the same work in the United States would be taken up in the way of private enterprise, and be accomplished in six months. They are afraid to run any risk. They will put forth a five-franc piece, and be perfectly satisfied, if they are sure it will return with a single *sou* added—but if there is the least hazard, they will hold it back."

The modern part of the city is well built, and there are some points about Marseilles that are striking. In the south part of the town there is a very lofty eminence, or mountain, upon the summit of which stands Fort Notre Dame, and also a little chapel, to which peculiar sanctity is attached: and many are the pilgrims that press their way up this steep declivity to perform their devotions on this consecrated spot. From this lofty eminence, we had a fine view of the whole town, of the plain on which it stands, the grey rocky mountains which environ it, as well as of the quay, the shipping, the harbour, and far-stretching sea beyond.

The public cemetery at the other end of the town, to me was an object of some interest. Here there are three fine gates side by side, leading to the place of interment—one opening into the Catholic, another into the Protestant, and the third into the Jews' burying-ground. The two last are small enclosures, the other is

spacious, and fitted up with some taste ; though many of the monuments, and attempts at sepulchral adornment, are exceedingly finical and ludicrous. As I approached these cemeteries, I could not but think, that after all men's efforts to carry distinction and separation into the grave, those three gates all led to one place—"the place appointed for all living." The dead, through whatever gates their bodies are borne to their resting-places, or wherever their ashes slumber, when summoned by the judgment trumpet, will appear in one undistinguished crowd, and the only division that will take place will be on the ground of moral character. Those that are in Christ, shall awake to everlasting life—but those that have died in their sins shall "awake to shame and everlasting contempt."

We stopped several days in Marseilles. One of those days was Good Friday. This had always been to me a day of great and solemn interest. I had never before witnessed the disgusting mummeries with which the Catholics celebrated this day. One thing, which in their commemoration of the day, seemed to me quite inexplicable, I will here record. In one of the principal churches, where there was assembled a large congregation, a portion of the audience-room was occupied by about fifty boys, who seemed to be under the superintendence of a priest, who was evidently giving them instruction. Each of these boys had lying by him a wooden rattle, a sort of rude machine with wheels, which by being shaken, would whirl around, striking upon cogs that made a terrible clattering sound. At a given signal, each boy caught up his rattle, and lifting it up on high, whirled it round with all the strength he possessed. Such a clattering ensued as I scarcely ever

before heard. The boys all seemed to enjoy the fun full well. The door at length being opened, they rushed out of the church with a hearty laugh and a loud hurrah. Their priestly overseer seemed to enjoy this edifying service quite as much as the boys themselves, if we might judge from the degree in which his risibles appeared to be excited. The minds of the congregation being thus solemnized for worship, the priest took his station near the high altar, and gave out a hymn, which, when sung, was followed by a sermon. In the interim, however, my travelling friend accosted a genteelly dressed young man, and begged of him to explain the meaning of that clattering ceremony which we had just witnessed. In reply, he said very gruffly,

"Are you a Roman Catholic?" To which response was given—

"No, I am a Protestant!"

"Then," said he, with a haughty and most disdainful air, "I shall not tell you." So for not being papists, we lost all the benefit of this part of the service.

One of the days that we spent in Marseilles, was Easter Sunday. The idea of *sacred time* does not seem to enter into the Catholic's notion of the sabbath. It is with him a holiday. So we found it emphatically in Marseilles. The shops were, generally, open. Every street and public saloon was filled with crowds, who seemed alone intent upon pleasure and gaiety. The churches appear to be only a sort of exchange for the devotees of fashion. Hundreds came in, in gay and richly dressed groups, passed through the crowd, perhaps knelt a moment before the high altar, and then went off on some other excursion of pleasure. The cathedral church is situated near the west end of the

town, at the foot of a hill, a short distance from the sea. Here we found vast crowds going and coming. The religious exercises were made up of music, processions, and the mass. The processions were evidently intended to strike the senses and amuse the eye. Twenty or thirty little boys, dressed in white cassocks, ornamented with ruffles, and girded with crimson cinctures, preceded the more pompous train of gorgeously arrayed ecclesiastics.

A singular decretal from the bishop was suspended upon the walls of this church, counselling his flock to contribute a certain amount of money that he needed, assuring them at the same time, that those who did should enjoy special privileges of absolution and indulgence; also reminding them that there were certain sins which the blood of Christ did not expiate, but must be removed by long and painful acts of penance. From this penance, however, they might be absolved, by contributing to the pious object referred to. This was the substance of this ghostly counsel. Such trickery to obtain money needs no comment.

We afterwards learnt that there was a Protestant church in Marseilles, where the services were held in French. Had we been aware of this, we should have sought that worshipping assembly, with whom our feelings would have been far more in unison.

In the afternoon of Sunday we saw a great crowd collected in one of the most public streets of Marseilles. In the centre of the crowd there appeared to be a waggon, from which there was elevated a large flag or banner, exhibiting some marvellous battle-scene. In the waggon were a man and woman, and behind it stood a drummer, beating up a lively air. Upon the front part

of the waggon was fixed a sort of platform, upon which were exposed various sorts of beautiful wares. Here, also, stood the female to whom I just referred, dressed in a most fashionable manner, acting the part of an auctioneer, offering to the crowd, essences, perfumes, soaps, confectionaries, and a thousand beautifully wrought articles of adornment, and calling out for the highest bidder. I have seldom witnessed a more disgusting scene. She seemed very zealous in her labour; and when exhausted, would surrender for a few moments, to her more athletic male attendant, her office, whose rough stentorian cry served well as a foil to set off the more melodious tones of her voice. The multitude seemed quite ready to be gulled, and to all appearance she was driving a brisk trade. If at any time the interest began to flag, the drum again struck up, and after one or two lively tunes, fresh purchasers having been attracted, the fair auctioneer seemed again prepared to commend, with French volubility, all the various articles she offered. I have mentioned this to illustrate the manner in which Sunday is kept in Marseilles. A little distance from this scene, in the same street, was another waggon, in which sat a French soldier, who had lost both of his legs, probably in battle. He had in the waggon with him four children, the eldest of which could not have been more than seven or eight years old. The maimed warrior held a hand-organ in his lap, upon which he was playing in a very meek and subdued manner, while his fair spouse, a stout healthy-looking woman, was walking up and down the street through the crowd, pointing to her helpless offspring, and legless husband, and asking for them, in Heaven's name, alms of all who had any pity for suffering humanity.

I found the climate exceedingly disagreeable at Marseilles: the winds that swept down from the mountains were enough to destroy an invalid. We were not sorry, therefore, to find ourselves again in the *coupé* seat on board of a *diligence*, on our way to Lyons. We started just at nightfall, and in the morning found ourselves approaching the banks of the Rhone, in the neighbourhood of Avignon. On one side of this town, just beneath its walls, the Rhone pours its swift and turbid stream. Avignon is said to contain about twenty-three thousand inhabitants. It contains several fine edifices, among which are the cathedral and chateau, or the former palace of the Popes. This was the residence of the Roman pontiffs during seventy-two years, from 1305 to 1377. Seven popes in succession took up their abode here, which, however, they viewed as a sort of exile—and this period is usually spoken of by Roman Catholic writers as “the Babylonish captivity of the popes.” I looked into the cathedral and chateau, but felt more pleasure in directing my steps to that part of the city where remain the ruins of the church of the Cordeliers, near which is located Laura’s grave, whom Petrarch has immortalized. This grave I at length found by the help of a guide. It is in a small enclosure, now used as a garden. The garden is kept by a withered and gipsy-looking sort of an old woman. The spot where were deposited Laura’s mortal remains, is marked by a plain round marble column, upon which was the simple statement, that this was Laura’s grave—Petrarch’s love; and that this monument had been erected by an Englishman. Around this grave stood a little cluster of cypresses: just beyond this spot were the ruins of the church to which I have

referred. I sat down on a little rude seat beneath this cypress umbrage, and endeavoured to recall the history of Petrarch's love. I could not feel very romantic, for I felt that there was far more in this affair to reprehend than to admire. There can be no question that Petrarch was a distinguished poet and scholar, and that judging from the brilliancy of his genius, he is entitled to a high rank among those who were considered the ornaments of the fourteenth century. But his moral character is not without dark shades, although he was regarded religious according to the fashion of the age in which he lived. He observed fasts, bequeathed money to the church, and revered saints and relics. But all this time, he was evidently a voluptuous character. Born of Florentine parents at Arezzo in Tuscany, he was attracted to Avignon, as were many other distinguished strangers, by the circumstance that the papal court at that time was fixed at this place. It appears that one morning during Passion week, in 1327, he went to the chapel of St. Clara, where he saw for the first time the beautiful Laura. She was the daughter of the Chevalier Audibert Noves, an old Provençal family, and had been already married two years to young Hugh de Sade, a descendant of a distinguished family in Avignon. She is represented as being at that time full of youthful beauty and grace, and possessing uncommon brilliancy of intellect. Petrarch was at once fired with a passion that seemed as violent as it was lasting. He sought to win her from the path of duty, and to lead her to reciprocate his affection. According to his testimony, though Laura sometimes favoured him with a smile or a kind word, she always kept him at a distance, and never in the slightest instance forgot her

character or her honour. But evidently she was willing to receive his admiration, and it is no great matter of surprise, therefore, that we read of "the domestic trouble which she suffered from the ill-humour of her husband." In our view, Laura, knowing as she did the nature of his attachment, would have appeared far more lovely, had she uniformly frowned upon Petrarch, and barred him from all intercourse with herself and family. Petrarch, it seems, often resolved to tear himself away from her. He travelled into other countries, and mingled in the bustle of the world, but her image still followed him: He then tried the influence of seclusion and solitude to calm and subdue his passion, but it only burned with a brighter flame amid the hills and woods of Vaucluse. I cannot ascertain, however, that with all his learning and study, he ever came to the conclusion to which every page in the Bible would have led him, that his love for Laura was sinful, and that to heaven he must lift his eye for grace and strength to vanquish it. He is gone, and Laura too, to the judgment bar, where the principles of the Bible will be the only standard by which public opinion is formed. But I am detaining you too long with my own reflections.

There are none of the towns through which we passed on our way to Lyons, of which I have any thing particular to relate, unless it be Vienne. This was once the capital of the Allobroges, and made a Roman colony by Tiberius. It is said to contain several interesting remains of antiquity. I had an opportunity of seeing none of them, however, except a lofty quadrangular pyramid, reputed to have been a cenotaph erected by the Romans. The fact which most interested me in this place was, that Pontius Pilate, after having been

deprived of the office of procurator of Judea, on account of his malpractices, was banished to this city, where he died by his own hand. I could not but gaze upon these streets with deeper interest, when I remembered that they had been trod by the feet of the disgraced governor, who, when high in power, to please the mob, had condemned the Lord of glory to an ignominious death. How dark and hopeless must have been his final hour, when pressed by the remembrance of a thousand crimes! Stung with shame, remorse, and wounded pride, to all his other madness he added the madness of rushing into eternity a guilty suicide!

Our road through the whole course of the journey, took us along the valley of the Rhone, and thus brought before us a succession of sweet and beautiful landscapes. The aspect of the banks of the Rhone is thus described by a traveller who descended the river in a boat from Lyons to Avignon :

“The views on each side of the river are lovely and enchanting. A magnificent chain of lofty rocks, clothed with vineyards, and crowned with ruins of ancient castles, form the great feature of every landscape, while here and there a small village at the water’s edge, and sometimes a large town in a valley between the hills, adds to the richness of the scenery. Deserted châteaux and convents placed on the pinnacles of craggy rocks, frequently appear in such wild and extraordinary shapes, that they might easily be mistaken for castles, with giants striding on their battlements. This scenery is rendered doubly beautiful by the immense breadth, peculiar clearness, and great rapidity of the Rhone.”

In all the French towns through which we passed, one thing struck me as quite peculiar. There were

immense crowds of women in the streets, all wearing caps, from the youngest to the oldest, and all without hats. The French people seem remarkably light-hearted and exempt from care, especially the women. They appear quite free from all domestic anxieties, and spend no small share of their time in the open air. At one place which we passed, we saw about twenty women with as many men dancing on the green turf in front of a country inn. The dance must have been quite an extempore affair, as the females appeared in their every-day working attire, while their merry partners seemed to have been levied from the waggoners, postilions, and peasantry that happened at the moment to be on the spot.

When we left Italy, we felt that we were basking in the rays of a summer's sun, and were, therefore, ill prepared to encounter the bleak wintry winds that assailed us as we advanced to the north of France. We found, however, that winter still lingered here, prepared to pinch us with its cold. The day we reached Lyons, it snowed all the afternoon; and we thought, as we approached this ancient city, amid gusts of piercing wind and storms of snow, that it was giving us rather a cold reception.

The environs of Lyons struck me as particularly beautiful. The seat of the ancient city, which was founded about the commencement of the Christian era, is upon a hill across the Saone, just in the rear of the modern town; and its lofty summit, crowned with ancient churches and towers, imparts a very imposing and magnificent appearance to the city, as we approach it from Vienne. The Saone and Rhone both run through the whole extent of Lyons, and give to the city

a peculiar and interesting appearance. The quays formed along the sides of these rivers are elegant, and the views from the splendid bridges thrown across these noble streams are truly beautiful. There are also in Lyons several fine squares or *Places*, as they are called, especially *The Place de Bellecour*, where there is a spirited equestrian statue of Louis XIV. in bronze. The *Hôtel de Ville* is a fine structure, as is also the *Hôtel Dieu*, which is said to be one of the best hospitals in Europe, where an order of nuns about one hundred and fifty in number, perform the offices of nurses, watch over the sick, administer medicine, and prepare the diet. This is far better than to wear out life in solitude and loneliness, counting beads, and repeating *Ave Marias*. We visited the cathedral, and one or two other ancient-looking churches, whose gothic walls and stained windows carried back our thoughts to a former age, and led us to think of some of the early Christians who had their residence in Lyons, especially the amiable and distinguished Ireneus.

Lyons has, upon the whole, the air of a pleasant town. It contains, including the suburbs, about two hundred thousand inhabitants. In point of wealth and population it is the second city in France. In the general aspect of its shops and stores it reminded me more of New York than any city I had previously seen on the continent. The climate here I should think was far from desirable. Though it was the 18th of April when I was there, it snowed continually, and we could hardly keep ourselves comfortable before a large fire.

We encountered nearly the same kind of weather all the way on our journey to Paris. The hills all along for several days were covered with snow, and the state

of the weather detracted in no slight degree from the pleasure of our excursion. The first day after we left Lyons we reached Roanne, just at evening. Here the Loire becomes navigable, and this is a place of some importance. We took in a fellow-passenger at Roanne, whose society and conversation contributed very much to our pleasure, during the rest of our excursion to Paris. As we had to ride all night, as well as all day, it was very desirable to have an agreeable travelling companion. The French diligence has three apartments. The hinder one is called the *rotund*—the central, the *interior*—and the front is the *coupé*. The *coupé* is decidedly the most eligible part of the coach. It consists of one seat which will contain three persons, who are entirely separate from all the other passengers. My clerical friend and myself were the only occupants of the *coupé*, until the gentleman just referred to joined us, whom we found an Englishman, that had been long resident in France, and was exceedingly well acquainted with the state of religion throughout this country. We were happy to find that he was not only a Protestant, but most thoroughly attached to the evangelical faith, and had taken an active part, for several years, in the operations of the Evangelical Societies of Geneva and Paris. He spoke in high terms of our countryman, S. V. S. Wilder, Esq., and thought he had done much during his residence in Paris, in giving a first impulse to those benevolent operations which are beginning to spread the signs of spiritual life over France. The old French Protestants, or Huguenots, though considerably numerous in different parts of France, have very generally lost the power and life of religion, and through the infection of German neology, or Genevan Socinianism,

have degenerated into a cold formalism, and a sort of *rational* Christianity, with which David Hume would have found no fault. While the Huguenots are still exceedingly attached to the name of Protestants, and would die rather than depart from the external forms of their church, they are generally strangers to all vital godliness.

The design of the Evangelical Society at Paris, as well as that at Geneva, was to endeavour to revive true spiritual Christianity among these decayed churches, and among the Catholic population every where in France and Switzerland where the gospel would be received. This they sought to do principally by the labours of missionaries, scripture readers and *Colporteurs*. The *Colporteur* is a pious and devoted layman, who for the love of Christ traverses the country—visits every hamlet and cottage—carrying with him Bibles, tracts, and other religious books, which he sells to those who will buy them, and gives away to others. He often sits down in the cottage, and reads the tract he leaves—endeavouring to draw its inmates into conversation on the subject of personal religion. In many parts a great and permanent change has been already accomplished through this instrumentality. It was not to be supposed that these efforts could be made in the midst of Romanism and Protestant formalism without awakening opposition. In several instances among the Huguenots, where their pastors have, through the quickening influences of the Holy Spirit, awoke to the perception of the truth, and endeavoured to lead their flocks to a like knowledge of spiritual things, the people at first have risen up in arms against what they denominated *the new doctrines*—which are in fact the doc-

trines that Paul preached, and which gave to the *Reformation* its peculiar power. In not a few instances the old Huguenots have thrust out evangelical ministers, and evinced more bitterness and opposition to the truth than the Roman Catholics themselves. Our travelling companion, Mr. W—, related an incident that occurred at St. Etienne, illustrative of this fact, and at the same time showing how persecution only strengthens the cause it would crush. At this place an evangelical minister was ejected—and this for no other reason than that he faithfully inculcated these doctrines to maintain which their forefathers at the revocation of the edict of Nantes, suffered martyrdom, and wet the soil of France with their blood. A young man was called, as his successor, upon whom no suspicion of tendency towards the evangelical cause rested. Still, to make assurance doubly sure, they demanded of him, at the time of his settlement, a solemn promise, that if his views did change, he would at once relinquish his charge. Regarding as he did the evangelical doctrines with utter contempt, he did not hesitate to accede with great cordiality to their wishes. He just as little expected ever to become an evangelical minister at this time, as did Saul to become a Christian when he started on his journey to Damascus, with the express intention of destroying all that were called by that name. But the same power which prostrated the young man of Tarsus in the dust, and brought him in humble penitence to the feet of Jesus, with the anxious inquiry—“Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?”—led this young minister to see that he had been hitherto but a blind guide, and that the way of truth was that very way which was “every where spoken against.” That way

he sought. The scales dropped from his eyes. No sooner had he become the subject of regenerating grace, than he felt that necessity was laid upon him to preach spiritual regeneration, and salvation through the blood of Christ alone—doctrines which he had once reviled as foolish and fanatical. He immediately communicated to his flock the change his views had undergone : and assured them, that if he remained their pastor, he must preach what he now believed to be the truth. They almost unanimously bid him depart, although he had previously been with them a very great favourite. Divine Providence soon opened a door for him at Marseilles, where he found a much wider field of usefulness, and is now weekly preaching the truth as it is in Jesus to crowds of attentive hearers.

Of course the Papists are doing all they can to throw barriers in the way of the spread of evangelical sentiments. Mr. W—— related the following instance as illustrative of this fact. A faithful preacher of the word had been sent by the Evangelical Society, I think to *Montargis*—a small town through which we passed on our way to Paris. Like the eloquent Apollos, he “*mightily convinced*” the people that they ought to “turn from dumb idols to serve the living God.” The Popish priests, however, immediately stirred up the civil authorities against this preacher of righteousness. He was brought to trial, and condemned on the ground of his having preached without a license from the town mayor. Though condemned to imprisonment, by means of his friends an appeal was obtained to a higher court, where justice prevailed, and the decision was reversed.

In general the Evangelical Society finds it necessary

to establish new Protestant churches just as much in the vicinity of the old Protestants, as in the midst of a Roman Catholic population. Many such churches have been established, and are spreading light through every part of the land. In Lyons there are several thousand Protestants of the old school. They however give no countenance to evangelical views. One evangelical church has been established there, which is still comparatively small and feeble. An effort was recently made to erect for themselves a suitable house of worship. Mr. W——, who spent Easter Sunday with them, related some very interesting facts in relation to what he saw and heard. The occasion was one of great interest, it being their Easter communion. The services of the day seemed attended with uncommon unction and power. After the celebration of the communion, many of the members of the church came up to the minister to lay down their offering to aid in the erection of a sanctuary. Among others there came forward a soldier, who laid down five francs with tears of gratitude. This was the entire sum of all his earnings for the previous three months, as the French soldiers besides their clothes and victuals, have allowed them only about a *sou* a day. The minister knowing this circumstance, and fearing that he might have given more than he could afford, under the excitement of the occasion, asked him if he was certain that he could spare all this? Full of emotion, he replied with deep emphasis, "My Saviour *spared* not himself, but freely gave his life for my redemption, and surely *I can spare* one quarter of my year's earnings for the promotion of his glory here on the earth." If all professed Christians acted on the principle of that soldier, there would be no lack of means to carry out the

great plans of Christian benevolence already begun, and of spreading the Gospel over every land.

Before dismissing the subject with which the latter part of my sheet has been occupied, I cannot suppress the relation of an incident which I drew out from Mr. W——, in the course of conversation. It was told by him to illustrate the importance of our “not being weary in well-doing,” even where we see but little fruit from our labour.

Mr. W—— had come up from his residence at Rouen to attend the anniversaries of the benevolent societies at Paris. During the meetings he felt peculiarly distressed at the idea of his having done so little for the glory of Christ. Through the reports of the various societies which were on this occasion read, he was led to see the wants of a dying world. He was engaged from one end of the week to the other in his counting-room, pursuing secular ends, and doing comparatively nothing for Christ. While under peculiar depression from such a train of reflections, Mr. De Felice arose to address the meeting. This gentleman is now a professor in the University at Mount Auban, and is associated with the Monods, the Malans, and the D'Aubigneys in carrying on the great work of evangelizing the French nation. Mr. De Felice is the European correspondent for the *New York Observer*, whose communications have attracted great attention, and appear under the signature of De F—e. On the occasion above alluded to, in the course of his remarks he spoke of the good that was often silently done, by the benevolent efforts of individuals who might remain till death totally unconscious of the unspeakable benefit they had conferred. In illustration of this remark, he

referred to a premium that was offered by some unknown individual, for the best essay that should be written on the utility of Bible Societies. He himself was then a student at Strasburgh, and in sentiment a thorough-going neologist. Seeing this notice in some periodical, rather as a matter of amusement than otherwise, he thought he would try his hand. In attempting to write on the subject, he was obliged to acquaint himself with the truths of the sacred Scriptures, and see their various practical bearings. His mind was thus brought into direct contact with the divine word, and he soon felt its subduing power. Before his essay was finished, he had become a new man in Christ Jesus, and all his plans for life were changed. From that moment he determined to devote all his powers to the business of making known "the unsearchable riches of Christ."

This narration fell with thrilling power upon the ear of our friend Mr. W——, for although Mr. De Felice was unacquainted with the fact, Mr. W—— was the individual who had offered the premium for the essay. He now felt humbled and rebuked for the recent depression which had clouded his mind, and at once determined to go on in faith, doing all that he could for the spread of the Gospel, leaving consequences entirely with the Lord.

We stopped so short a time at *Moulins* and *Nevers*, that I will attempt no description of these places. As the morning had not fully dawned when we passed *Fontainebleau*, I lost the view of it that I had anticipated. This I regretted. I felt a particular desire to see this interesting spot, with which the remembrance of so many incidents in French history is connected. I think it was in the forest of Fontainebleau that Napo-

leon met Pius VII., for whom he had sent, to give more effect to the pageant at his coronation. It was also in this palace at Fontainebleau, that, after his coronation, he kept the Roman pontiff a prisoner for nearly two years. It was here also that Napoleon, amid his falling fortunes, signed the instrument of abdication, which wrested from him his sceptre and crown.

The gardens and forests of Fontainebleau are much celebrated for their beauty. I saw no forest in Europe, however, that would bear the name in America. The dense and stately trees of an extended American forest would be as great an object of wonder to an European as the Falls of Niagara.

Yours, &c.

CHAPTER XXVII.

GLIMPSES OF PARIS.

Arrival at Paris—Situation of the city—Sunday—Bishop Luscombe—Gardens of the Tuilleries—Champs Elysées—Louvre—Palais Royal—Bibliothèque du Roi—Place Vendome—Place Louis XV.—Pont Louis XVI.

Paris, April 23rd, 1838.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WE have heard in America more about Paris than all the rest of France. The weather, since my arrival in this city, has been very unfavourable, and most of the time every thing has appeared under great disadvantage. I shall attempt but a brief sketch of this gay city.

It was early in the morning, after a long and fatiguing journey from Lyons, that we entered Paris. Just as the risen sun was beginning to shed his lustrous beams over hill and vale, we reached an eminence, from which the mighty metropolis of the French nation, so replete with associations both of a painful and interesting character—so identified with all that is bloody in massacre and all that is beautiful in the arts—burst upon our view.

Paris is situated in a valley, being surrounded on all sides by a circle of hills, broken only at the points where the Seine enters and finds an outlet. The fat, stout steeds, six in number, and harnessed three abreast, that drew our diligence, as though animated by the

distant view, here took a new start, and soon rolled us along into the very heart of this populous, gay, and pleasure-taking city. After considerable delay at the diligence-office, for the examination of our baggage, we at length reached *Meurice's Hotel*, upon the *Rue de Rivoli*, and there took up our quarters. This location is peculiarly desirable, as from our hotel we look directly off across the street into the gardens of the Tuilleries. After our long excursion, I felt that a few days' rest would be exceedingly grateful. One of the earliest days that I spent in Paris was Sunday, which, from the sense of weariness I felt, and the long privation I had had of Protestant ministrations, I particularly enjoyed. I attended divine worship this day at the chapel of the British Embassy, which stands in the *Rue d'Aguesseau*.

The church is a plain, neat edifice, of pointed architecture, and somewhat elegant in the character of its internal decorations. It was erected a few years since, under the direction and partly at the expense of the present officiating chaplain, the Right Rev. Bishop Luscombe. The Bishop preached in the morning, and gave us a very plain sensible discourse, though it appeared to me somewhat defective, in failing to bring out the distinctive features of the Gospel. The Bishop received his consecration from Scotland. It was supposed that when he went to Paris in his episcopal character, he would be able to be at the head of all the Episcopal clergy in Paris, and perhaps through France. The Bishop of London, who by a sort of prescriptive right, is regarded as the Diocesan of all the English Episcopal churches on the continent, gave his countenance to Bishop Luscombe: still, as he is in Paris a mere Scotch bishop, sustaining no official relation to the church of England, the English clergy who reside or officiate in

this great metropolis, do not regard themselves as subject to his jurisdiction.

One reason, perhaps, may be, that in several instances their views are not exactly accordant with his. The Rev. Mr. Lovett, who officiates at the Marbœuf chapel, and whose popularity is abundantly attested by the thronging crowds that weekly press there, is a man of most decidedly evangelical sentiments. I have understood also, that the chaplain who officiates in the chapel of our countryman, Colonel Thorne, who vies with the wealthiest nobles of the French metropolis in the splendour of his equipage and the magnificence of his establishment, is also a man of kindred views. Although he performs the American service in this chapel, he is a clergyman of the English church. The Bishop appears to be a man of most amiable and affectionate feelings, and has passed through much affliction. No one can know him without loving him. Still, from all I saw and could learn, I should exceedingly question the adaptedness of his talents to the position in which he is placed. A great and wide field is open for establishing the Episcopal church throughout France; but no one, as yet, has entered the field. The few Episcopal churches in this country are designed merely for the English residents. While the native population of France seem now wonderfully prepared for Protestant ministrations, and while England and America are sending both funds and men there to spread abroad the Gospel of Christ—what have Episcopalians, either in England or America, done as a church to help forward this great enterprise? How much could be accomplished by a missionary bishop stationed at Paris, preaching in the French language, and seeking by his influence and labours, to extend the light that is beginning to dawn

on this land, that has been so awfully swept, first by the scourge of popery, and then of infidelity !

It struck me that the official pomp with which bishop Luscombe sought to encompass himself, must exert an adverse influence to the cause of protestantism. For instance, on entering his chapel, he is usually preceded by the clerk, bearing before him the emblems of the episcopal office, and all the chaplains and episcopal clergy that can be mustered, with their robes, in procession, while he brings up the rear, wearing a three-cornered cap, and thus marches through the whole length of the church to the chancel. It will be recollected that Bishop Luscombe is in the midst of a popish population. "Michael the Archangel" might just as well attempt to contend with Satan in "railing accusations," as we with the papists in external pomp. In such a contest both Michael and we would certainly be worsted.

I have already seen a few of the interesting objects of this great metropolis, and will endeavour to describe them in the order in which they came before me. Our hotel, which stands on the Rue de Rivoli, looks out directly, as I have said, upon the gardens of the Tuilleries. Having my quarters so near the residence of royalty, my first excursion was through these magnificent gardens, as I was anxious to form a just idea of this part of Paris, especially of the royal palace and its immediate environs.

The impression made upon my mind when I first entered Paris, and which has been strengthened by every walk and ride I have since taken through its gay and populous streets, is, that the immense parks, pleasure-grounds, and gardens in the very heart of the city,

impart to it its highest and principal charm. All the splendour and magnificence of its edifices would be comparatively nothing without these. One has no sooner stepped from a thronged and crowded street into the garden of the Tuilleries, than he feels as though he were traversing enchanted ground. Just the moment before, he was in the midst of a gay throng, perhaps gazing upon the pomp and pageant connected with the carriage of royalty, as it moved along a street where rose up a thousand magnificent and glittering domes; and now, by a single turn, he finds himself in a dense forest, beneath whose shade he can sit or walk at leisure. Here he sees all around him fountains gurgling up with pure water, and artificial ponds filled with gold-fish, and covered with noble swans. As he passes along, he meets at every turn the speaking statue of some famed and eminent man, who stands turning towards him his marble and moveless gaze. He passes on still farther beneath the covert of these shady woods, and finds himself on the bank of a broad and deep river, that rolls its current in sweeping curves through the whole extent of the city, imparting increased beauty to every portion of this gay metropolis. My first walk through these gardens waked up a train of joyous, and almost bewildering emotions. I had never seen any thing that seemed more like the work of magic.

A handsome iron railing with gilt spear-heads, separates these gardens from the Rue de Rivoli. This is one of the most fashionable streets in Paris, and in its general direction, runs parallel with the Seine; the gardens lie between this street and the Seine. The palace stands at the eastern extremity of the gardens, a short distance from the river, whose verdant banks

here appear peculiarly beautiful. It consists of a pavilion, or main building in the centre, with wings on either side, running along in a range of continuous buildings, both towards the Seine and Rue de Rivoli, terminated at either end by another smaller pavilion. On the north and south sides of the gardens, parallel terraces run from the extreme pavilion of the palace westward. As they advance to the west, they gradually approach each other, and sink down by circular slopes, to the level of the intermediate grounds. The southern terrace runs along very near the Seine, and is of course in its whole extent parallel with it. From what I have said, you will, of course, not conceive that the gardens of the Tuilleries are a limited enclosure, like a small American vegetable or flower-garden, but an extended area of ground, embracing not less than seventy acres, a large portion of which is covered with groves of chestnut, elm, and lime. It is said, that in summer these extended groves form an impenetrable shade, which by their dark and solid mass of foliage, afford a striking contrast to the gayer beauties of the flower-gardens, that occupy small portions of these grounds. Immediately in front of the palace are two beautiful plots of ground devoted to flowers, separated from the rest of the garden by fosses, planted and edged with iron railings.

A wide avenue, piercing the very centre of the palace, which at this point, during the day, has a broad expanded passage-way, open to all who choose to pass through on their way to the Louvre, runs westward through the whole extent of the gardens. Take your stand with me at this point, at the base of the swelling dome, and look up this broad avenue. It does not terminate with the western limits of the gardens, but seems

to run on interminably. Passing beyond the gardens, directly through the centre of the *Place Louis XV.*, or *De la Concorde*, it sweeps into the great road of the *Champs Elysées*, which here, with its vast groves and spreading shade, seems but an interminable lengthening of the royal gardens, till it enters directly beneath the triumphal arch *De l'Etoile*, the splendid structure reared to record the battles and victories of Napoleon. Thus, as we look from this point, there stretches directly before us a broad avenue two miles in extent, fringed on either side with a forest, and yet running, as it were, from the door of the monarch's palace, through the very heart of this great metropolis. If we turn around, and look through the great passageway in which we stand, we see spreading before us the *Place du Carousel*, or great square on the east side of the palace, where Louis XIV. once held a splendid tournament, and where Napoleon used to review his troops. On the eastern extremity of this open area rises the Louvre, with its long range of buildings. This also, like the palace of the Tuilleries, and exactly corresponding to it, has in the very centre a colossal gate and passage-way; and in the middle of the intervening area, in a direct line with the two, stands the triumphal arch erected by Napoleon in 1806, constructed after the plan of the arch of Septimius Severus at Rome. On either side of this great square, the galleries of the Tuilleries stretch out till they join the Louvre.

We will now retreat from the passage-way of the Tuilleries, to take a view of the palace, as it fronts upon the gardens. But I have no tact at architectural description, and must therefore try to give you an idea of the general features of this structure, in the language of

another. "The general effect of the Tuilleries is exceedingly grand, more from its great length and varied outline, than from any excellence of detail. The garden front is the best, being more relieved by projecting and retiring masses, casting a deep shade, than that towards the court." As I have already had occasion to observe, there is first, a central pavilion with a dome—and then ranges of buildings on either side connecting it with the end pavilions. "The end pavilions are remarkable for their lofty windows, and still more unusually lofty roofs and chimneys; the latter of which are excellent examples of architectural boldness—converting a useful but unsightly appendage of a house into an ornamental object."

From the Tuilleries, let us now pass to the Louvre. But I must arrest my pen, and give you a general sketch instead of minute details. "The eastern front of the Louvre is a fine piece of architecture. The grand colonnade is its striking feature, and is almost unique. It is composed of twenty-eight coupled Corinthian columns, standing some way from each other. A wide gallery runs behind, and the wall of the palace is decorated with pilasters and windows. The effect of light and shade caused by this arrangement, constitutes its chief merit. The basement story, pierced with lofty windows, affords an admirable contrast by its simplicity, and the projecting masses of the building in the centre, or at either end of the façade, fronted with pilasters, and containing windows of very large dimensions, complete the grand details of this side of the palace."

It was on this side of the Louvre where the attack was made by the people on the memorable occasion of the 28th and 29th of July 1830, and where the Swiss

guard sustained the defence. The persons who fell on that occasion, are buried here in front of the palace, and a solemn service is annually performed over their common grave.

From the Louvre, I went to see the *Palais Royal*, the site of which, it is said, was formerly occupied by the house of Cardinal Richelieu. For a long period, during successive generations, this palace was regarded as a part of the estate of the Duke of Orleans. In 1781, the then Duke of Orleans, from his profligate habits, being sadly in debt, erected in the gardens of the palace, buildings for shops and various places of amusement to be rented. These are now among the most elegant shops in Paris, and, though but a mere appendage, constitute, perhaps, to the transient visitor, the most striking feature about the palace ; for they are devoted to the sale of the most tasteful and beautiful objects vended in this tasteful city. Here are seen every article of luxury, whose brilliant exhibition, at the windows of each successive shop, gives to the whole palace the aspect almost of a fairy scene. It is here that are found the most splendid *cafés* and *restaurants* in France. It was here, that formerly were located those dreadful gambling-houses—those fearful haunts of profligacy—those *hells*, of which we have heard. I fear that some of them are still left. The gardens of the *Palais Royal*, being completely surrounded by these shops, which form a sort of hollow square, are the resort of immense crowds, who throng here by day and by night. They form a fashionable rendezvous for all the gay and worthless idlers in this great metropolis. Being in that neighbourhood, I walked through the vast halls of the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, or Royal Library, which is an immense collection of books, some of them of a very rare character. There are nine

hundred thousand printed volumes, eighty thousand manuscripts, and about one million historical papers, besides a vast collection of other curiosities. I have no time to speak of particular works which I found here, nor of the medals and coins, of which there is said to be eighty thousand; nor of the cameos and intaglios, executed with an exquisite finish, in the cabinet of antiquities.

April 30th. I have kept my letter back a week, in order to furnish you a somewhat more extended account of my perambulations through Paris. Were I, however, to give you a minute description of all that I have here seen during the last week, I should have to write a volume instead of a single letter. I do not mean to inflict so tedious a narrative upon you, but will only select, out of the endless grouping, two or three pictures that dwell most vividly upon my memory.

The *Place Vendôme* is but a short walk from our hotel, and I am frequently there. The *Place* in France is what in Italy is denominated *Piazza*—a wide, open area in the midst of the city. It is said that this magnificent *Place* took its name from the circumstance that this was once the site of a hotel that belonged to the Duke de Vendôme, who was the son of Henry IV. The form of the *Place Vendôme* is that of an elongated octagon, the four smaller sides of which are of equal length; while the longer and opposite pairs vary in length. The buildings that surround it possess striking uniformity, and upon the whole present an imposing appearance. But the most interesting object in the *Place Vendôme* is the stately Doric column, that stands in the centre of this open area, surmounted by a bronze statue of Napoleon, who seems to be the presiding genius of every spot in France that has connected with it attractions of any sort. Wherever he trod, the mark

of his foot-prints remain. The idea is now agitated, in the event that the British government give their consent, of removing his ashes from St. Helena to be deposited beneath this column. I suppose this column would be regarded by the French as the most appropriate monument that could be erected over the mouldered ashes of this wonderful man. It is one hundred and thirty feet in height, and twelve in diameter. The pedestal and shaft are built of stone, covered with bronze formed of at least twelve hundred different pieces of cannon, taken principally from the Prussian and Austrian armies in battle, and wrought into bas-reliefs which represent the various victories of the French army. This line of bas-reliefs pursues a spiral direction from the base to the capital, and exhibits in chronological order the principal actions of the campaign from the departure of the troops from Boulogne to the battle of Austerlitz. Alas ! that all the boasted and most magnificent monuments in Paris, should record nought but a tale of blood, desolation, and death !

It is to another scene of blood that I must now conduct you—the *Place Louis XV.*, or as it is sometimes denominated the *Place de la Concorde*, situated between the garden of the Tuilleries and the Champs Elysées. There is not a more beautiful point in Paris. As one gazes around upon the beautiful objects that encircle it, it is difficult to conceive that this spot was the theatre upon which were acted so many tragic scenes during the French revolution. It stands, as I just remarked, in the very centre of the pleasure-grounds of this metropolis. The circling terraces of the gardens of the Tuilleries form its eastern boundary, and the graceful and shaded avenues of the Champs Elysées are seen to the west. Spacious and magnificent buildings stretch

along on the northern side of this area, while the river Seine forms its southern boundary ; over which, just at this point, is thrown the magnificent Pont Louis XVI. Fine groups of marble statues are stationed on the sides of this square, while in its centre stands the famous obelisk brought from Luxor. Of all the places in this vast metropolis, this seems most adapted to calm the stormy passions, to soothe the mind into emotions of tenderness, and to awaken kind and benevolent feelings. But the sweetest and loveliest scenes of nature seem to have but little power to master or control minds under the influence of dark and depraved passions.

It was upon this spot that Louis XVI. suffered death ; it was here that Charlotte Corday, Brissot, and twenty of his colleagues were executed ; it was here that Maria Antoinette and the Duke of Orleans tasted the bitterness of death ; it was here that Herbert, Danton, Des Moulins Gobel, Anacharsis Cloots, Elizabeth Philippine, Dumas, Robespierre, in short, nearly three thousand persons of good or bad eminence fell beneath the gory instruments of death. In what deep and awful lines of blood are the sin and depravity of man traced on this spot of earth !

But I must detain you no longer at this point. Let us pass on, and take our stand upon the centre of the *Pont Louis XVI.*, the noble bridge adorned with splendid statues, which, arching over the Seine, connects this memorable *place*, that we have just been describing, with the court in front of the *Palais Bourbon* and the Chamber of Deputies. There are few views in Paris more beautiful than that which we enjoy from the centre of this bridge. As we look towards the east, we see large portions of the city spread out on either side of the river, and three or four magnificent bridges thrown over the Seine, till our eye reaches the *Pont Neuf*, the point where the

parted stream, after having wound around the "*Isle de la cité*," unites again. Beyond, we see the mass of buildings that cover this isle, and stand on either bank of the parted Seine; and in the distance, rising in majesty above the whole, the twin towers of *Notre Dame*. Still nearer and more at hand are seen the dome of the Tuilleries—the splendid gardens and groves running along quite up to the *Place Louis XV*. Directly beyond this *place*, to the north, in a line with the bridge, between two magnificent piles of buildings, opens the *Rue Royale*, at the termination of which, directly fronting the bridge, the beautiful church of the *Madeleine*—the most magnificent structure in Paris, built in the form of a Roman temple, surrounded by a peristyle of fifty-two Corinthian columns, sixty feet in height—stands forth as an object for the eye to rest upon. Stretching off for more than a mile to the west along the northern bank of the Seine, are the splendid grounds and avenues of the Champs Elysées, with all their various preparations and appliances for luxurious ease and enjoyment. On the south, directly in front of the bridge, is the Chamber of Deputies; while a little farther to the west, and on the same side of the Seine, appears the splendid dome of the "*Hôtel des Invalides*," with the immense fields of the *Champ de Mars*.

I had intended to have told you something of my visit to the Chamber of Deputies, the *Hôtel des Invalides*, the *Jardin des Plantes*, to the Gobelins manufactory, and the Luxembourg Palace; and also to have given you some account of the view of the interior of the Madeleine, of Notre Dame, and the Pantheon; and of an excursion to Versailles, St. Denis, and *Père La Chaise*; but all these I must reserve for my next letter.

Yours, &c.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GLIMPSES OF PARIS AND ITS ENVIRONS.

The Chamber of Deputies—The Hôtel des Invalides—Museum of Natural History—Gobelin Tapestry—The Madeleine—Notre Dame—Pantheon—Versailles—St. Denis—Pere La Chaise—Character and influence of Popery.

Paris, April 30th, 1838.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Although I have just sent off a long letter directed to you, I am disposed to give you some farther account of Paris and its environs. I must, however, necessarily be brief. I believe, at the close of my last I parted with you on the bridge of Louis XVI., with the Chamber of Deputies and the Hôtel des Invalides in full view before us. I made a visit to the Chamber of Deputies while they were in session. The room in which this body hold their sessions is semicircular, ornamented with twenty columns of white marble, of the Ionic order, having capitals of bronze gilt. The president's chair and the tribune form the centre of the axis of the semicircle, from which the seats of the deputies rise in the form of an amphitheatre. The whole is fitted up with green cloth and gold. There are two spacious galleries for the accommodation of spectators. The roof is ornamented with arabesques, in the centre of which is a

window which lights the whole chamber. No person can be admitted without a ticket obtained from one of the members.

This deliberative body did not appear as orderly or dignified as I had anticipated. No member is permitted to make an address from his seat, but is required to stand in the tribune, and make his speech facing the whole chamber. Notwithstanding this regulation, there seemed to be an invincible propensity in some twenty of the members to speak from their seats all at the same time. They are called to order by a large bell that the president has on his table. At times this bell seemed to ring without intermission. The manner of voting struck me as singular. Every member is supplied with a black and white ball, the latter being an affirmative, and the other a negative vote. In taking the sense of the chamber upon any question, the members all leave their seats one by one, and passing through the tribune, there deposit whichever ball they choose, in a box prepared for the purpose of receiving them. The balls are then examined, and the result of the vote announced.

A report of a committee was about to be read when I first entered. The report was very long, and was evidently regarded by the members as a heavy tax upon their patience, who hissed, and scraped, and groaned, and did every thing to express their dislike of its length, but the chairman of the committee, with determined pertinacity, persevered in reading the whole of the report. A bill happened at this time to be before the chamber, proposing some additional severe penalties to prevent duelling, which called forth several animated speeches.

I did not fail to pass through some of the halls and

apartments of the *Hotel des Invalides*. This is an immense edifice, and was erected, if I mistake not, under Louis XIV. as a retreat for old and deserving soldiers of the French army. This magnificent institution will accommodate seven thousand persons, and is governed by an officer of high standing, generally a Marshal of France. Skilful physicians and surgeons are attached to the institution, and the sick are said to be nursed with the tenderest care, while all are provided with abundant and wholesome nourishment. All French soldiers actually disabled by their wounds, or who have been thirty years in regular service, are entitled to the privileges of this institution. Every thing is here provided both for soldiers and officers, board, lodging, washing, and clothing. All officers above the rank of captain, have the privilege of taking their meals in their own apartment. The officers that dine in the refectory are served upon plate and porcelain. We looked into the dining hall, and thought we had never seen a neater or more genteel table than that which was there spread.

It was quite an affecting spectacle, to see so many old and infirm men limping about as we met with here. So near the farthest verge of time and the opening light of eternity, the inquiry crossed my mind with painful emotion—are these veterans, covered as they are with so many scars, and who have so long fought the battles of their country, are they prepared to stand before the Judge of all the earth? There is connected with this establishment a magnificent chapel, whose frescoed dome rises two hundred feet from the marble floor beneath. Here are altars where incense smokes, and masses are celebrated from day to day. But whether there are any enlightened ministers of recon-

ciliation to point these old veterans, that stand on the crumbling edge of the precipice of eternity, to the blood of atonement, is more than I can say.

The Museum of Natural History is one of the most interesting objects to which the attention of a stranger can be turned in Paris. The Botanic and Zoological Gardens attached to this institution, afford employment for a whole day, even if you wish to get barely a general idea of the objects they contain. We not only see here living beasts and birds of almost every description; but we have in the galleries of the museum the most extensive collection of reptiles and fishes—of quadrupeds—of birds, in all the beauty and endless variety of their native plumage—of insects and shells—and vast cabinets, not only of geology and mineralogy, but also of comparative anatomy.

You have so often heard of the Royal Manufactory, where the Gobelin tapestry is wrought, that I need not enter into any details in reference to the hour that I passed there. I will only remark that I was struck with the perfection to which this thing is carried. The workman, by means of his loom, expresses with perfect truth, not only the design of the most celebrated pictures, but also the brightness of their colours, and the regular gradation of their shades; so that the tapestry which is thus wrought, has the effect of the most exquisite painting. Of course it requires years to finish a single small piece. But I must hasten to give you an idea of the interior of some of the churches here, although I am almost tired of looking at churches, it has been so much my daily business to do so, for the last three months, throughout Italy.

The church of the Madeleine is still in an unfinished

state: the internal dimensions, exclusive of the thickness of the walls, are three hundred feet in length, and about one hundred and thirty in breadth. It is not divided into aisles, but forms an immense hall, with a semi-circular termination at the northern end for the reception of the high altar. The inner roof is composed of three circular domes, ranging the length of the building. The only light admitted comes from the centre of each dome, which is left open, and covered with a sky-light in the outer roof. This church has in its interior all the decorations which the creations of the pencil and chisel can produce.

Nôtre Dame, the Cathedral Church of Paris, is a large Gothic building of a heavy, gloomy character. One hundred and twenty enormous columns form a double colonnade, extending the whole length of the fabric. The choir is enriched with a profusion of painting and statuary. This church is principally interesting on account of its antiquity, and the historical associations connected with it. It was erected early in the eleventh century. What scenes have been acted in Paris within sight of its towers since that period! It was here, in this church, that the coronation of Napoleon took place, with every ceremony that could be devised to add to its solemnity. A more splendid pageant never extended along those gloomy aisles than appeared on that memorable occasion. It was here the Roman pontiff, encircled with all the magnificence pertaining to the papal hierarchy, administered the coronation oath to Napoleon, and blessed the golden symbol of sovereignty, laying it upon the sacred altar! And it was here that the proud Corsican, who had wrought out his own fortune, took from that altar the gemmed

diadem of France with his own hands and placed it on his brows. But this splendid pageant, and all the power of the great actor in this scene, whose name then struck terror through all Europe, has long since faded away as a dream of the night !

The Pantheon is built in the form of a Greek cross. In the centre rises a majestic dome, supported within and adorned without by splendid columns. This structure, built for a place of worship by Louis XV. and dedicated to the Patron Saint of Paris, was desecrated during the Revolution, and by a decree of the Assembly converted into a cemetery for the great and distinguished men of France. The bodies of Voltaire and Rousseau, among others, are deposited here. As I looked upon their sculptured tombs, and upon the monuments erected over men of kindred characters, whose greatest fame was gained by scattering "firebrands and death" through the world, I could not but think with what emotions these men will come forth at the blast of the Archangel's trump, from amid the ruins of their marble dwelling, around which, proud, short-sighted man, tried to throw a golden halo of glory.

Our excursion to Versailles was by the most public road, passing through Passy and Levres. We had a fine view, on the right, of the village and Palace of St. Cloud. The palace, standing upon a declivity, and embosomed among trees, appears to great advantage. It is a sweet spot. I do not wonder that Bonaparte, when not engaged among his armed battalions, loved to sit beneath the shades of this beautiful retreat.

Versailles was at first but a mere hunter's lodge, amid the surrounding forests, in the time of Louis XIII. He and his successor, however, converted the wilderness

into a royal court, erecting here not only a royal chateau, but a town, that at one period could boast a population of one hundred thousand. The town, however, now has only about twenty thousand inhabitants. Three broad avenues, running from the direction of Paris and St. Cloud, planted with trees, and adorned by many splendid mansions, terminate in the *Place d'Armes*. We there have directly before us the magnificent palace of Versailles. Passing across this area we reach "the Court of the Ministers"—it being erected for their reception—where we find ourselves surrounded by groups of sculptured marble and the statues of distinguished men, who have figured in different ages of the French history. From this we pass into the Royal Court, and by an arched passage in one of the wings, a way is open to the visitor to the gardens in the rear. These are immense in extent, being four miles in circumference, exclusive of the park, which contains several thousand acres. I shall not pretend to describe, or even enumerate, the endless avenues, parterres, basins, cascades, canals, water gods, statues and orangeries that here meet the eye. Neither can I tell through what endless suites of rooms I traversed in the palace, hung with pictures, the very catalogue of whose names makes a volume. There was one thing that particularly struck me in these endless galleries of paintings—the enormous proportion which war and battle scenes bear in these pictures to those of peaceful life. In Italy the most attractive objects to the painter's eye seem to be something connected with religion; but in France the taste of the nation is for military glory: and this national trait of character is no where more strongly illustrated than in the collection of paintings at Versailles. Not

only do the halls of historical pictures, the grand gallery of battles, and the halls of the admirals, the constables, and the marshals of France, corroborate the truth of this statement—but every saloon hung with paintings in the palace of Versailles.

I was particularly pleased with the chapel; not so much on account of its resplendent decorations and beautiful style of architecture, as from the fact that its walls had resounded to the voice of Bossuet, Massillon, and Bourdaloue—those faithful ministers who did not hesitate to declare with all boldness to the crowned monarch Louis XIV. who sat in the royal gallery before them, that if his power was raised above that of other men, he was bound on that very account to do all he could to contribute to their happiness, and was no less bound to obey the laws of the great King of kings, than the meanest of his subjects. It is impossible for me, in a single letter, to enter into any details in relation to a scene of splendour so boundless as that opened by a view of the innumerable apartments of the palace of Versailles. I need scarcely add that this palace is no longer occupied as a royal residence. Its splendid rooms are generally stripped of their furniture, and echo only to the tread of visitors. Desolation reigns through these gorgeous halls; and the gardens, though still beautiful, are principally enjoyed by travellers, attracted here by the far-famed celebrity of Versailles.

The day I visited St. Denis, I rode in the morning to the *Morgue*, where I saw the corpse of a poor fellow-being who the previous evening had been taken out of the Seine, where he had been drowned. The *Morgue* is a place where persons found dead are kept for several days, in order that their friends may come and recog-

nize and claim them. If they are not thus claimed, after a few days they are interred, or sent to some of the institutions as subjects for dissection. The person who lay stretched in death before us, was a stout, well-proportioned man. A painful emotion rested upon his stiffened countenance. He probably perished in a moment, amid the waters of the Seine. No one knew his history. He might have been nursed by a tender mother, who never dreamed that her child would come to so sad an end. He might have been a stranger from a far-off land, where warm hearts were awaiting his return. But more likely he was the victim of intemperance, shorn by his own reckless conduct from the sympathies and affections of his fellow-men—cut off in the midst of his days, unknown and unhonoured and unwept. Alas, what sadness and desolation hath sin wrought in our world !

There is nothing very striking on the road to St. Denis, and the chief object which attracted my attention when I had reached there, was the vast Gothic church, belonging anciently to an Abbey of Benedictine Monks, and which for a long period has been the burial-place of the French monarchs. During the bloody scenes of the Revolution, the Abbey was robbed of its treasures—the church unroofed—its altars levelled with the dust—and the royal dead, who had slept for generations there, disinterred, and thrown into unconsecrated sepulchres. This work of demolition, however, was repaired, as far as it could be, by Napoleon. He rebuilt and improved the royal vaults and subterranean chapels ; and the visitor now finds an almost interminable series of sepulchral monuments in the basement beneath the church, to perpetuate and honour the memory of the sovereigns and royal families of France. What an

impressive lesson upon our mortality, and upon the emptiness of crowns and sceptres, comes from all the inscriptions written upon these marble tombs !

I have to-day been paying a visit to *Pere la Chaise*. Of this cemetery we have all heard much. I confess it did not fully come up to my expectation. It is true, it is not the season to see it in its glory. "The wilderness of foliage," of which we have read, was not there. The wind was sweeping through the stripped branches of desolate trees, and sighing through the evergreens that waved over the sepulchral monuments. From the moment I entered the portal of heavy mason-work, leading into this city of the dead, till, by a long serpentine course, I had reached the summit of Mont Louis, the broken face and top of which this cemetery occupies, I saw every thing to solemnize the mind—but little to awaken those pleasing emotions which I had been led to expect. The absence of those leafy treasures, which in summer spread such an air of beauty and loveliness over the spot where they are found, may account for this. The dark foliage of the cypress, the yew, and the fir-tree, rather tended to increase the gloom flung over all this scene. The first prominent object that struck my eye, after entering the cemetery, was the tomb of Abelard and Eloisa, with its light, elegant, Gothic form. It was hung with fresh wreaths of yellow amaranth. It is said that no tomb is so constantly decorated with chaplets of fresh flowers as this ; and hence the inference is drawn, that among the visitors to this cemetery, no class of persons are so numerous as that of thwarted or disappointed lovers.

I shall not attempt to specify particular tombs amid this wilderness of monuments, which cover nearly

eighty acres of ground. Some of the tombs are like little chapels, and have connected with them altars dedicated to the Virgin, and lamps that are kept continually burning. Others have inscriptions soliciting prayers for the dead. *Pere la Chaise* is a solemn place to walk over. What multitudes of those who once filled the earth with their fame, and were crowned with blooming honours, or crushed with disaster, sleep upon this spot, and are yet to be called up by the judgment trumpet!

From the top of the hill we have a fine view of the whole of Paris. I could not but think, as I looked towards that great metropolis, how soon the thousands that moved through its busy streets would be borne in silent grief to this spot.

When I began this letter, I meant to have given you a sketch of the *Boulevards*, the beautiful belt which encircles this great town, made up of drives and walks, bordered with forest-trees, and thickly set with splendid shops; and I had also intended to have taken you through the splendid picture-galleries of the Louvre; but I presume you will not regret that my letter has come nearly to an end. This letter, too, will be the last I shall send you from the Continent. I had intended to have given you some details in relation to the living world in Paris, but all that I can now do, so near the close of this letter, is to state a simple fact in relation to the influence of the papal religion here. The people of France seem to have, in a measure, become tired of infidelity, and are now disposed to seek in religion for something to buoy up the heart amid the dissatisfaction arising from every earthly pursuit. The old papal system commends itself with singular adaptation to the

taste of the unrenewed mind. A striking fact was mentioned to me the other day, illustrating the truth of the above remark. The friend who related to me the incident, was conversing with a young lady of considerable intelligence, who contended earnestly for the Romish faith. Being, however, driven from several of her positions, she at length replied—

“Well, you never can persuade me to become a Protestant.”

“And why?” answered my friend.

“Because,” said she, “there is no comfort in your system. I am attached to the world, and I cannot for the present give up its gaieties. If I was a Protestant, I should be miserable, thinking all the time if I should die in this state I should be lost. But in the bosom of the true church, I have the consolation to believe that if I were to die in the midst of those pursuits in which I am now engaged, I should only go to purgatory; and I have many dear friends, whose prayers would soon liberate me from that place, and elevate me to a seat with the blessed. Ours alone is the religion calculated to make us happy and comfortable here.”

Such is the consolation which the members of the Romish Church draw from their peculiar doctrines. It is quite astonishing to see how the papal system adapts itself to every country, and to every class of individuals. There is no secret spring, or broad development of human conception, to which it does not seem specially suited. This idea is happily expressed by the Rev. E. Bickersteth, in a work of his, entitled *Remarks on the Progress of Popery*, that has recently fallen in my way. He truly observes that Popery “has that wherewith it can meet every desire of the natural heart, and soothe

every anxiety about the soul ; for the literate it has prodigious stores of learning ; for the illiterate it has its images, pomps, and shows ; for the self-righteous, it has its innumerable ways of external service ; for the most devout, it has its unceasing prayers ; for the musician, it has the most exquisite chants ; for the painter, the most splendid efforts of human art ; for the imaginative, all the visions of fancy, its gloomy cloisters, lights, and processions, and incense, and beautiful churches with painted windows, and priests with splendid garments and varied dresses. To quiet the conscience, it has doctrines of human merit, and works of supererogation ; to alarm the indifferent, it has fears of purgatory ; to raise the priesthood, they can make a little flour and water into a God, and will themselves worship what they make. To give ease to the conscience of the man of the world, and the lover of pleasure, each sin has its indulgence and penance. All men at times are under fears of God's wrath ; their conscience is touched, they are in anxiety, and at such times popery comes in and gives them a sop, that satisfies for the moment, and sends them into the sleep of death. It covers every lust, it calms every fear. It is the devil's cunning device of twelve hundred years' growth, for leading countless myriads to perdition. *Let us not be ignorant of his devices."*

The next time you hear from me, will probably be from England.

Yours, &c.

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